Collier's

APRIL 17, 1948 TEN CENTS

IOLA, FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY KANSAS

MEN, MIKES AND MONEY

By Merlin H. Aylesworth

YOU GOTTA BE SMART TO FISH

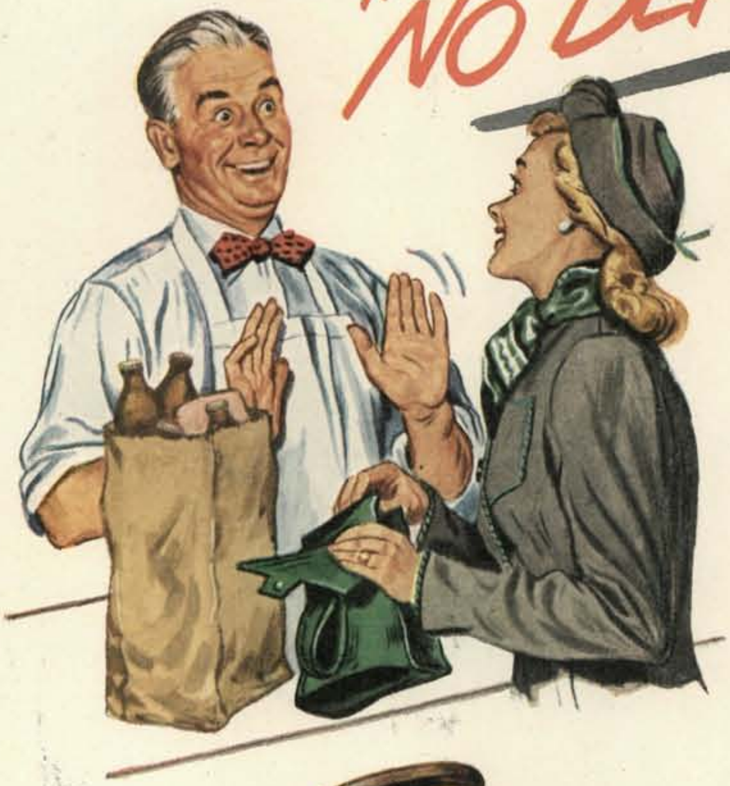
By Russ Davis

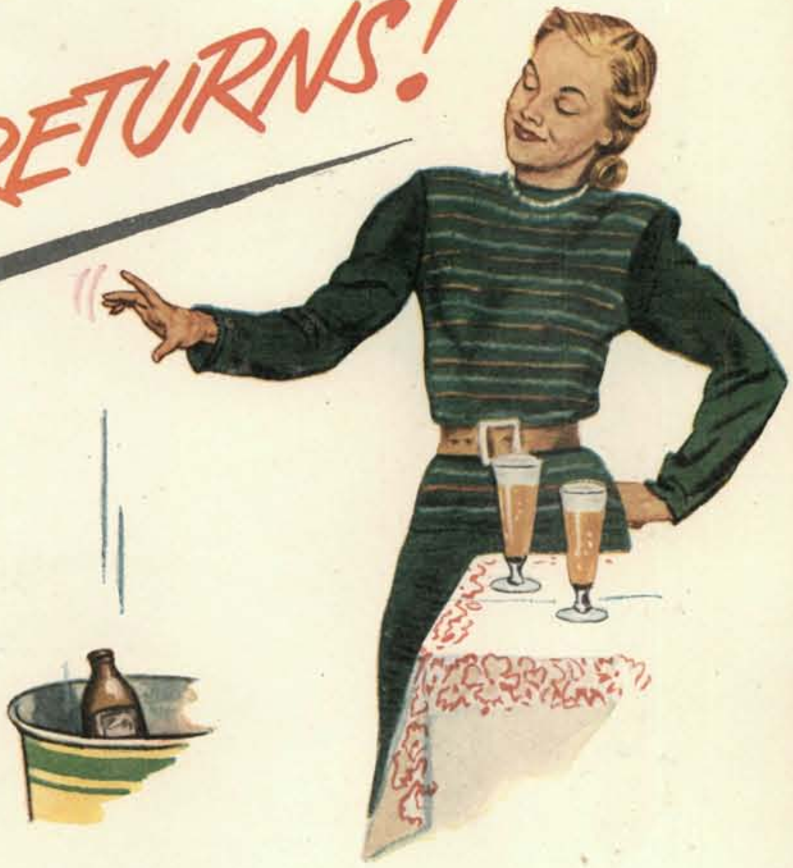
april 17, 1948

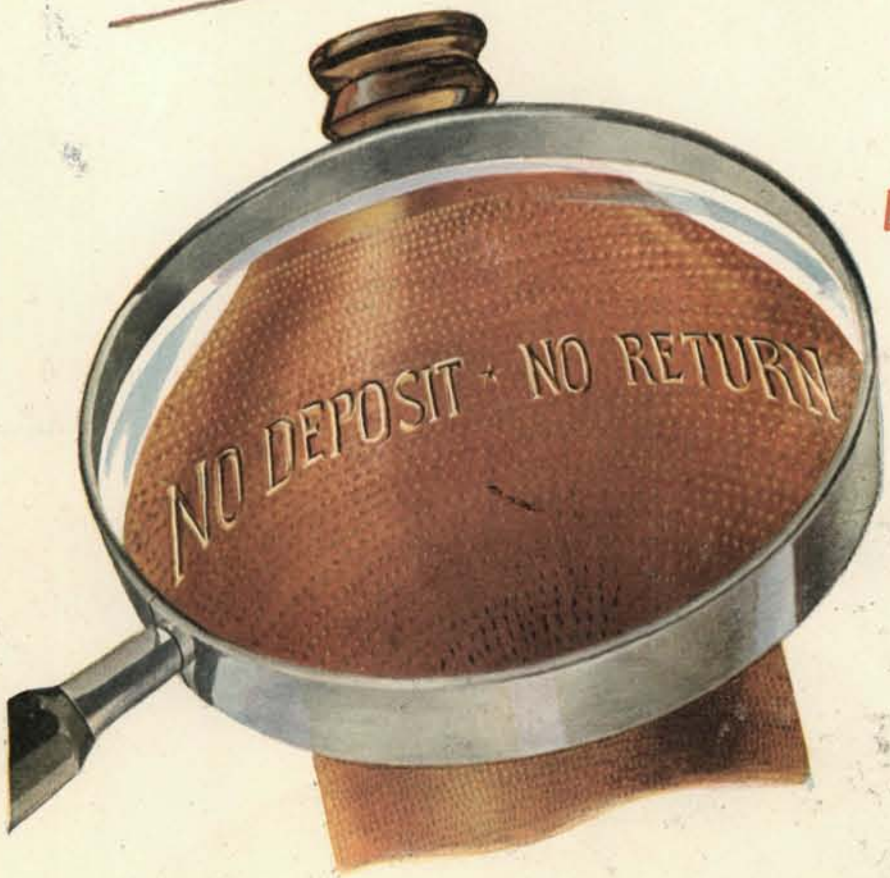
Duraglas ONE-WAY Beer and Ale Bottles

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"NO DEPOSIT" NO RETURNS!

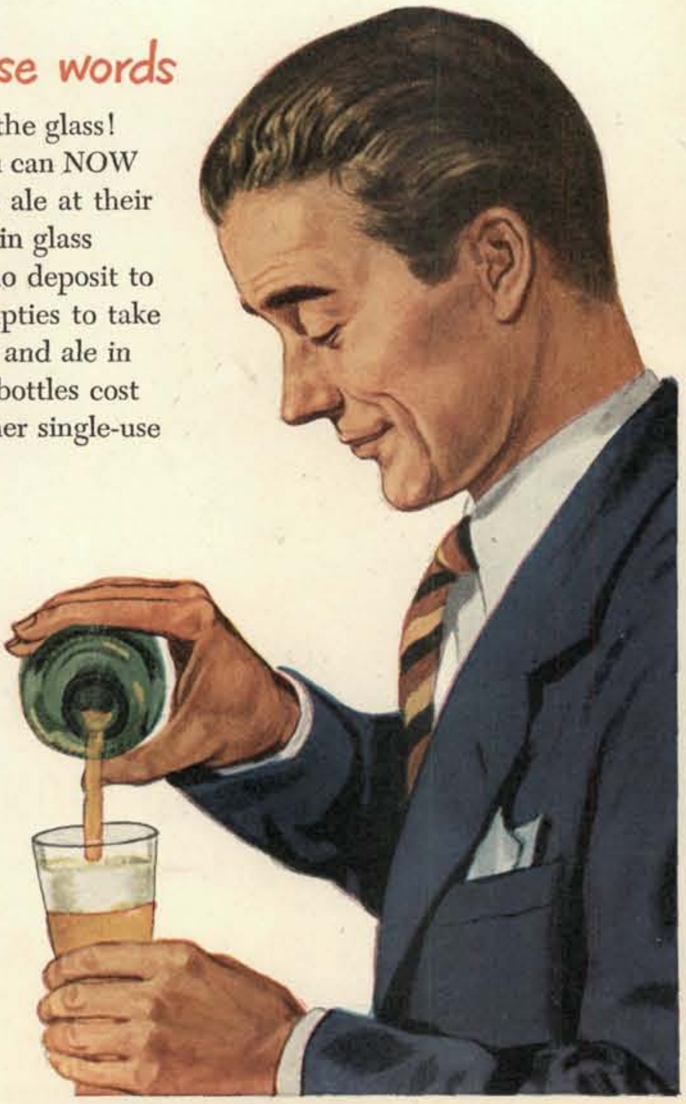






Look for these words

blown right in the glass! They mean you can NOW enjoy beer and ale at their flavorful best—in glass bottles—with no deposit to pay and no empties to take back! Yet beer and ale in one-way glass bottles cost *less* than in other single-use containers.



"Beer sure tastes better out of a glass bottle!"

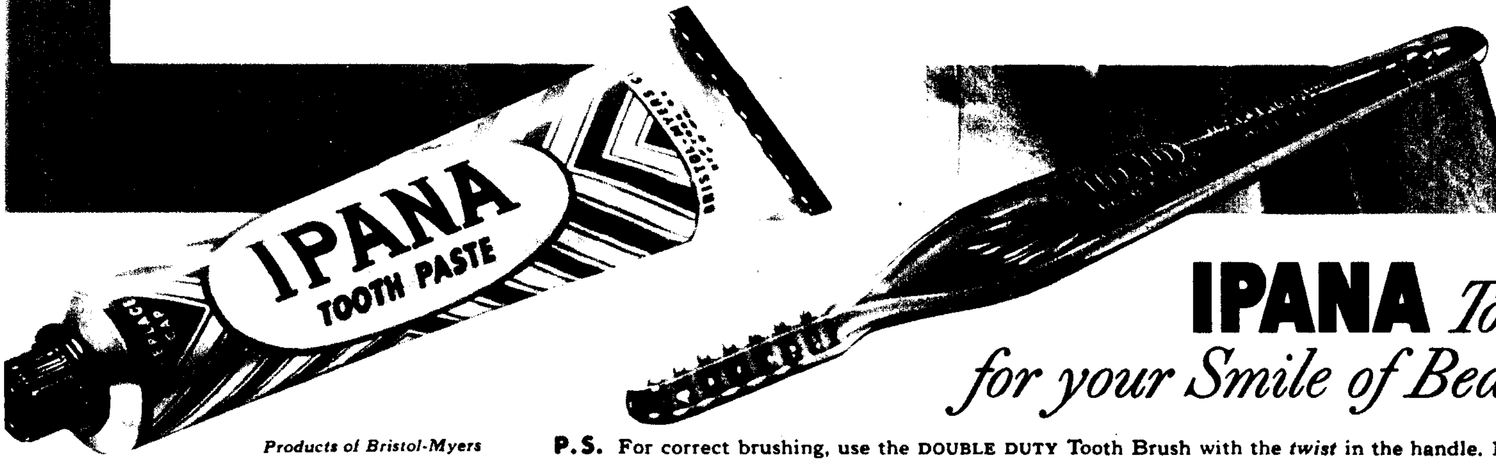
Nothing protects the taste of beer and ale like glass. Beer and ale are aged in *glass*-lined tanks. And with one-way bottles you have glass-protection, economy, AND complete convenience: NO DEPOSITS, NO RETURNS!

Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio

Help your dentist help your smile...

Dentists recommend Ipana 2 to 1
Dentists use Ipana 2 to 1

(Over any other tooth paste, according to a recent national survey.)



IPANA *Tooth Paste*
for your Smile of Beauty

Products of Bristol-Myers

P.S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the *twist* in the handle. 1,000 dentists helped design it!

BY GEORGE, IT'S TRUE!

You do get LIVING ROOM TONE in a fast-moving car

I'm a guy who fell for a sales story—and am I glad I did! I didn't *really* believe that an auto radio could sound as good as my living room console—but just listen to this Motorola! I've been driving in the city, in hilly country and stepping it up on the open highway—and still all my stations come in rich and clear. Believe me, I'm having my Motorola transferred to my next car, because now I wouldn't be satisfied with any other.

HEAR THE MOTOROLA'S "LIVING ROOM" TONE

Your Motorola dealer will be glad to give you a demonstration. See him soon—he's listed in your classified directory.

Motorola AUTO RADIO

MOTOROLA INC., Chicago 51, Ill.

COLLIER'S

April 17, 1948

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

FAY

DEAR SIR: I write to congratulate you on the acquisition of Bill Fay for a sports weekly column. I am sure it will prove an item of much interest to your readers.

Do you imagine you could persuade him to find time for an article on the noble Scottish game of curling?

DR. W. M. BROWN, Hollywood, Cal.

... Bill Fay is good—he has to be good to be there—but part of his March 6th column is a dismal dabble. Sez he—"Are baseball players underpaid?" He starts at the fountainhead—Earl Nelson—and then, after guiding us between the craggy buttes of the grandstands and the emerald greens of the groundkeepers' arts, he strews before us the tummy-tickling tantalization of hot dogs, pop and peanuts; assuming that by now we have long since forgotten his announced theme, he concludes his interesting, but ambiguous, dissertation with paraphrases which might have been culled from the ledgers of Job. . . . What a lovely stroll down the garden path!

J. CLYDE MCINTYRE, Flint, Mich.

... I have been a Collier's reader for many years and can't remember when you have included a feature that should be as popular as Bill Fay's articles. . . .

J. BRANCH DOUELSON, Provo, Utah

GARNER

SIRS: There is a somber sadness about the John N. Garner Story (Feb. 21st–Mar. 20th) almost without parallel in contemporary American history. Never a member of Mr. Garner's party, I am proud to say that in his thinking and actions is the seed of greatness. How clear his mind, how truly democratic his logic, as contrasted to that of his "Cap'n."

J. L. MCCURDY, Fort Wayne, Ind.

. . . Have always had great respect for John N. Garner. But after reading his story am wondering why we needed a President at the same time.

MRS. LOUISE TOTUSEK, Tonkawa, Okla.

... I cannot refrain from telling you how much I appreciate and understand the John Nance Garner Story, the most interesting, the best-edited and the most illuminating story published by Collier's in years. Please keep up your good work for the benefit of our confused country.

E. M. ALLEN, Keswick, Va.

(*Continued on page* 38)

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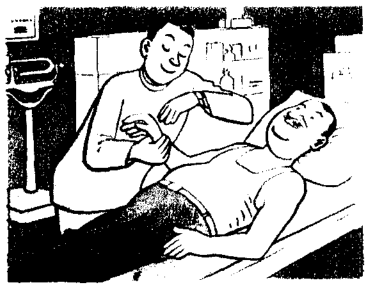
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

WATCH YOUR WEIGHT

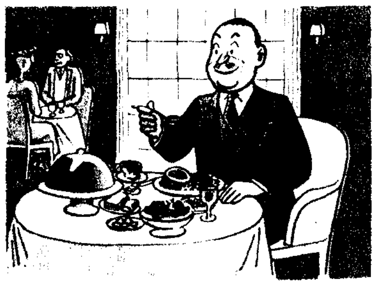
1. **Once you're over 30,** it pays to *watch your weight,* for as weight goes *up,* the level of your health may go *down.*

Under 30, a little overweight may be an advantage. But statistics show that when you are older, overweight is often associated with heart disease, kidney ailments, high blood pressure, diabetes, and other diseases.

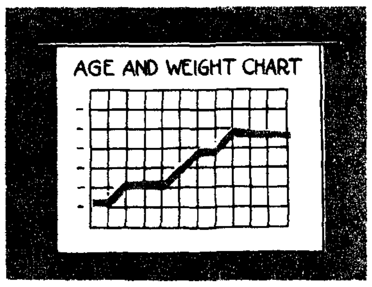
So, if you're overweight, give some thought to protecting your health by bringing your weight down.



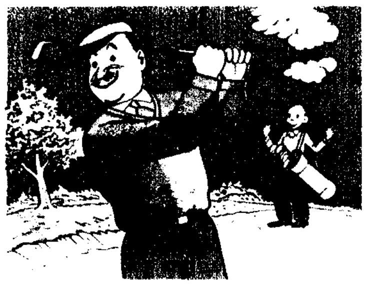
2. **Be sure to see** your doctor first, so he can check your physical condition and suggest approved methods for losing weight.



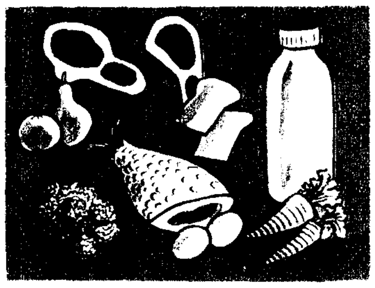
3. **He'll probably** explain that most overweight comes simply from eating more food than your body needs or can use up in the form of energy.



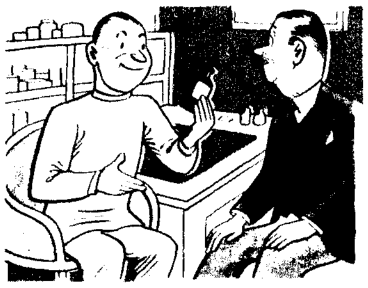
4. **Taking your age** and build into consideration, your doctor can determine about *how much* you should lose, and about *how fast* you should lose it.



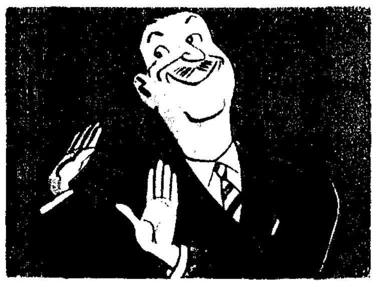
5. **He may also ask** you about the exercise you take and the type of work you do, so that he can judge the amount of food you need each day.



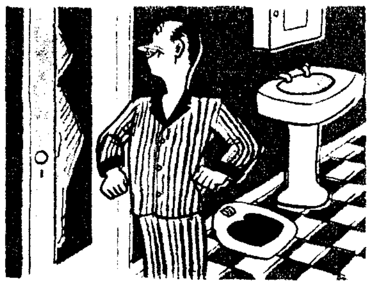
6. **Thus your doctor** will be able to help you work out a tasty, varied diet that will let you lose weight without endangering health or strength.



7. **It's wise** not to use reducing drugs, or to try special diets unless your own doctor recommends them. They may do *you* more harm than good.



8. **The best reducing medicine** is still the *will power* to follow faithfully your doctor's advice, and to say "NO" to second helpings or fattening foods.



9. **Once your weight** is down to normal, try to keep it there. Remember that one step toward a longer, healthier life is *watching your weight.*

To bring you other helpful information about your weight, Metropolitan has prepared a booklet called "Overweight and Underweight." It includes lists of the caloric values of almost 300 foods, suggested low-calorie menus, and reducing exercises. Just mail the coupon for your free copy of this booklet, 58-C.

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Please send me a copy of your booklet 58-C, "Overweight and Underweight."

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TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

FLASH IN THE POOL

BY BILL FAY

THE German soldier had a wife in Munich. The wife needed a pair of ice skates. So the soldier confiscated the skates of a little Dutch girl named Nell Van Vliet. That's the way things were in Hilversum in 1942. The Germans took what they wanted.

Nell couldn't find another pair of skates, so she started to swim. Eleven months later—on her seventeenth birthday—she won the 100-meter breast-stroke championship of Holland. She didn't train. She had no coach. She didn't particularly like swimming. Yet she developed into the world's swiftest breast-stroker, on a wartime diet of beans, potatoes and bacon.

Unlike many enthusiastic American champions, who would rather swim than eat, in tightly rationed Holland, Nell infinitely preferred eating. She was the oldest of eleven children and it was her job to bring home the bacon, beans and potatoes. Each week she pedaled 130 kilometers into the country and pedaled back again with 200 pounds of food loaded fore and aft on her bike.

"Going was not difficult," Nell relates. "I would start at five thirty in the morning and reach the farm of our relatives by midnight. Coming back took three days. I did more pushing than riding. It was very good for my legs."

American swimmers learned the discouraging truth about Nell's powerful legs at the National A.A.U. meet in Chicago last summer. Nell thrashed to victory in the 200 meters in 2:58.6. Later, Nell did 2:49.2 at Rotterdam. Admittedly, breast-stroking is not fast transportation, but Nell's speed is almost supersonic compared with rivals, past and present. Her Rotterdam pace was 18 seconds faster than Patty Sinclair's American record, and 6.8 seconds faster than the world record set by Maria Lenk of Brazil in 1939.

Nell has returned to Chicago to work for an importing firm. She intends to become an American citizen, unfortunately not soon enough to help the American team in the forthcoming Olympics. Nell will swim for Holland at London in July. Aside from powerful legs, there are two other excellent reasons why Nell has never lost a swimming race—her arms never get tired.

"For six years before the war," Nell recalls, "I studied ballet. Our teacher made us dance with our arms raised over our heads for hours and hours. Some days I thought my arms would fall off. Compared with ballet, swimming is not fatiguing."

"What American food do you like best?" we asked.

Nell looked puzzled. We turned to Walter Schlueter, swimming coach of the Town Club of Chicago (Nell's American affiliate). "Has she been eating American breakfast foods?"

"By the ton," Schlueter replied.

Despite lack of familiarity with the American language, Nell spends American money fluently. She knows all about charge accounts. During one swoop through a department store basement, she bought complete outfits for her ten brothers and sisters in Hilversum.

Nell herself still wears the thin brown coat her family gave her before she came to America. It cost them $95 and the entire family's clothing ration for the year, but they wanted Nell to have a nice coat to wear to America.

Nell had a hard time acclimating herself to warm American pools. The Hilversum pool was not heated and she usually swam in water of about forty degrees.

Schlueter has carefully refrained from attempting to teach Nell anything. She swims when she feels like it. Layoffs from two weeks to two years have absolutely no effect on her performance. In 1944, when two brothers joined the Dutch underground to escape conscription in Nazi work battalions, Nell went with them. She hid on a farm and didn't swim for 23 months. When she returned to competition, her time was two seconds faster for 100 meters.

Diet is another training item Nell ignores. She recently topped off a box of breakfast food with a huge green salad (she puts sugar on her salad instead of dressing) and a quart of orange juice.

"I wondered where she put it all," Schlueter recalls wonderingly, "because she is only about five four and she doesn't weigh more than 120 pounds. Half an hour later she did a practice 200 meters in 2:56. That's about 10 seconds faster than any American girl can do it. Nell's just a natural-born swimming miracle and anybody who'd try to change her style is crazy. She's going to make some coach look like a genius and it might as well be me."

A twenty-seven-year-old Los Angeles usher named H. Warner Buck decided on Christmas Eve, 1946, that he wanted to be a promoter. Looking around for something to promote, Buck discovered that Los Angeles did not have an annual sports show. It does now—the largest display of sporting goods equipment in the world—and Buck is the promoter. Buck also holds an undisputed decision over Petrillo and the musicians' union.

Buck wanted to hire a small band. The union wanted him to hire a large band. Buck said he couldn't afford a big band. He asked the Marines (who were building a recruiting booth at the show) whether they'd like to bring their band along.

The union protested. "Sorry," the Marines told Buck, "we can't play off the post."

The refusal gave Buck an idea. "Why not make Gilmore Stadium (the show site) a temporary Marine post? You can set up a typical detachment—show the people how Marines live in the field."

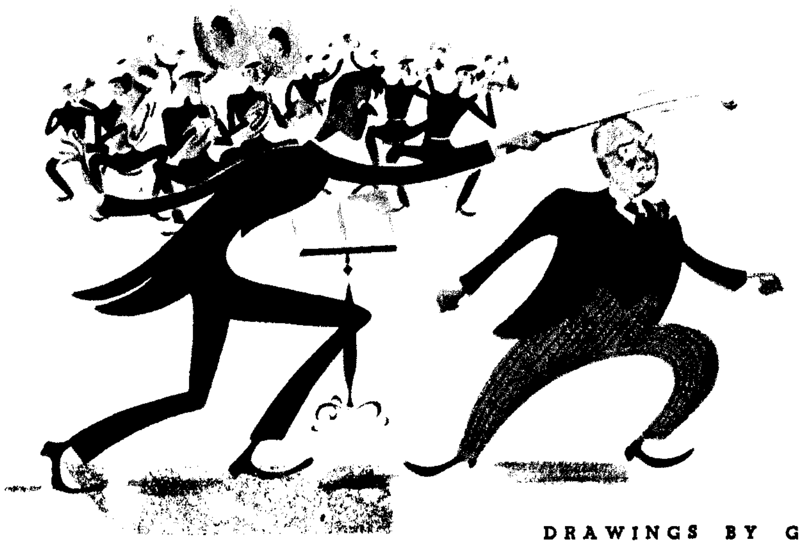
The Marines thought it was a great idea. Gilmore Stadium was designated a temporary Marine post, Marine sentries patrolled the area (eliminating park police from Buck's budget) while the band played on.

The union lawyer phoned Buck. "That Marine band will have to stop playing. We'll tell Petrillo."

Buck had a better suggestion. "Why not tell it to the Marines?"

The third annual Los Angeles show (April 8-18) will attract 500,000 sportsmen, which means the conservation clubs of California will be approximately $45,000 richer. "The sportsmen who belong to conservation clubs support our show," Buck explains, "so we give 10 per cent of the gate receipts —gross, not net—to the clubs. The money improves hunting and fishing conditions . . . more people hunt and fish . . . they buy more equipment . . . manufacturers buy more exhibit space . . . we have bigger shows . . . it's perpetual motion; everybody benefits."

Certainly Buck and his partner, Mel Morrison, have benefited. They recently turned down an offer of $300,000 for the promotion they started three years ago with $3,000. Under the circumstances, ex-usher Buck can be pardoned for believing there's no business like sport-show business.



Hugh Casey says there's a lot of luck in relief pitching. "I stopped the Yankees a couple of times in the World Series last fall and I was a hero," Hugh points out, "but I pitched just as well—maybe better—against the Yanks in the 1941 series and lost two games. Yet I could have won two games with a few breaks."

The Dodgers trailed the Yanks, 3 to 2, in the first game of the '41 series. They had runners on first and second with none out in the seventh inning when Jimmy Wasdell batted for Casey. Wasdell hit into a double play.

"Jimmy missed the bunt sign," Casey recalls. "If the sacrifice had gone through, we probably would have scored twice and I could have been the winning pitcher."

Joe DiMaggio bounced a single into right field in the eighth inning of the third game to beat Casey again. The ball eluded Pete Coscarart, substituting for injured Billy Herman.

"It was my fault, though," Casey admits. "Coscarart was out of position because I didn't work out any signs with him the way I always did with Herman. DiMag hit the three-and-two pitch. Herman would have gotten my sign and would have played DiMaggio more toward first base. Billy would have thrown Joe out."

The two Dodger defeats that Casey attributes to bad breaks really resulted from missed signals. That brings up a question: Why do baseball players rely entirely on hand-and-arm signals, anyway? Why not call numerical signals à la football?

Luke Johnsos, the assistant coach of the Chicago Bears who once played shortstop well enough to earn a tryout with the Cincinnati Reds, argues: "Football teams switch offensive and defensive assignments in a split second with numerical signals. Baseball teams could do the same thing. Football teams operate under just as much —or more—speed and tension than baseball teams, and the crowd noise problem is about equal. Another thing: Football signals are burglar-proof."

Well, why not? At least, football signals would speed up baseball games by eliminating all the tiresome and time-consuming signals that flash on and off between pitches.

The New Look has come to ladies' sport garments. Instead of offering bulky protective pads for the hips of feminine baseball and softball players, manufacturers are pushing a dainty number called—sliding step-ins. ★★★

DRAWINGS BY GEORGE HARRINGTON

news about nylon

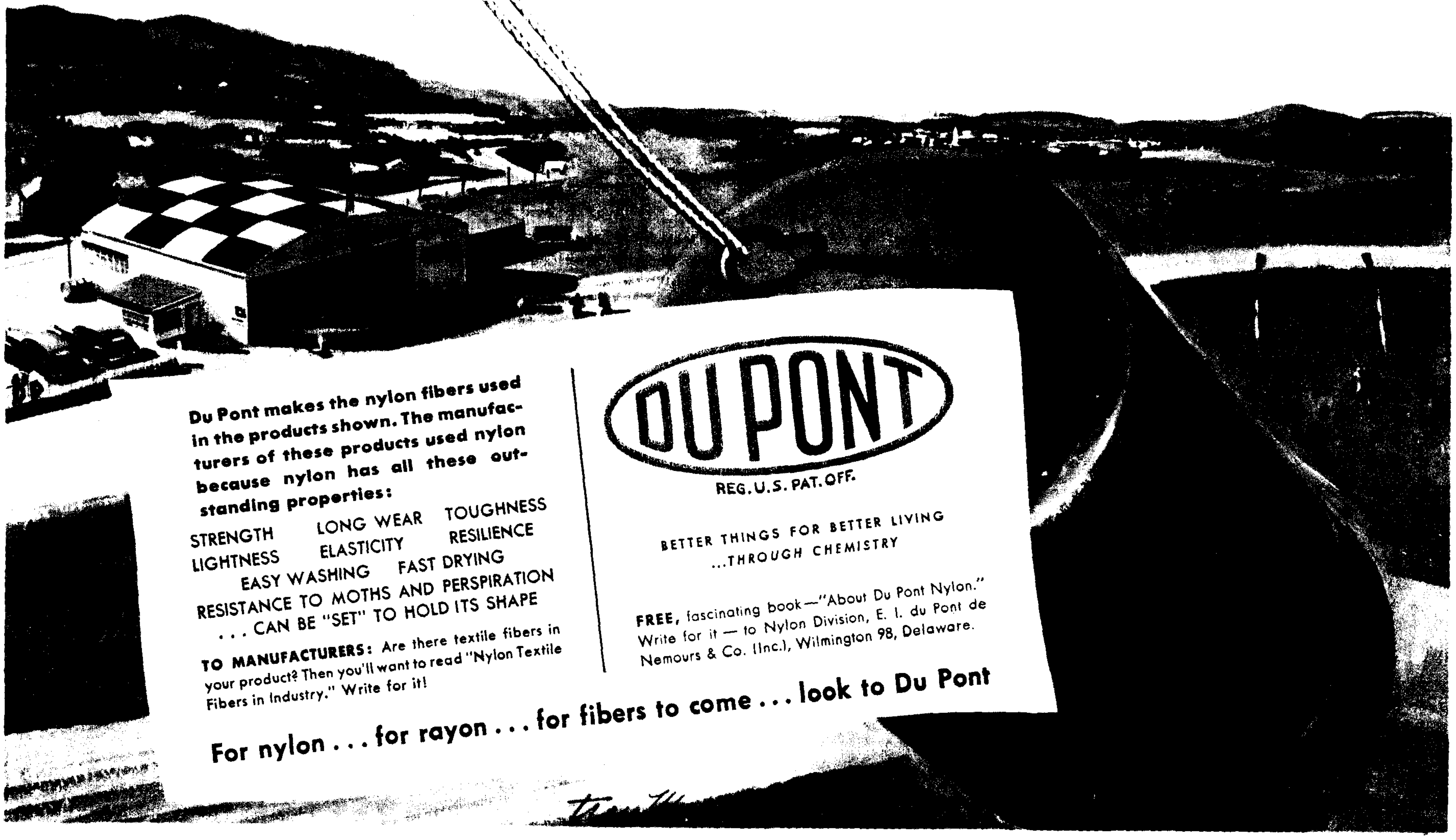
IT'S ONE OF THE LIGHTEST chairs you've ever picked up—and one of the most durable. Its high strength nylon webbing is extremely resistant to tearing and will not deteriorate from mildew. Dusts or washes easily, dries quickly.

WHAT A FISHLINE! Light, fast, smooth, casts perfectly. Keeps its great tensile strength after hours in the water. Not harmed by salt or fresh water, mildew, marine organisms. Never needs drying, can be stowed wet! Sure! Nylon!

WANT FRESH GLOVES every morning—gloves that keep their bandbox freshness, hold their shape and trim fit through washing after washing, gloves soft and smooth, slim, supple, so long-wearing? Ask for "the kind made of nylon."

WHAT YOU LIKE about nylon stockings—that's what you'll like about panties, when they're made of nylon. Easy to wash, quick to dry, need little or no ironing, soft, luxurious —and they wear, wear, *wear!* If it's *nicer* . . . it's *nylon!*

DOWN SWOOPS A PLANE, picks up the mailbags—zowie, what but nylon rope could take that sudden shock and strain? Nylon fibers, size for size, are stronger than aluminum and equally as strong as some types of steel wire of the same size. For lightness, elasticity, great tensile strength—try nylon!



Du Pont makes the nylon fibers used in the products shown. The manufacturers of these products used nylon because nylon has all these outstanding properties:

STRENGTH LONG WEAR TOUGHNESS
LIGHTNESS ELASTICITY RESILIENCE
EASY WASHING FAST DRYING
RESISTANCE TO MOTHS AND PERSPIRATION
. . . CAN BE "SET" TO HOLD ITS SHAPE

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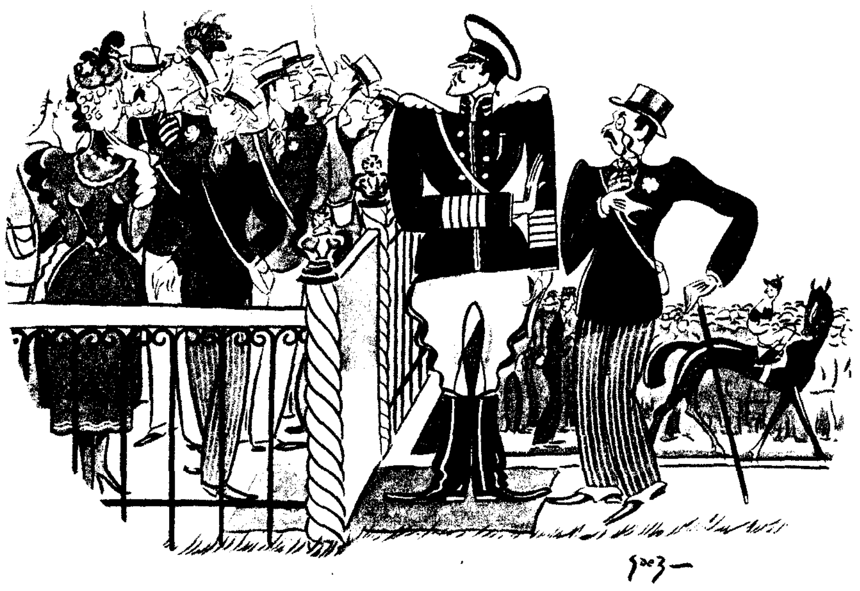


GEORGE DE ZAYAS

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

The Royal Enclosure at Ascot, England's fashionable race track, becomes one of the world's most exclusive spots during the four-day June meet, owing to the many restrictions that govern admittance. Therefore, while all British society wants to be seen there, several thousand important persons are barred annually, including, for instance, those who have been divorced.

Many an American having money in a bank that failed has not bothered to inquire about his balance, being unaware that, in such cases, a part if not all of each account can usually be collected. In New York City, for example, the Bank of the United States closed nearly 18 years ago, but some 211,800 former depositors have not yet claimed the $1,535,255 being held for them by the New York State Banking Department.

Contrary to common belief, a photograph can be made, without faking or retouching, to misrepresent grossly its subject. For the special benefit of criminal-jury members, an expert has disclosed several ways in which it can be done, with posed photographs of his own. In one of a woman's face, a long red scar is completely obliterated by the use of a particular type of film and filter. In another, a man standing beside a curb is made to appear in the middle of the street by a certain angle of the camera. In a third set of exposures, taken a little behind and to the right of a youth who is facing a friend ten feet away, the distance between them seems to be at least 20 feet in a picture made with a wide-angle lens, but barely four feet in another picture made with a telephoto lens.

A New York hotel has in its walls an ingenious system of mirrors which has been kept a secret since its invention and installation several years ago. Through a master mirror and control handles in the office of the chief house detective, the system enables him to see successively the corridors on 12 floors—and any suspicious activity that may be taking place.

Few naval vessels have had stranger histories than Japan's Yamato and Musashi, which were the world's largest battleships when completed in 1942. Their construction and launching were shrouded in such secrecy that the U. S. Naval Intelligence learned practically nothing about these twin giants until after the war; and the only known photograph of either vessel taken by a Japanese was one of the Yamato found recently on a civilian. Within three years after being commissioned, both ships had been sunk, the Musashi in its first battle and the Yamato in its second battle with American carrier aircraft. Neither had ever scored a hit on an Allied ship or coastal base.

The only case of a mammal giving birth to young through the activation of its ovum by artificial means instead of fertilization by male sperm resulted from an experiment on a rabbit made in 1939 by Dr. Gregory G. Pincus of Clark University in Worcester, Massachusetts. Chilling the Fallopian tubes for 20 minutes started the development of the ovum which then grew normally. At term, the rabbit bore a healthy daughter that, when mature, had offspring of her own.

The Kentucky Derby has been won three times by each of three jockeys—Isaac Murphy, a Negro, in 1884, 1890 and 1891; Earl Sande in 1923, 1925 and 1930; and Eddie Arcaro in 1938, 1941 and 1945.

Among the 100-odd "of the month" clubs in this country today, the members of one always know exactly what they will get—a four-pound kosher salami; while the members of another never know what gadget they will receive, a recent example being a new flashlight that turns itself on when picked up and off when set down.—*By Max Alth, Yonkers, N. Y.*

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

"Do *all* husbands change after marriage?"

ASKED ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN, *do all husbands change after marriage?*" demanded Elmer, the bull.

"I just mean," explained Elsie, the Borden Cow, "that once a husband becomes a husband, he sort of loses his spirit of adventure. Wants to sit in his own chair, before his own fire, night after night. He just isn't as resourceful as he once was."

"*Resourceful* she says!" answered Elmer. "What's so doggoned resourceful about wives?"

"We-ll," considered Elsie, "suppose I give you an example of wifely resourcefulness: A wife has a simple family supper planned, when, at the last minute, hubby calls to say he's bringing the boss... If she's resourceful, the wife fancies-up her simple supper with one of those marvelous-tasting desserts that can be whipped up in jig-time with *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk.*"

Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK
FOR USE IN MAGIC RECIPES

COOKIES THAT TAKE NO EGGS OR BUTTER—*one of many easy recipes in Borden's Eagle Brand Book of Magic Recipes. Send Elsie a post card, Dept. C58, P. O. Box 175, New York 8, N. Y. for a FREE copy.*

"*Borden's rides again!*" jeered Elmer. "Hi-ho, Elsie!"

"Now, dear," blushed Elsie, "don't tease. I'm only telling you what a really grand cooking help a wife has in Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. It's a creamy-smooth blend of pure, delicious milk and wholesome sugar—the easy, magic way to luscious foods. All ready to use in making the most delicious ice cream, candies, cookies, pie fillings, icing and sauces you ever tasted."

"I'm not interested in tasting pie fillings and sauces," snapped Elmer. "I want you to give me just one for-instance how I've changed since marriage. Do I look older? Am I losing my hair? Am I —?"

"Now, now, Mr. Worry Wart!" soothed Elsie. "You *look* just as handsome to me as you ever did. But sometimes you *act* different from the Elmer I married."

"How, *how?*" urged Elmer.

"You *used* to be fascinated by every word I uttered," teased Elsie. "Now, you only half-listen even when I tell you about something as exciting and wonderful as our new and truly great *Borden's Instant Coffee.*"

100% PURE COFFEE
Borden's
INSTANT
COFFEE

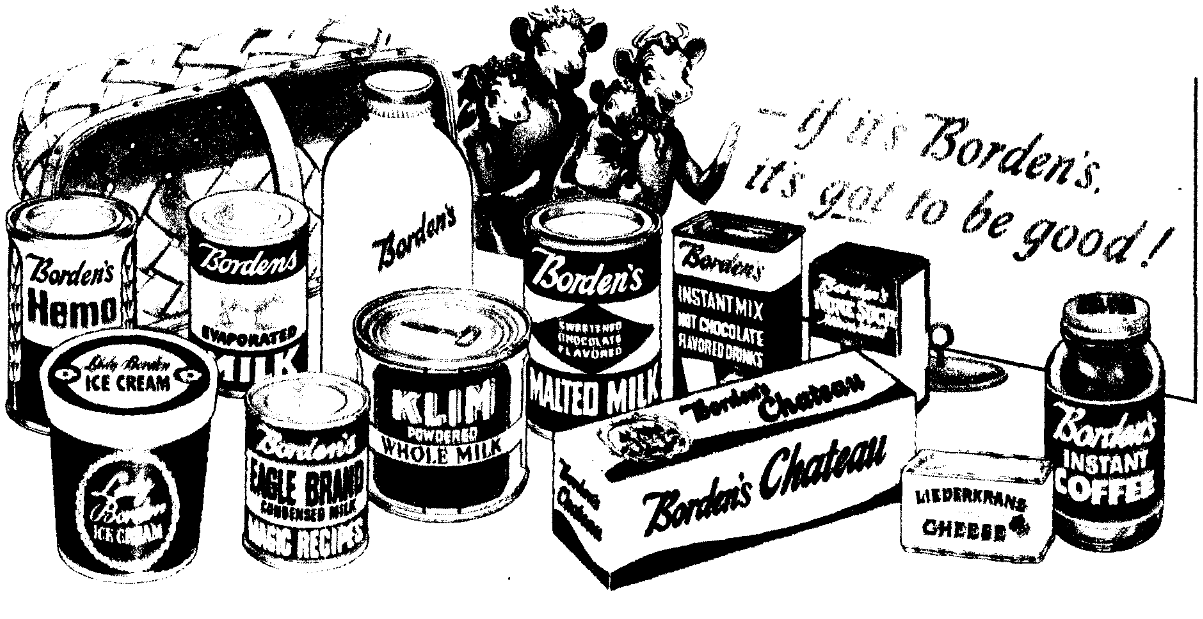
BRIGHT WAY TO START THE DAY—*with a cup of rich, delicious Borden's Instant Coffee. It's really great coffee—all coffee. Nothing added. Ready in the time it takes you to pour hot water into your cup.*

"There's no pleasing wives!" sighed Elmer. "I don't suppose a nice movie would convince you I'm the same guy you promised to obey?"

"Why, darling!" beamed Elsie. "I'll get my hat just as soon as I tell you what rich, full flavor Borden's Instant Coffee has. It's 100% pure coffee. And no pot to wash, no mess. Just measure Borden's Instant into a cup, add hot water, and *instantly* get the grandest coffee that ever set your heart to singing."

"You're making *my* heart weep," groaned Elmer, "with all this Borden talk. I may have changed, but marriage has taught me one thing—how to stop you dead. I say: *If it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*"

"Wonderful!" applauded Elsie. "You're really learning!"


—if it's Borden's, it's got to be good!
Borden's Hemo
Borden's
Borden's Evaporated Milk
Lady Borden Ice Cream
Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk Magic Recipes
KLIM Powdered Whole Milk
Borden's Sweetened Chocolate Flavored Malted Milk
Borden's Instant Mix Hot Chocolate Flavored Drinks
Borden's
Borden's Chateau
Liederkranz Cheese
Borden's Instant Coffee

© The Borden Company

Simoniz "Builds-Up" Your New Car's Beauty!

"IT REALLY PAYS TO SIMONIZ A NEW CAR FROM THE START!"
"YES, THE FINISH GETS BRIGHTER EVERY TIME YOU APPLY IT!"

Everyone agrees—the time to start Simonizing your car is when it's brand new. Simoniz stops the rapid deterioration of the finish—keeps colors from fading. Each application builds up greater resistance to grit and grime, corrosive airborne chemicals and ultra violet rays. Then, too, only a dry cloth is needed to maintain the sparkling "brighter-than-new" beauty of your car for months! First—go over the finish with *liquid* Simoniz Kleener (even a new car is more beautiful and lustrous after cleaning). After that, apply famous Simoniz to build up that glamorous finish and make it last far longer!

You Can Now Simoniz Your Car In ½ The Time!

CERTIFIED SIMONIZ STATION

KLEENER
SIMONIZ
Liquid
SIMONIZ KLEENER

If you want your car Simonized for you, go to a Certified Simoniz Service Station. You are then assured of genuine Simoniz products and factory approved methods. **THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO 16, ILL.**

SIMONIZ

MIKE PEARLMAN

Russ Davis

HE EEK'S ORK

WASSC

Andrew Gee

TO THE Inside Story of How Great Stories Were Written, we respectfully submit the history of Louis Kamp's Yes, Sir! on p. 74. Last fall Mr. Kamp roughed it out along with three others, and since it didn't seem to come off, stuck it away in a file. Months later, he fished out the file, reread it, tore everything up, and threw it away in disgust. Next day, while moping for an idea, Mrs. Kamp reminded him of Yes, Sir! and what a nice story she'd thought it was.

"Was I happy!" chortles Kamp. "That is, until I started looking for it. The more I looked the nuttier I got, until Irene made me sit down and think calmly. Oh, no, no, she wailed, when it finally came to me. Now rubbish in Hampton Bays, Long Island, is taken to a wooded, isolated area. We jumped in the car, sped to the place and located our rubbish because of the waterproof bags our housekeeper uses. Yes, Sir! came to light with the rest under four grapefruit rinds and some coffee grounds. Once home, the sorting and piecing was something. Eventually we did it with Scotch tape and the rest is history."

Mr. Kamp assures us he rewrote Yes, Sir! without the grapefruit and coffee grounds and that all the food described in the story is fresh.

THE brief treatise on hydroponics in Magic in the Garden (p. 40), which should be good green news for all semipro farmers, was written by Carl Molitor, who left a happy home in Lansing, Michigan, to attend West Point with such notable warriors as Al Wedemeyer, Nate Twining and Tony McAuliffe. "Whom I can name with such familiarity," he says, "because as a second lieutenant I was senior to all of them."

In the late war, to avoid having such long shadows fall across him, Mr. Molitor joined the Navy.

After sailing back home to Miami, Mr. Molitor learned of the amazing developments in hydroponics, a prewar enthusiasm of his, and also that the ordinary citizen could find nothing simply written telling him how to go ahead and start a soilless garden. So he got up a little book, and right now is in correspondence with hydroponiacs the world over. "There aren't many," he admits, "but the number is growing."

ON AN exploration cruise in '34 to the South Seas, Andy Geer ran into an Aussie seaman at a Sydney bar, and heard about the simple ex-Bounty mutineers of Norfolk Islan The Aussie planned to sell them batch of dollar watches next tri picking up a few extra shillings. sounded explorable, so Geer looke up the island, and found that mo descendants of the Bounty mutinee lived there than on Pitcairn.

A series of penal colonies was e tablished on Norfolk (at one tim more than 1,000 convicts cramme the five-by-three-mile bit of land), an its history ran to mutinies, mass exe cutions and horrible cruelties. I 1856, two hundred children an grandchildren of the Bounty mut neers were moved from Pitcairn t Norfolk. As of 1940, the Norfolk cen sus shows 13 Adams families, 1 Christian, 34 Quintal and 11 Evanse population about 1,000. More an more Australians and New Zealan ers are retiring to the island.

"So, some 13 years after meetin the Aussie, when I got to writing Th Best-Laid Plans (p. 30)," says Gee "I turned the time back to sailing-shi days and no radio communication and let my conniver board the islan via a shipwreck."

The Kamps: Jonathan (on top), Louis, Irene

TAKING you trout fishers t school with the Fisherman's Pro on p. 18 is Russ Davis, 37, from Gree Bay and a graduate o the U. of Wisconsi He's written news an sports for the Gree Bay Post-Gazette an the Philadelphia Rec ord, and has been fre lance, editor and publi cist. He's married, ha two kids and a par Scotty named Gus, an lives in Springfield, Del aware County, Pennsyl vania.

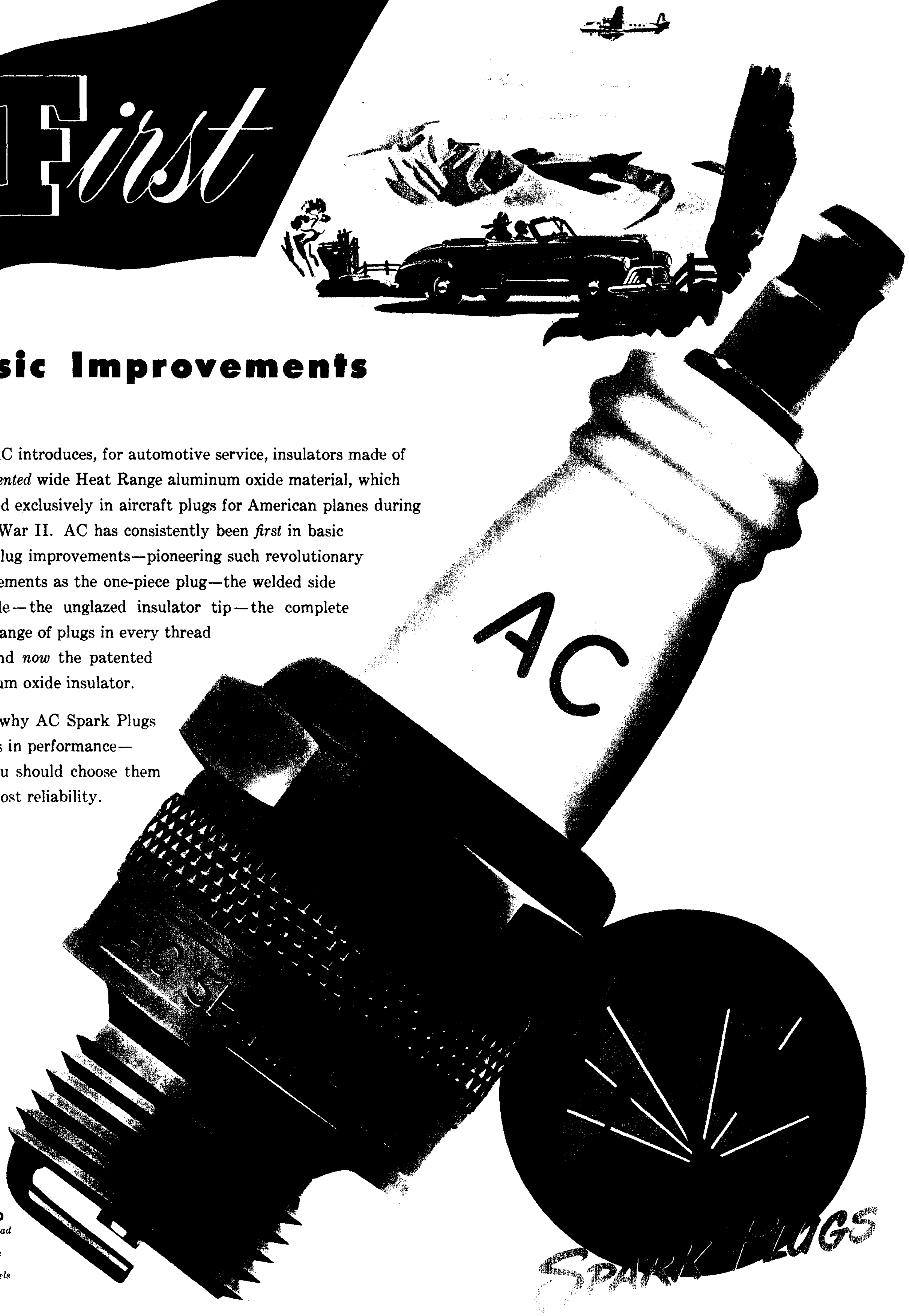
It was while fishin for article ideas in th news that Mr. Davis ra across an item about th trout-fishing course a Penn State. He arrive on the campus just a George Harvey, the Pis catorial Professor, wa lining the class up unde the elms for casting practice.

"I will say to George Harvey' credit as a great teacher that no one o his students got his lines snagged in a overhead branch or in my pants as wandered about mid the swishing,' says Russ.

This week's cover: The Perfect An gleress. The fly-covered lady whos beauty sends one reeling was Jo Ann Smith, and the photographer, Larr Barbier of Hollywood. Now her nam is Jo Ann Barbier: The two marrie about five months after the shot wa made. Mrs. Barbier is from the Sa Fernando Valley, is twenty, and like to team on assignments with her hus band. . . . TED SHANE

First

in Basic Improvements



Now, AC introduces, for automotive service, insulators made of the *patented* wide Heat Range aluminum oxide material, which was used exclusively in aircraft plugs for American planes during World War II. AC has consistently been *first* in basic spark plug improvements—pioneering such revolutionary advancements as the one-piece plug—the welded side electrode—the unglazed insulator tip—the complete Heat Range of plugs in every thread size—and *now* the patented aluminum oxide insulator.

That's why AC Spark Plugs are tops in performance—why you should choose them for utmost reliability.

Registered AC Spark Plug Cleaning Station

FIRST IN SERVICE, TOO
Your AC dealer will be glad to check your spark plugs for you, to see that they are of the right type and Heat Range for today's fuels and driving conditions.

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Top Performance

demands top condition

It's time to see your Texaco Dealer for a Spring check-up ✓

✓ He will check your spark plugs, battery, tires. Drain and flush your radiator. Make complete under-car inspection.

✓ He will lubricate chassis with long-lasting MARFAK, the tough lubricant that gives you "cushiony" driving. He'll protect gears with proper Spring grade of Texaco transmission and differential lubricants.

✓ For more gas-miles, power, economy, he'll fill the crankcase with HAVOLINE, the *modern* motor oil. CLEANS as it lubricates.

✓ For power-to-spare, get Texaco SKY CHIEF gasoline...or FIRE-CHIEF the motor fuel for utmost power at regular gasoline prices . . . sold by your Texaco Dealer, the best friend your car ever had.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

TUNE IN... TEXACO STAR THEATER every Wednesday night featuring Gordon MacRae, Alan Young, Evelyn Knight. See newspaper for time and station.

MEN, MIKES AND MONEY

BY MERLIN H. AYLESWORTH
AS TOLD TO BEN GROSS

The exciting inside story of the first big network. Here's how it began, its early struggles with sponsors, and its eventual growth into a huge and colorful business outfit

I

ONE day in 1926 Owen D. Young telephoned my office. The industrialist-statesman spoke casually, using my nickname. "Deac," he said, "I want you to come over immediately."

The chairman of the board of the General Electric Company and of the Radio Corporation of America did not amplify. But in less than a quarter of an hour, I knew that this was the most important day of all of my forty years.

When I entered his office, Young greeted me cordially. Near him sat General James G. Harbord, one of our military commanders of World War I and then president of RCA, and General Guy E. Tripp, chairman of the board of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company.

"Deac," he said, "our companies have bought Station WEAF of New York from A. T. & T. for one million dollars. As you know, we already have the Westinghouse stations and also WJZ, the RCA outlet in New York. We intend to build a radio broadcasting network, with RCA as the parent organization. We'd like you to take charge as the president."

I was about to interrupt, but he went on.

"The salary will be $50,000 a year."

"But I don't know a thing about radio," I protested. "I haven't even got a receiver."

Young laughed. "We'll send you one tomorrow."

"I still don't understand why you want me," I remarked.

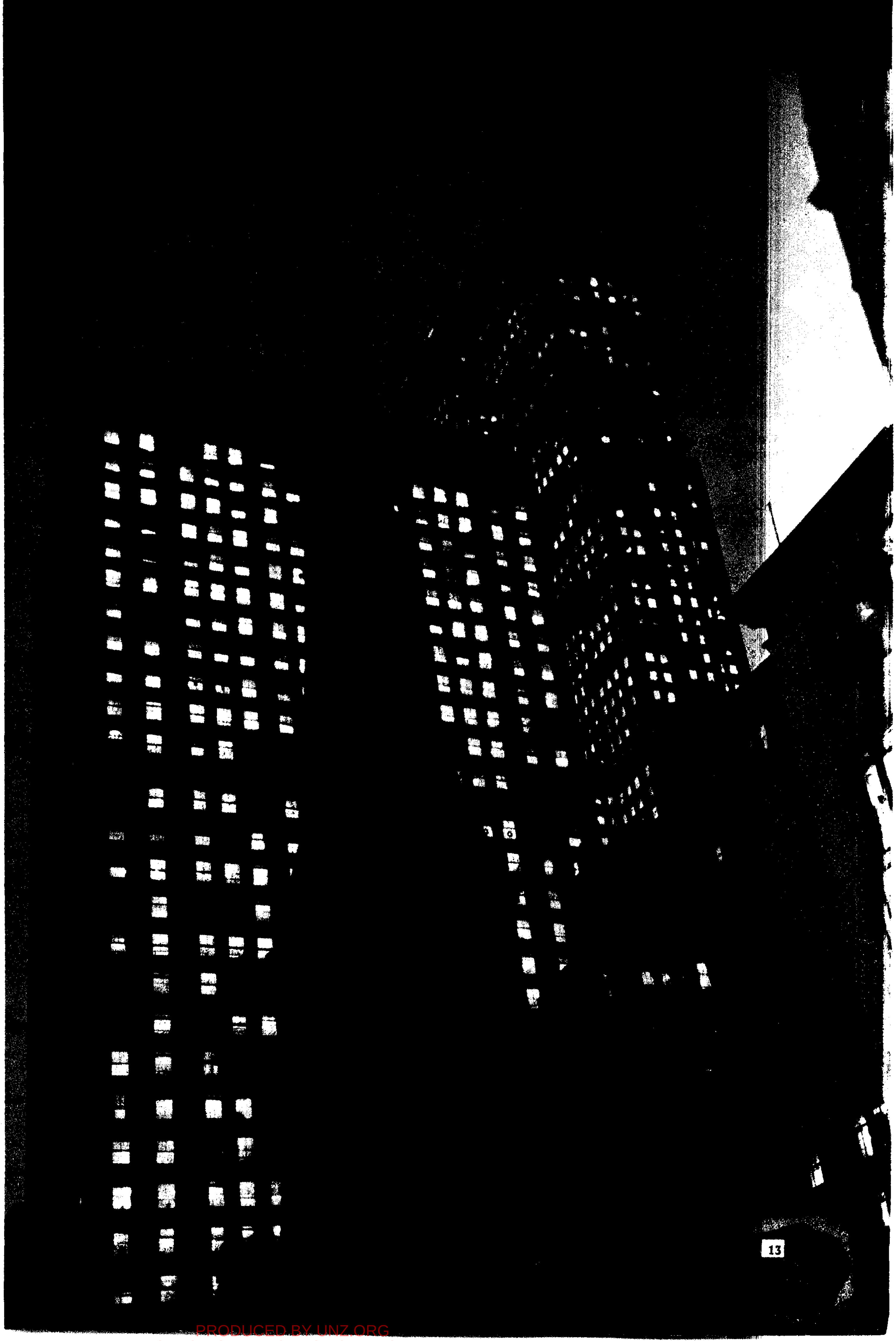
"Look, Deac," Young spoke patiently. "As managing director of the National Electric Light Association, you've visited practically every community of more than 10,000 in this country. So you know people. That's the kind of man we must have for this job. As a network, we must give listeners what they want. Otherwise radio's novelty will soon wear off. We've got to make it a great public service. Then, eventually, it will pay."

Generals Harbord and Tripp joined the discussion. A few minutes later, I walked out of that office as the president of America's first national network. I shall always remember Young's parting words on that September day in 1926:

"Aylesworth, never forget this: The dollar follows the service."

The next few days were cyclonic ones. Conference followed conference with General Harbord and with David Sarnoff, who was then vice-president and general manager of RCA. The excitement of our venture swept over us; we were engaged in blueprinting something new—a pioneering enterprise to capture the imagination of the nation.

In the midst of the feverish activity, I moved to Station WEAF, in



Symbolic of the power and prestige of modern radio are the buildings in New York's Rockefeller Center

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CLAUDE W. HUSTON

One of the most popular of the early radio shows was the Collier's Hour, which had its première in 1927. A large group of actors, announcers, commentators ar musicians was required to present the various interviews, dramatizations and entertainment features which made up the program. New Yorkers flocked to atter

downtown New York. And there, I realized with a shock that our organization had no name.

There was a small corporation in New Jersey operating a one-lung station calling itself the American Broadcasting Company. I had tried to buy that name but Young had balked at the demand for $40,000.

A few days later, I phoned him. "We're going to be a nation-wide network. Why not call ourselves the National Broadcasting Company?"

Young laughed. "Can you get that?"

"Yes," I told him. "The only thing we have to worry about is that NBC is generally identified with the National Biscuit Company. But I may be able to sell them some programs. Then they'll be able to advertise that they're broadcasting over NBC and we'll get double value."

The National Broadcasting Company was organized for business on November 1, 1926. The General Electric Company, the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company and the Radio Corporation of America held the stock, each owning "less than 51 per cent."

Nothing Like Radio City

While preparing for our formal opening, I became familiar with WEAF's plant and its personnel. Wandering through the impressive quarters of NBC in Rockefeller Center today, I laugh when I recall the cramped offices and studios we had in 1926.

The programs went on the air from three small rooms with low ceilings. There was just enough space in each to accommodate comfortably a piano, a soloist and an announcer. Occasionally, however, we worked a miracle by crowding in a tiny orchestra. The carbon microphones then in use would blast at the slightest swelling in the volume of sound. Studio audiences were nonexistent.

Even so, the activities at WEAF were the zenith of formality compared with those of the other studios. Broadcasting was in its pioneer era. There were no formal program schedules; scripts were a rarity and no holds were barred in commercials.

WHN, one of the country's most popular independent stations, atop Loew's State Theater Building on Broadway, offered a perfect picture of radio in that lusty period. Practically all of the talent worked without pay. So if they didn't feel like showing up for a scheduled program they often didn't bother.

As a result, the most surprised and surprising assortment of persons sometimes found themselves before the microphone. Newspapermen, actors, hangers-on and ordinary listeners who happened to drop into the studio would be accosted by the announcer and greeted cordially. "Can you sing?" or "Know any funny stories?" he would ask. If the unfortunate victim said yes, he would be hustled to the mike and given the freedom of the air, without a rehearsal of any kind!

The informality that prevailed on that and other stations was illustrated by antics of two WHN pioneers—Nils T. Granlund (N.T.G.) and Perry Charles. The former, who later became a famous night-club impresario, entertained night after night by reciting Kipling's "Boots" whenever there was a gap in the program schedules. Charles, who eventually found a less hectic existence as a movie press agent, held forth on WHN for years. From the early morning hours until midnight he would play records, accompanying them with whistling solos, stage ad-lib comic skits, announce prize fights, interview talent, send out press releases and occasionally—and this is no gag—sweep the studio floors!

It was on such a scene and at such a time that NBC made its bow. With corporate prestige, an eye for talent and a desire for public service, it brought a new dignity to radio.

On my first day at WEAF, David Sarnoff introduced me to our executive vice-president, the late George McClelland, who had come to us from the telephone company. A legendary figure in radio, it was he, in turn, who introduced me to a young man, another phone company alumnus named Mark Woods, and announced that he should be our treasurer. Mark Woods, as head of the American Broadcasting Company, is now a network president himself.

Pioneers of the Air Waves

Others of my staff I met that morning included O. B. Hanson, an engineer who later became vice-president and chief engineer of NBC; Graham McNamee, announcer and singer; Phillips Carlin, announcer, and now vice-president of the Mutual Broadcasting System; G. W. (Johnny) Johnstone, who tripled as publicity man, control engineer and "hot" piano player, and Matilda Harding, the studio pianist.

I remember that one of my first official acts at WEAF was to give a helping hand to a budding romance. I appointed Donald Withycomb, my secretary, who had been with me at NELA, as a time salesman, because he wanted to earn enough money to enable him to marry Matilda Harding.

Chain broadcasting, in a limited sense, had been in existence for some time. It had been developed by A. T. & T. as a result of its research in the transmission of programs by wire from station to station.

At the time WEAF became the key NBC outlet, it was already "hooked-up" with twelve stations. WJZ also had its own network.

However, sponsored chain broadcasting as we know it today did not exist. In the early days, for example, a company wishing to make announcements over the air paid A. T. & T. $40 for an hour's time. On the other hand, if the phone company originated a sustaining program in its New York studio, the out-of-town stations paid it $40 an hour for the privilege of carrying the broadcast.

This cursory linking of stations had already brought fame to a number of microphone personalities. Graham McNamee, Milton Cross, Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, Vaughn de Leath, Wendell Hall and Jessica Dragonette were known to millions.

But there was still something lacking. And that was an amply financed, expertly managed, closely knit organization devoted solely to making the best in radio available to every man, woman and child in the land.

Although A. T. & T. recognized this need, its recognition was accomplished with a sense of irritation. For this great corporate enterprise, whose primary business was communication, found itself involved with actors, singers, musicians and announcers. It even had on its hands a hefty battle with H. V. Kaltenborn, now the dean of American commentators. H. V., sponsored by the phone company, had aroused its ire because of one of his hard-hitting commentaries.

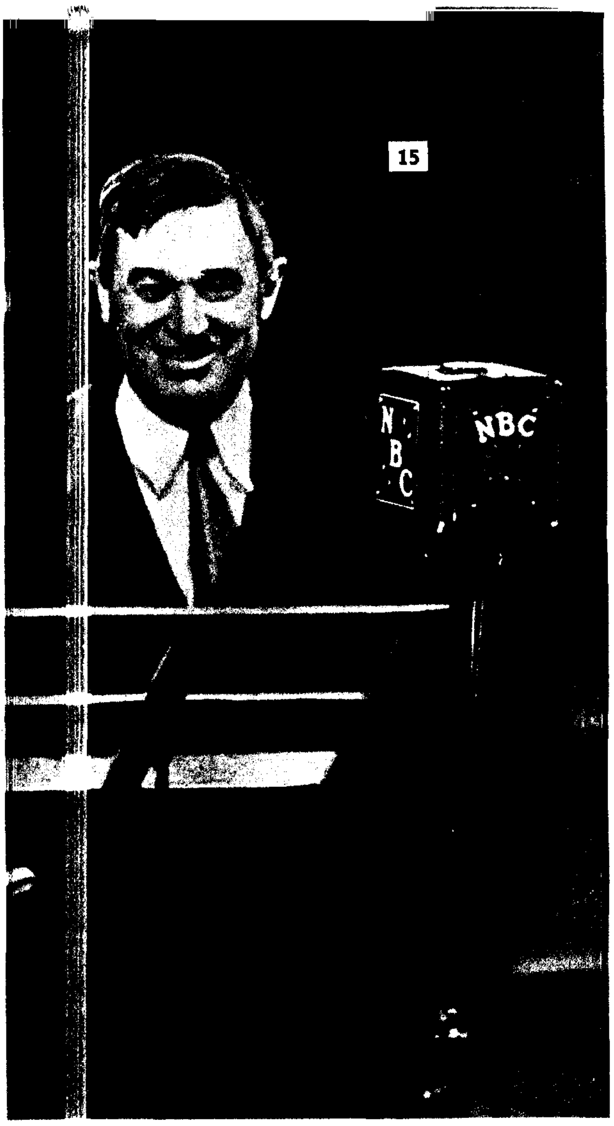
In time, A. T. & T., groggy from its encounters with such temperamental folk, was glad to accept the million-dollar offer for WEAF. Its decision was prompted by business acumen, too; for NBC had agreed to use the A. T. & T. wires for the transmission of its programs coast to coast.

Our *première* NBC broadcast went on the air on the night of November

INTERNATIONAL

BC's first network broadcast included Weber and Fields, ›medians. Fields is at left above; Aylesworth in center

Even before the existence of NBC, Billy Jones and Ernie Hare had made their reputation as the Happiness Boys



Will Rogers was an immediate hit in radio. His mimicry of Cal Coolidge fooled some listeners

15, 1926, carried by 24 stations. An all-star entertainment, it was tuned in by more than 10,000,000 persons.

A white-tie and ermine audience of social, political and industrial lights assembled in the dignified grand ballroom of the old Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, on the present site of the Empire State Building.

Mixed with the expectancy of this first-night gathering there was considerable cynicism; for a goodly number still regarded radio as no more than a flamboyant toy.

A Truly Epoch-Making Show

Exactly at 8:05 P.M. a fanfare cleaved the air. Then, as president of NBC, I welcomed the guests and the listeners. The preliminaries over, the show went on. It included:

Dr. Walter Damrosch conducting the New York Symphony Orchestra; the New York Oratorio Society; Tito Ruffo, Metropolitan Opera star; Harold Bauer, renowned concert pianist; the legendary Mary Garden, picked up from Chicago; the great Will Rogers, facing a microphone in the dressing room of an Independence, Kansas, theater; an operatic sextet led by Cesare Sodero; Edwin Franko Goldman's Band; Weber and Fields; George Olsen and his orchestra, by remote control, from the Hotel Pennsylvania, New York; Ben Bernie and band from the Roosevelt Grill, New York; Ben A. Rolfe and orchestra from the Palais d'Or, New York, and Vincent Lopez and his band from the Casa Lopez, New York.

We signed the memorable program off the air at exactly 12:35 A.M. The applause of the visible audience was heartening. Everyone had been impressed by the feat of bringing in the voices of Mary Garden and Will Rogers from such distant points.

The all-star show had cost us practically nothing, for the performers were eager to participate in a history-making event. Typical of them was Will Rogers, who had volunteered his services because of his admiration for Owen D. Young.

Speaking of Rogers, he created a sensation that night with his mimicry of President Calvin Coolidge. His imitation of Cal's nasal twang was so accurate that thousands believed they were actually hearing the man in the White House.

My nephew in Colorado, to whom I had sent a receiving set, was one of these. He had tuned in on the program while Rogers was in the midst of his monologue. The next day, he wrote to me that although, in his opinion, Coolidge was an exceptionally able President, he simply could not understand why he had "come out for the Dodge car!"

The impact of our *première* was astounding. Overnight, millions realized that for the mere price of a radio set, they might have at their command the finest in entertainment.

Therefore, it was up to NBC to turn this realization into the purchase of radios. There were still great areas of the country untouched by broadcasting. Elihu Root, the retired statesman, had this in mind during a meeting of the NBC Policy Committee, a few days after our opening.

"Aylesworth," he said, "the people of the United States are still eye-minded. What we have got to do is to make them ear-minded."

There was only one way to do that. Give the people something worth hearing. But that costs money—a great deal of it. Only a large group of sponsors could provide the essential wherewithal.

WEAF, under A. T. & T. ownership, already had a number of time buyers. A. & P., Goodrich Tires,

(Continued on page 65)

CULVER SERVICE

B. A. Rolfe led the band; G. W. Hill *called the tunes; the public danced*

Jessica Dragonette was another radio luminary *whose star continued to rise from the start*

Possibly the forerunners of today's All-Girl Orchestra, these New Look cuties entertained listeners back in 1927. Music carried better than talking on early broadcasts

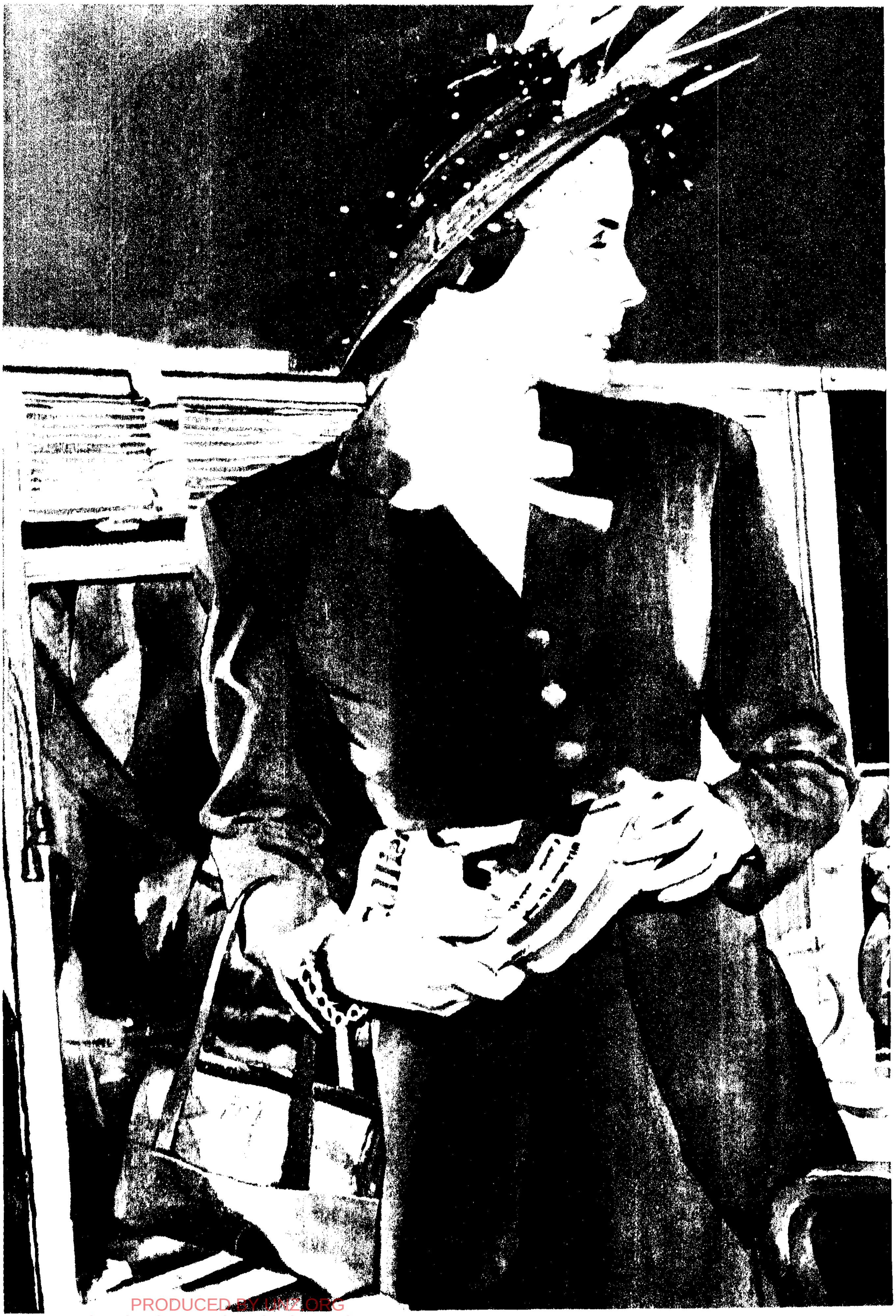
MELODY
BELLES

HUNSECKER FIGHTS THE WORLD

The job paid handsomely. All I had to do was keep on saying, "Yes." But with Hunsecker it wasn't easy

BY ERNEST LEHMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



The girl slapped some money down on her check and got up. "Wait a minute, honey," Harvey said. "We haven't been introduced," she said, looking at me

THE campus was lousy with ivy and Gothic architecture and June flies, and the two hundred girls sitting there on all sides of me listening to Harvey Hunsecker's commencement-day address were depressing, too.

College degrees in hand, they still didn't know any better than to hang on his every word as though he were an oracle with a private pipe line to God, the White House, the Kremlin and Louis B. Mayer.

They were right in there with the other forty million sheep who worshiped him at the altar of their household radios and who moved their lips every day while soaking up his syndicated column.

He was coming to the end now, wrapping it up with a string of aphorisms that were nothing more than clichés spelled backward. The strident voice, loud with authority, rose incongruously from his undersized body and rang out over the hushed audience.

". . . And Reno will have to fold its roulette tables and steal away into the night, if each one of you will remember this—" He paused dramatically. "Home . . . is where you hang . . . your heart."

His arms fell to his sides and the silence exploded into shattering applause as he stood there nodding and smiling for several minutes, unwilling to move, to end the ovation, his perspiring face suffused with self-gratification as he allowed the waves of enthusiasm to wash over him again and again.

Then the girls were falling into the arms of their damp-eyed relatives and up on the platform the big wheels among the faculty and alumnae started clawing at one another to shake Hunsecker's hand, so I drifted over to the buffet spread to join the flies.

I stood there swilling pale punch and watched Harvey autographing engraved programs for everyone who came to him with the magic words: "I always read your column, Mr. Hunsecker."

When I picked up his trail again, after I had examined the sandwich platters, he was standing under an elm tree holding an animated monologue with a pretty girl in cap and gown. I figured that that must be his sister, Susan, so I ambled over.

He punched my arm lightly. "Well,

how did you like it, Sidney? I even had the pigeons on the rooftops listening. I may use it for a Tuesday column, cut down, of course. I think it has something for women everywhere, not just these chicks. Don't you agree, baby? Too bad the local station didn't have a network tie-up. Damned fools could have had Hunsecker for nothing. Ha. I'd like to have seen Josephson's face. (Josephson signs the checks for my sponsor, honey.) Talking outdoors does strange things with my timing. It must be the echoes. Did you notice, Sidney? Take that first pause. . . ."

He droned on, the girl staring intently at him in the strained, self-conscious way people affect as their only defense against the embarrassment of not having been introduced to a newly arrived stranger.

". . . May insist on having a studio audience. I find it stimulating to see their faces. To hell with CBC policy on commentators. Which carries more weight—a lousy fifty-grand-a-year vice-president or a twenty-eight-point-six rating? Hunsecker makes Hooper jump through a hoop, doesn't he? Say, not bad . . . Hooper through a hoop. Send that to me, will you, baby?"

I took out my notebook and jotted it down. The girl didn't know where to look, and her face was beginning to flush.

"Look," I said, "you must be Susan. My name is Sidney Lasker."

She nodded gratefully, but Hunsecker stepped between us.

"Sidney's a tall one, isn't he? And he's not bad looking when he isn't grouchy, but right now he's got that look on his face. He doesn't like the heat—*do* you, tootsie? You're itching to get back to New York."

"That's the general idea," I said evenly.

"All right, baby." He took my arm with one hand and Susan's with the other and steered us across the campus. "Sidney must be obliged because when Sidney isn't obliged he gets tiresome, and life is difficult enough as it is without a tiresome Sidney." When we reached the station wagon that was waiting in front of the administration building to take us to the train, Hunsecker turned to his sister. "Give Ma a hug for me when you get home, will you, honey?"

"Of course." A shadow seemed to pass over her features. "But it would do her so much good—if *only* you could fly out to see her—even a day."

"But, baby doll . . ." Harvey extended his pudgy hands imploringly. "You *know* how I want to. But I'm up to *here*. Why, even this trip—"

"Oh, I'm ever so grateful for today, Harv," she broke in. "Your accepting the invitation and coming up here. It meant so much to Dr. Cardigan and the school and I know how busy—"

"For you, anything, honey," he said, looking past her and waving to the people who stood huddled in small groups staring at him the way people always did when the voice and the by-line appeared before them in the flesh. With a final wave, he clambered into the car and then, as I began to follow him in, he turned and called out: "Honey, you'll have to forgive Sidney. He doesn't mean to be rude. Sidney, say congratulations to Susan."

I turned and congratulated her, and her eyes were filled with wordless apologies. She murmured, "Have a pleasant trip, Mr. Lasker."

"I will," I lied, and stepped into the car.

"Isn't she a doll?" Harvey said, as we pulled away. "But so naïve."

THE first ten minutes were bad. Then I began to feel my nervous system getting in rhythm with the rocking and clacking of the train wheels. It was always that way when I started out on a train trip with Harvey Hunsecker, whether it was an overnight trip or a jaunt to Hollywood. I would start worrying that something terrible was going to go wrong and that Hunsecker and his power would be forever lost to me and my clients, and though nothing had ever gone wrong, it always took at least ten minutes for the inner tension to dissolve.

I sat next to the window of the drawing-room compartment, staring vacantly at the glittering sheen of the river in the red sunlight of late afternoon. Hunsecker was curled up on the seat opposite me, leafing through Trend to the accompaniment of small, deprecatory grunts. He had never forgiven the magazine for describing him as a "porcine-faced, gimlet-eyed half-pint."

Suddenly I was aware that he had scrambled to a sitting position and I turned to see him slap the magazine hard across this thigh.

"Oh, no!" he moaned.

I turned back to gaze out of the window.

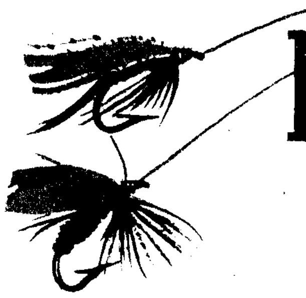
"No, no, no!"

The river was an unending bore but still it was speechless and undemanding—something you could put an end to merely by closing your eyes.

"Go ahead, Harvey," I said to the window. "I'm listening."

"You know what I did?" he cried. "I forgot to kiss Susan goodby. I'm all that means anything to her in the whole world and I didn't even kiss her goodby. Why didn't you remind me? You had nothing else to do. You were just standing there. If you weren't so busy worrying about the heat and getting back to New York—"

(Continued on page 69)



FISHERMAN'S PROF

BY RUSS DAVIS

You've got to be smart to catch a fish nowadays. In fact the prof at Penn State gives you college credit for outwitting a trout

GEORGE HARVEY, who occupies the chair of trout fishing at Pennsylvania State College, is an exponent of higher education for anglers. "It takes brains to match brains," he says. "And give the fish credit, they have more intelligence than you think."

Harvey teaches one of the first college courses of its kind, one in the science of trout fishing for full credit toward graduation. In it, he imparts the techniques of fishing he has picked up through personal experience over the past two decades.

The idea for the class was that of Dean Carl P. Schott, of the School of Physical Education.

"A student won't play much football or baseball after he leaves college unless he is a professional," Dr. Schott declares. "It seems to me our job is to give instruction in sports our graduates will enjoy long after they have retired from more strenuous activity."

His plan visions inclusion of hunting and horseback-riding instruction among other participation sports, in addition to trout fishing.

Harvey's course was taught for the first time as part of the college curriculum last spring. It will be repeated each second semester and at summer-school sessions. In addition, Harvey teaches nights at various Pennsylvania cities under sponsorship of the college extension program. In the school calendar it is known as: Physical Education 109. Principles and Techniques of Angling.

One-hour lectures and two-hour practice periods are held during each of the sixteen weeks. In the first seven weeks, students learn how to tie flies and the techniques of fishing with wet and dry flies, nymphs, bucktails and streamers, midge and spiders, and other methods not so frequently used. Proper selection and care of tackle occupy the next four weeks. Fly casting, a lecture on stream tactics, and actual fishing complete the last five weeks.

Penn State had planned a modest start for the fishing course, with 40 students. But 160 applied, and 84, all juniors and seniors, were accepted. Lowerclassmen were told to come around later.

"Nobody takes it as a snap course," George Harvey says. "There are very few absences, and though classes officially end at 4 o'clock, the students are so enthusiastic they always keep me around for at least another hour."

The first year's students came from both city and rural areas. Some were from the School of Agriculture and the School of Liberal Arts, others were specializing in chemistry and physics, engineering, the mineral industries and physical education. A third were women.

George Harvey has taught more than 3,000 persons how to tie flies and fish and has some pronounced ideas on the technique of trout fishing. Most important to him is the knowledge of stream strategy, or fishing sense.

"If you don't have fishing sense you'll never be a good fisherman," he says positively. "A man can be the best caster in the world, but he won't catch as many fish as a mediocre caster if he doesn't know the fundamentals of fishing."

A Lecture on Stream Strategy

George Harvey explains what he means by that.

"Stream strategy is the ability to look at a piece of water and know where to find fish and the proper approach for taking them. That's what makes fishing fascinating, because one piece of water won't present the same pattern twice. The average man walks along the bank and sees a fish rise. He gets excited and doesn't take time to study, but whips out his tackle and starts to cast all over the place. As a result he puts down more trout than he raises."

What he should do first, particularly when fishing unfamiliar waters, is to take the temperature of the water. The maximum tolerance for brook trout is 75 degrees. For brown trout and rainbow it is around 80 to 84 degrees. If the water warms up beyond those limits, the trout will move into smaller and cooler streams.

After he has taken the temperature, George Harvey still isn't ready to fish. His next step is to study the general situation.

"Every square foot of water has different rates of flow and I want to estimate that flow before I cast. Some cross currents will pull a fly while others will make it float naturally. If the fly, and particularly a dry fly, isn't floating naturally the trout will ignore it because trout are suspicious fish. The fly must float at the same rate of speed as the water. I like to compare it with a cork floating naturally downstream. Sometimes you can get only a foot of natural float on a cast. On other occasions you get from two and three feet up to 15 or 20, because as the speed of the water decreases the longer is the period of natural float."

He believes that nine of ten fishermen let their line drag or else pull the fly across a current when fishing with dry flies.

"You can't do that and expect to get fish," he says. "If the fly isn't behaving naturally the fish usually won't strike."

After studying the stream flow, George Harvey is ready to fish, but he still has more experimenting to do. He wants to make more certain of the proper presentation of the fly.

"There are a dozen methods of fishing each fly," he says. "You have to keep switching to eliminate the methods that aren't working. There are various manipulations to retrieve the fly and make it float naturally. And depth is important. The trout may be feeding on the surface, just under the surface or on the bottom. That determines the type of fly to be used and the amount of weight with it."

Students usually think he is clowning when he tells about the feeding habits of trout.

"Sure, I know fish don't feed at the same depth all the time," one student said last year, "but how can I tell whether they are feeding near the bottom or just under the surface?"

George Harvey's answer is in the form of an original theory he has developed over the past twenty years as a fisherman. It first began to form in his mind when he was on the staff of the Penn State School of Forestry at Mont Alto, where he studied migration and the rate of growth in brook trout and made food studies by analyzing the stomach content of fish. He calls it the "limestone-freestone theory."

"There are two types of trout waters," he says. "I call them limestone and freestone. An angler, by being able to differentiate, can double his chances for a successful day by selecting the correct lure and presenting it properly."

He explains that a limestone stream flows for the major portion of its length over limestone formations. They are usually valley streams, because soft and soluble limestone is worn away to form lowlands.

Freestone streams differ. They are found in mountain and plateau areas and flow over formations other than limestone. Usually filled with boulders, cobbles and pebbles, they are stony and are the streams that become very low and sometimes nearly disappear during dry summers and autumns. As compared with limestone streams, the freestone produces about a third or less aquatic plant, animal and insect life.

What does this mean to fishermen?

"Fish feed where food is most plentiful and easiest to obtain," Harvey says. "In limestone streams this food is under the surface. The bulk of trout food in limestone streams is made up of crustaceans, nymphs of aquatic insects, water bugs, larvae, worms which live among aquatic plants, stones or boulders, and among debris on the stream bottom. It's logical an angler will be more successful if he uses nymphs, wet flies, or any lure that resembles the natural food in that type of stream.

"In freestone streams, from late spring through summer, the bulk of food for trout is terrestrial in nature—grasshoppers, crickets, tent caterpillars, green tree worms, beetles and hatches of aquatic insects. Here the dry-fly fisherman has the advantage because he is fishing his lures on the surface where the trout are watching and waiting for natural food.

"Of course, there are always exceptions," he admits. "High-water periods may make the water murky, and some freestone streams are discolored for the greater part of the year. The theory doesn't hold then because unless the stream is clear enough for the trout to see what is on the surface of the water, the dry fly will not be successful.

"Another exception occurs when there are specialized hatches of insects on limestone streams which may make the dry fly best for a short period. A few small trout can also be induced to take a dry fly on most any limestone stream, particularly in the shallow runs and riffles, but they could be taken more easily with nymphs or wet flies."

Just to Keep in Practice

It's not unusual for Harvey to slip out for an hour or so and catch 25 trout. He does it to keep his hand in, using a barbless hook, and then returning the catch over the limit. On opening day, 1946, he used a barbless hook and took 80. Last spring he had a slump on the first day of the season, reeling in only 35.

For his classes and other beginners, Harvey advises an eight-foot rod that weighs approximately four ounces. That isn't too long and is light enough in weight to prevent overtiredness.

"The grip is one of the most important parts of fishing," he says. "And the fisherman should try to use the most relaxed grip."

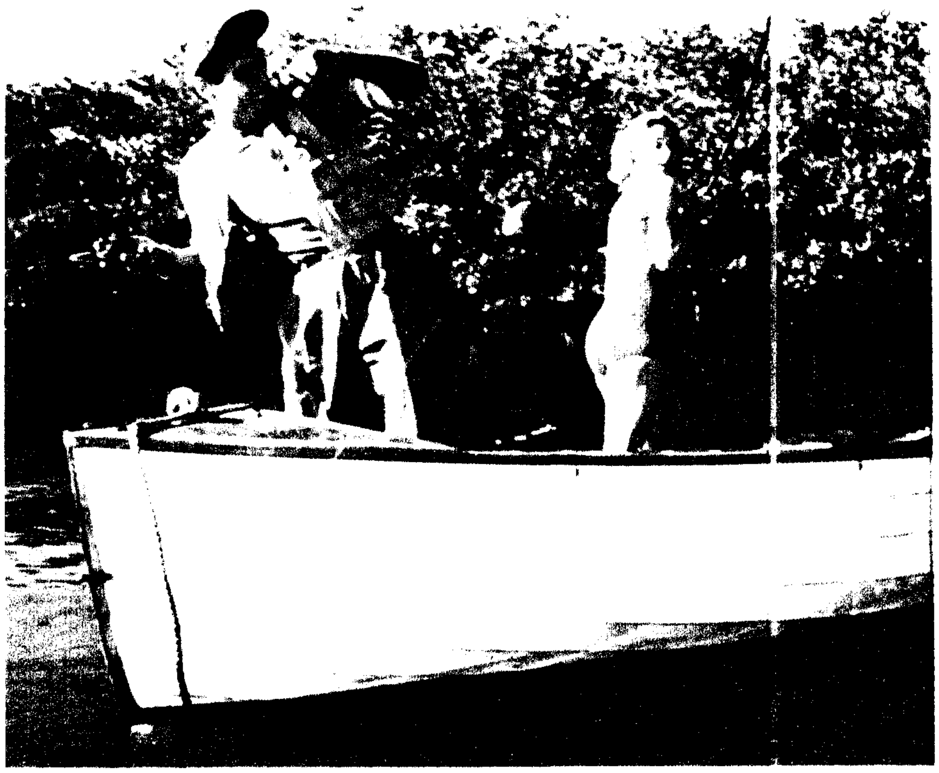
That most relaxed grip can be attained by grasping the handle with the flat of the hand, extending from the heel across to the base of the index finger. The back of the hand should be on top, and flat, with the fingers relaxed, and the line running off between the second and third fingers. Maximum freedom of the wrist is obtained with that grip.

When the grip is mastered, George Harvey advises trying the back cast. "A good forward cast is impossible without a high backcast," he says.

The line should be cast high and the fisherman should be sure to stop the backward motion of the rod at approximately one o'clock on an imaginary clock. Just before the line straightens out on the backcast the rod starts its forward movement with

(Continued on page 42)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN



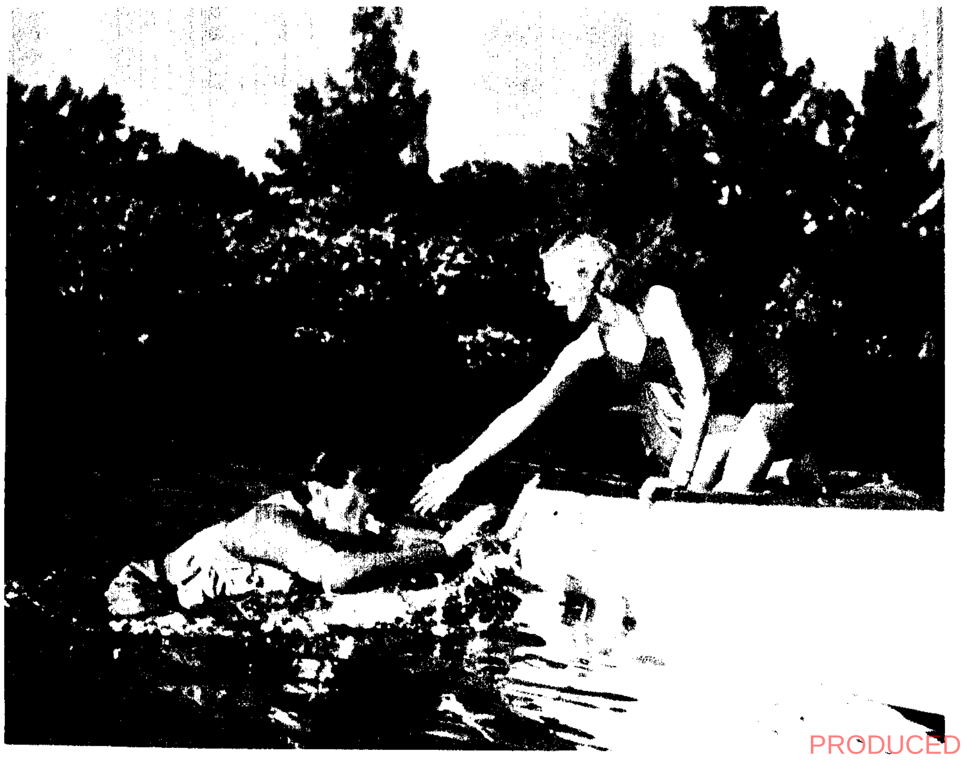
Here is how to flunk any college course in angling. Lorraine Davies and Bob Greene are strictly nonscholastic fishers. First, Lorraine casts and Bob ducks

The fish don't strike at the first spot, so they decide to move. "Why bother starting up a balky motor?" Lorraine says. She has a good sturdy rod for pushing

Now Bob takes over with the rod and reel and to his amazement manages to hook some fish. They fail the lesson, however, because Lorraine insists on helping him

Lorraine gets excited at Bob's success and decides to take her turn. She gets no fish, but the fish get Bob as Lorraine gives him a husky push with her rod

Bob goes nicely into the drink, but there's nothing to worry about. The water's warm, Bob's a good swimmer, and the helpful Lorraine is on the spot to save him



As dusk comes, the exhausted couple have their fish—they claim they caught them themselves. They can enroll again next year? "Yeah, maybe," grunts Bob. "Maybe"

Rationing, queues and monotony have turned thoughts of many Britishers to Australia, Canada and other parts of the Empire. The dominions, eager to increase their population, welcome and even compete for new arrivals

FROM AUSTERITY

BY COLLIE SMALL

THE day the Ormonde sailed from the English port of Tilbury, bound for Melbourne, the Telfers knew it was true. They were really going.

Their application for emigration to Australia had been accepted months before, but this was the moment. The furniture was sold; the tickets were on the table; the five copies of Robert Burns were safely stowed away in a handbag for convenient reference during the long voyage; and Jean, age twelve, had started to hiccup from the excitement. The last remaining tie with England was the note on the mantel, with ten shillings beside it, reminding the Telfers to pay the milk bill before leaving.

At the station, Neil Telfer had to bite his lip once or twice to contain the dew that was threatening to spill out of the corners of his eyes while he talked to Andrew Gallacher, his brother-in-law, who had come down to see them off. Bridget was less successful, emotionally speaking. When she said goodby to her sister, Helen Gallacher and her husband, Andrew, the tears trickled out and dropped onto the lapels of her faded blue coat.

Then the boat train started moving. Outside, on the platform, Helen ran alongside in a desperate effort to postpone, for just a second more, the final parting. Then, as the train rushed forward into the sunlight, Helen was whisked back into the gloomy station with shocking suddenness, back into her monotonously well-regulated world of queues and rationing and unending austerity. Looking out the train window, Neil and Bridget were silent. They were leaving all this.

The Telfers sailed three hours later for Australia with a thousand other emigrants, jammed eight-to-a-cabin in R.M.S. Ormonde. The question of comfort, however, was unimportant. To the Telfers, the whole thing was a rescue operation. The Ormonde was simply a lifeboat which had put in, providentially, to take them off a weary island on which they somehow had become marooned. The one disturbing thought was that, for every emigrant aboard the Ormonde, there were a thousand still on the shore, waiting to follow, if not to Australia, then to Canada, South Africa, Southern Rhodesia, New Zealand or even the United States.

An Estimated Five Million Emigrants

The number of persons currently lined up on the beach is estimated at nearly 1,000,000, a rather staggering figure which alternately distresses His Majesty's government and delights the dominions, who want to increase their populations. Moreover, in addition to those who are actually waiting, another 4,000,000 are presumed to be on the verge of applying for emigration when the conditions are right.

England, with over 45,000,000 people, is hardly in danger of being denuded by this impending stampede to the dominions, but how many people will ultimately be leaving the island is nevertheless a serious problem. So far, with the shortage of shipping, the lack of a definite government policy and other difficulties, it appears to be a problem which eventually will be solved only by some sort of compromise between the celestial wisdom of cabinet ministers and the economics of migration. Both forces are at work now.

Above, Mrs. Telfer puts out the final milk bottle as the family leave their crowded tenement home in Finsbury Park, North London, to take up a new life in Australia. Below, the first of 7,000 emigrants to Canada are dispatched by J. S. P. Armstrong, Agent General for the Province of Ontario

FOX PHOTOS, LTD.

TRANSOCEAN AIR

As it is, despite the obstacles, some 30,000 persons have already left England since the end of the war to take up new lives in Australia. More than 100,000 people have entered Canada from Great Britain during the past three years. There are 20,000 emigrants registered to go to New Zealand. Over 10,000 went to Southern Rhodesia in 1947. Settlers are leaving for South Africa at the rate of 2,000 every six weeks.

Why are they going? The Telfers can explain it.

Part of it is the dream of a new land, all bright and shining and bursting with great new opportunities. Neil Telfer saw the dream mirrored in a bricklayer's trowel which, no matter how swiftly or how deftly it moved, could bring him only $24 a week in England, hardly enough for a family of three. Bridget, a housewife, saw it hanging in a silver cloud over the grimy rooftops and chimney pots outside the one tiny window of their two-room walk-up in a row of crowded tenements in Finsbury Park, North London.

Jean saw it in a child's rainbow. Every emigrant sees it somewhere.

Complaints Got Father Down

Neil was fed up listening to Bridget complain about queues and high prices. Jean, a strapping girl whose ample stomach has not yet shrunk to the point where it is attuned to shortages, was permanently hungry. Bridget lamented the lack of "civility" in the shops where "they tell you to take it or leave it and you're lucky to get it."

The Telfers were sick of the struggle, sick of being the "backbone of the nation," sick of newspapers shouting, "Crisis!" Worst of all, they had the uncomfortable feeling that perhaps England was too tired to get up this time.

Australia may shed a tear for Mother England, but she will welcome the Telfers just the same. Good native-stock Englishmen are in high demand in all the corners of the Empire.

London's Rainbow Corner, for example, which American G.I.s remember as a Red Cross center just off Piccadilly Circus, is now in the service of the Canadian province of Ontario. The flags are out and the billboards invite passers-by to EMIGRATE BY AIR TO ONTARIO—NOW. In the windows of Southern Rhodesia House, there are twin cardboard temples erected to the health and education of the African people. The houses of the other dominions are similarly festooned with colorful posters depicting the joys of life abroad.

Australia, particularly, is pressing for immigrants on a scale suggesting desperation. Mr. Arthur Calwell, Australian Minister for Immigration, swept through England recently like a human whirlwind, ready to commandeer anything that floats or flies to take people to Australia. He considered airplanes; he toyed with the idea of using aircraft carriers; and he had an acquisitive eye on virtually every ship in the Clyde.

As it turned out, Calwell had little luck in getting ships and the problem of transport is still a formidable one. He is, however, undismayed. When Winston Churchill suggested that people should stay in England and fight it out, Calwell hotly disputed the point and redoubled his efforts to attract immigrants. His program is "populate or perish," and the ultimate goal is an Australia of at least 20,000,000 people, compared to the present population of some 7,000,000 in a country roughly the size of the United States.

Unless immigration is stepped up, Mr. Calwell gloomily foresees extinction for the Australian people. Without new blood, the population will be only 8,000,000 in 1965, at the present rate of reproduction, after which time it will begin to decline rapidly.

Australian authorities estimate that there are 200,000 jobs waiting for immigrants. That Neil Telfer is a bricklayer was an important factor in his acceptance by Australia as an immigrant. Australia also has accepted new responsibilities for her own defense, as well as that of the southwest Pacific, and she needs a much greater population to garrison the sparsely settled continent. The recent war, when the Japanese drove across the Owen-Stanley Mountains into Papua and raided Darwin and the northwest coast, was proof enough of that.

To lure immigrants to Australia, the commonwealth has set up an assistant-passage scheme under which British emigrants pay only the equivalent of $40 for their passage, the rest of the expense being shared equally by the Australian and British governments. Ex-servicemen and their dependents are given free passage to Australia.

Furthermore, the commonwealth has assured sensitive Englishmen that it is doing everything possible to deter native Australians from referring to them as "Pommies" (rosy-apple-cheeked, from the French word for apple, *pomme),* a term of nonendearment. This is not so whimsical as it sounds; some emigrants have gone back to England because of it. The government of New Zealand, encountering the same problem, solemnly advised newly arrived Englishmen to retaliate by calling New Zealanders "pig-islanders."

San Francisco Calling

To date, Australia is the only country that has had the temerity to offer assisted passages to emigrants from the United States. When the scheme was first announced last year, Mr. Calwell picked up his telephone in Australia and was startled to hear an American voice say, "This is James A. Craig calling from San Francisco. Is this assisted-passage business a square deal?"

Mr. Calwell vouched for it.

"In that case," said Mr. Craig, "you have an American immigrant."

Since then, some 10,000 Americans have applied for emigration to Australia under the official plan. Unfortunately, there is only one passenger ship in service between the United States and Australia—the Marine Phoenix—but Australia can still claim more than 4,000 American settlers to date, including a number who took their service discharges there. The commonwealth, however, though it is too polite to say so, still prefers British stock.

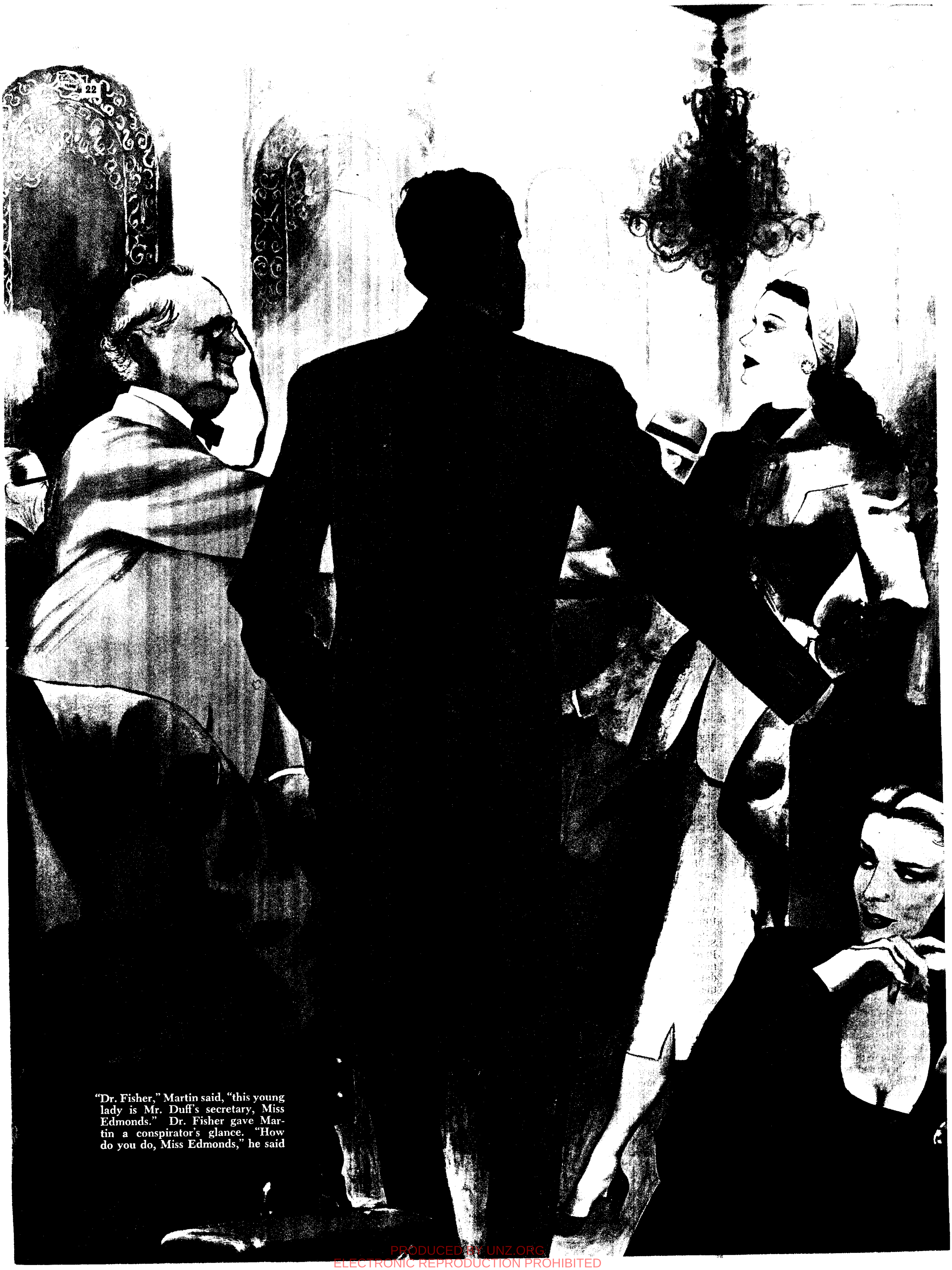
For all their enthusiasm in recruiting new settlers, the dominions naturally have been obliged to impose certain restrictions. Australia, for example, demands that immigrants entering under the official plan be medically fit, that they fall within certain age groups, that they come under preferred occupational categories, that they be nominated by friends, relatives, or employers for permanent living quarters, et cetera. The other

(Continued on page 58)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KONIG

Above, no matter how swiftly or deftly Neil Telfer worked as a bricklayer in England he couldn't earn more than $24 a week. In Australia he hopes to top this

Above, at the station in London the Telfers bid a sad farewell to the Gallachers. Below, R.M.S. Ormonde sails from Tilbury with a thousand hopeful new settlers



"Dr. Fisher," Martin said, "this young lady is Mr. Duff's secretary, Miss Edmonds." Dr. Fisher gave Martin a conspirator's glance. "How do you do, Miss Edmonds," he said

I'M A [illegible] MYSELF

BY EDWIN LANHAM

CONTINUING THE STORY OF AN INNOCENT YOUNG MAN IN THE WICKED CITY

The Story:

MARTIN VINCENT, naïve young instructor at Porthaven, a private school for boys, is sent to New York by Headmaster JAMES G. FISHER to give a speech before the pet organization of wealthy alumnus BARTON DUFF. The purpose of the visit is to persuade Duff to give Porthaven a quarter of a million dollars.

But Martin has his troubles. Unable to find a room, he is forced to pay a bellboy for the use of a suite belonging to a man named BARNEY DRISCOLL, who is temporarily on the West Coast. And he loans five dollars to a strange blond girl with a French accent who cannot pay her bar bill. Martin notices a blue-eyed man watching him as he gives the girl money but cannot learn who the man is.

That evening the girl arrives at his suite to pay back the money just as Martin is on his way to make the speech. He offers her a drink, then has to rush off, leaving her to finish it alone.

His speech renews Duff's interest in the school, and the two men start up to the suite for further discussion when Martin is delayed by the bellboy who procured the rooms. Sending Duff on ahead with the key, Martin learns from the bellboy that Barney Driscoll will arrive from the Coast in a few minutes.

Martin follows Duff upstairs, and as he leaves the elevator, the blue-eyed man rushes into it, clutching a camera. When he arrives at the suite, he discovers that the stranger has taken a picture of Barton Duff—and of the blond girl, who is standing in the room clad in a towel. Duff immediately suspects Martin of blackmail, and turns on him in a rage. But just then Barney Driscoll walks into the room.

II

THE situation was overwhelming to a man easily caught off balance. Madeleine Petit vanished into the bedroom with a flick of the bath towel, but there was no convenient exit for Martin. He was trapped.

"Mr. Vincent," said Barton Duff, "do you mean to say this isn't your room?"

"It's my room," the man in the doorway said. "I'm Barney Driscoll. What goes on?"

Barton Duff faced the door. "Barney Driscoll, did you say? I know you, Driscoll."

"I don't know you," Driscoll said. His brown eyes moved thoughtfully from Barton Duff to Martin and back again to Mr. Duff.

"I'm Barton Duff," said Mr. Duff, with the confidence of a man who had made his name important. "You may remember our correspondence. I wrote you about the very serious historical errors you made in your last picture. Any student of history knows that . . ."

"I remember," said Barney Driscoll. "Another time, Mr. Duff." He turned to Martin. "What *is* all this? Did you bring these people up to my room?"

"It was a mistake, Mr. Driscoll," Martin said. "I mean, it's some kind of mix-up. I can explain it."

"Just who are you?"

"My name is Martin Vincent. I'm an instructor at the Porthaven School for Boys. Mr. Duff can identify me."

"That's who he *says* he is," said Barton Duff, with a shrug of his massive shoulders and a cold glance at Martin.

BARNEY DRISCOLL dropped into a chair and lighted a cigarette, without taking his eyes off Martin. "Okay, who's the babe?"

Martin swallowed. There was an ominous hush in the room, and Barton Duff's bald head reflected an angry beam of light from a lamp.

"I don't understand what's happened," Martin said. "I ran into her down in the bar this afternoon. She had forgotten her pocketbook and I lent her five dollars. To tell you the truth, she thought I was you, Mr. Driscoll."

"What gave her that idea?"

"You see," Martin explained, "I told her to return the money to me here, and since it was your room I told her to put your name on the envelope. But she brought it up in person, and when I went down to make my speech I left her here. She was having a cocktail then. She wasn't taking a bath."

"Okay," Driscoll said. "But how did *you* get in my room?"

Martin glanced toward the door; Charlie Savage had disappeared. He spread his hands and said miserably, "I couldn't get a room in the hotel, and a bellhop put me in here. He charged me ten bucks for the night. He said he did it all the time, and just to walk up and ask for the key. That's what I did."

"You mean a bellhop's been renting out my suite?" Barney Driscoll demanded. "Why, the chiseler! Who is he?"

For no good reason except that he was collecting trouble, not spreading it around, Martin protected Charlie Savage. "I don't know. Just one of the bellhops."

"Never mind all that," Barton Duff broke in impatiently. "I want to know who took that photograph. Mr. Vincent, you said you knew who he was."

"I saw a man with a camera running along the hall," Martin said. "A little guy in a shabby suit. You'd know him by his eyes. Bright blue. You see, Mr. Duff, this afternoon he was following me. He was at the desk when I got the key to this room, and every time I turned around he popped up."

"Why should he follow you?" Mr. Duff demanded. "Who is he?"

"I don't know who he is."

Barton Duff snorted, but Driscoll settled back in his chair. There was a faint smile on his lips, and he turned his head and called, "Hey, you!" He waited an instant, called again, "Come on out here. You've had time to get dressed."

The bedroom door opened slowly and Madeleine Petit appeared, her eyes downcast. Driscoll said, "All right, give out."

"Give out?" said Madeleine. "What does this mean, give out?"

"It means explain what you're up to."

"It is I who should have the explanation," Madeleine said, and lifted her chin. "All this I do not understand. This man tells me he is Mr. Driscoll and invites me to his room." She looked reproachfully at Martin. "Why do you do such a thing? I have been most embarrassed."

"What do you expect, running around in a bath towel?" Driscoll said. "What's the idea? Do you generally take a bath when you go visiting?"

Madeleine spread her hands, and her wide smile returned. "I have had so many cocktails. I feel, what you call, giddy, and I take a bath," she explained. "I am just out from the tub when this old man walks in. I do not understand it."

"A peculiar time you pick to take a bath," Martin said. "And a peculiar place."

"A bathroom is a peculiar place to take a bath?" Madeleine looked at him and laughed.

"This is beside the point," Mr. Duff said brusquely. "Young woman, who was the man with the camera? Why was he taking photographs?"

Her eyes were round. "But I don't know. Suddenly it goes pouf, pouf, and is very bright, and a man runs out from the door, then everybody is making a big noise."

Martin said, "You know a little man with blue eyes?"

She looked at him in surprise. "But of course. Who does not know a man with blue eyes? Ba-bee, your eyes are blue."

Barton Duff said crisply, "I've heard enough of this." He jerked his head toward Barney Driscoll. "The whole thing has been expertly rehearsed. It shows the hand of a first-class director, Mr. Driscoll, and now I'm going home."

Driscoll said mildly, "All right, Mr. Duff."

Barton Duff started for the door, and Martin called, "Just a moment, Mr. Duff. Please." But Barton Duff strode on out the door without a backward glance.

Martin fumbled for a cigarette. The damage was done now. Whatever impression he had made on Mr. Duff had been dissipated altogether. His mission was a failure, and Martin felt relieved that the tension was ended. But he was puzzled. What had happened in this hotel room made no sense at all.

"Mr. Driscoll, this is all beyond me," he said. "I don't get it."

"I think I get it," said Driscoll. "The little lady hasn't told us all she knows. Such as who hired her, for instance."

"Hired me?" said Madeleine. "What do you mean?"

"You didn't run out of money in the bar just by chance," Driscoll said. "You thought this guy was me, and you figured out a way to get acquainted, didn't you?"

Madeleine flushed, then smiled and spread her hands. "You have found my secret. It is true. You see, I am Franch. An actress. I have just come to this countree, and I wish to know you. I think perhaps you can give me a chance. Get me into peectures. So I make the inquiry, and I find you live here in room 1207. I am by the desk, and I hear this gentleman ask for your key, so I think he is you, and I make a plan to meet him. I pretend I am in the bar without no money. That is true. Is it so bad?"

"I didn't see you by the desk when I asked for the key," Martin said.

"But I saw you," said Madeleine.

She had talked glibly, but Martin thought her gray eyes seemed wary. Barney Driscoll stretched out his legs and crossed his feet. He asked lazily, "Where did you play in Paris?"

"Paris?" said Madeleine. "Did I say Paris? Well, I speak frank. I am in one leetle bit peecture. I show you some stills I have down in my room."

Driscoll said, "So you're staying in the hotel?"

"Yes. Room 1110." Madeleine picked up her handbag. "I think I go now."

"Go ahead," said Barney Driscoll, and looked at Martin. "But I want *you* to stick around. I want to talk to you."

AFTER the door had closed behind Madeleine, Driscoll wandered over to the bar. He asked, over his shoulder, "Have a drink?"

Martin shook his head. "I've had too much already."

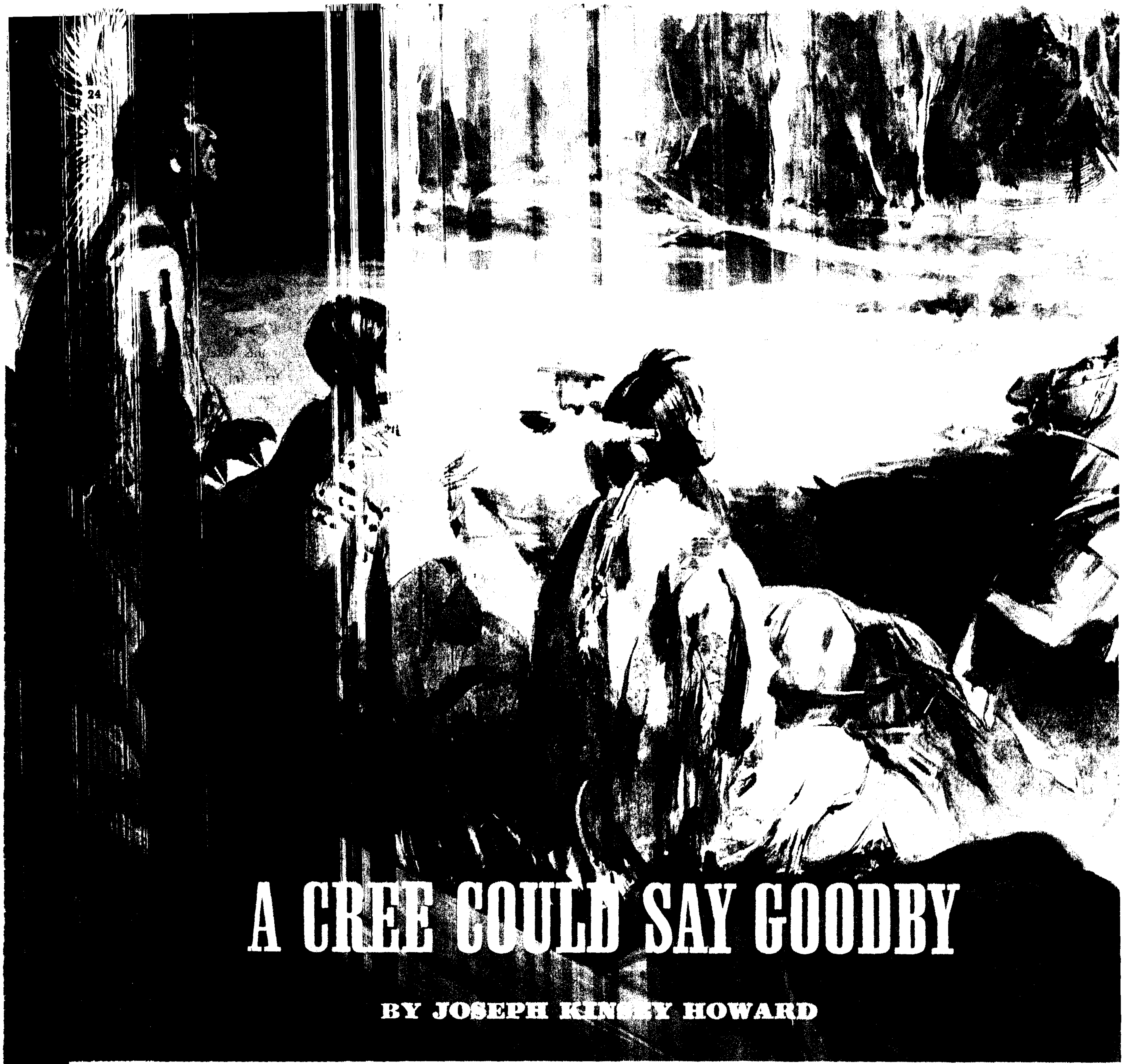
Driscoll selected Cointreau, filled a liqueur glass, and returned to his chair. He stretched out his legs and said softly, "You know, you did me a big favor. That dame doesn't want to get in pictures. She just wanted to frame me. That's how it looks to me. It was a frame, for sure, but you stepped in and they thought you were me and they tried to put the frame on you, instead."

"Why should they want to frame you?"

"I got a wife," Driscoll said, "and I got dough." He sipped the Cointreau. "I beat one divorce suit, but I've been expecting her to try again. We got a separation agreement, but she's not satisfied. She wants a divorce and a

(*Continued on page 76*)

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAN PACHNER



A CREE COULD SAY GOODBY

BY JOSEPH KINSEY HOWARD

Not to understand the white men's rules was unfortunate—not to obey was a mortal sin

M'SIEU, in what I tell I do not present myself as of men the most brave. But it is not demanded that an interpreter be brave—only that he be smart. And I am smart enough to be alive still, which cannot be said for all who met this Indian. For that I thank the good Lord that my mother was a Cree. Thus I knew how Almighty Voice felt toward *akuyasew,* the white man.

Remark, please, the name: *Kichemanitowayo,* Almighty Voice. My mother's people have the talent most distinguished for names, and this, you can perceive, would be a proud name to bear. Also, I ask you to believe that the heart of Almighty Voice was good toward the white man. There was no hatred in it; but there were honor and fullness of pride, which are things the white man has not understood.

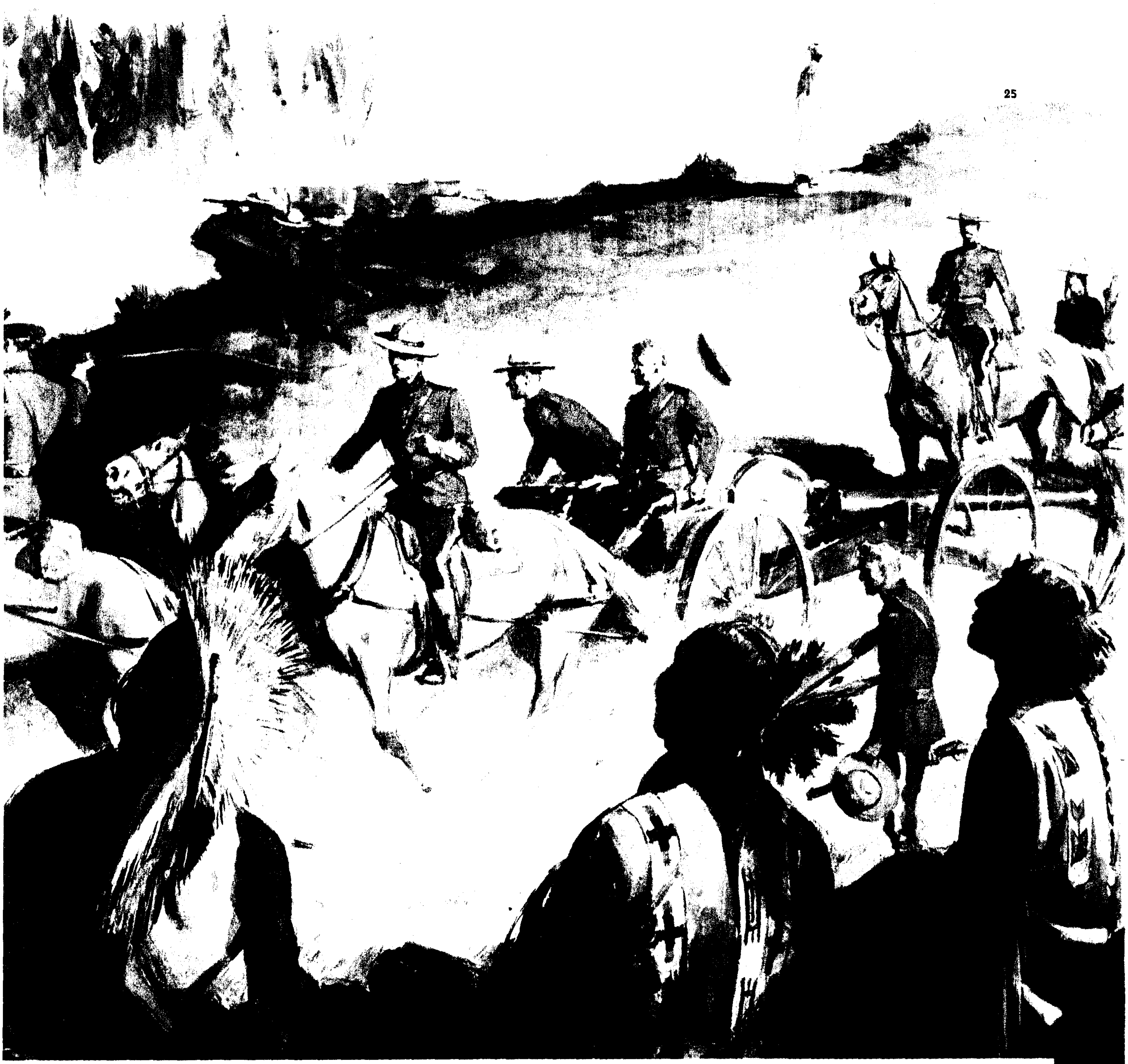
The words honor and pride have in Cree the same root, *kista.* My friend Almighty Voice had these; otherwise he was poor, like all of my mother's people. He even did chores around the Northwest Mounted Police post; and there, M'sieu, I think he made the big mistake: The whites classed him as a servant, a "good" Indian and of little account. But they liked him and wished him well when he married and settled on a little farm on the reserve.

Late in the first autumn of their marriage, midway in the Falling Leaves Moon, his young wife fell ill.

Her name was Bright Day, and that, too, was a good name, for her heart was light and her face was full of joy. But she was small and slim and straight like the young poplar and none asked for her in marriage for fear she could not work. She was *pisinatisew*—playful—like many of the young women; they have less to do than anyone else in camp. But in ornamenting the garments none matched her skill with the beadwork: her fingers were of the utmost deftness and surety.

When young men crept to her lodge at night she ignored them, and she never slept unbound; yet none really courted her until Almighty Voice came upon her one day alone on the prairie and told of his love. She ran away with him. They were very happy, but it was as had been feared: Her laughter and teasing stopped and she lay for long hours silent in their hut. Almighty Voice was very much afraid.

No medicine, M'sieu, can reach the hidden seat of an illness and expel the evil force unless the sufferer has meat in quantity. Almighty Voice had no meat, but of cows he had a couple. At least they were on his farm, though there was some strange decree of the white man which said they were only loaned to him. That was very confusing because he owned the milk they produced and their calves, when there were any. Incomprehensible, too, because the Indian gives in generous spirit but rarely loans.



Nevertheless it had been said that one could not kill a cow without talking to the agent about it. So my friend sought me out to interpret for him, and together we went to see the official.

"He says he will have to kill a cow," I told this man and explained why—that his wife was sick and must have meat.

The agent said no.

To Almighty Voice I said *kituhumakao,* it is forbidden. Over and over I said it.

"Doubtless," my friend replied to me in his own tongue, "there is some other decree of the white man which prescribes a form for this interesting ceremony of the cows, which demands that the agent shall say no. Like some of our own ceremonies, so very old, it does not make sense. But that is unimportant. I have done what was required of me."

I could do nothing with him. He did kill the cow, and Bright Day ate meat. The medicine man came, and family and friends. They ate and prayed for Bright Day and thus gave her strength they took from the nourishing *uskeweyas.*

HAD Bright Day alone eaten the meat, she could not have drawn enough strength from it to heal her; the need of all the others had entered into her body. There was, you see, the body of Bright Day, and there was the body of the band; and she was only a part of the band as this finger is a part of my hand. Had she died, all would have died a little; to give her strength to live, all must eat.

But the medicine man saved the most important portions for the offering to Manito, and he served morsels of beef heart to Bright Day so the burdened organ in her own breast might become big and firm like that of the animal. He had brought the drum, and since she complained of a heaviness, he sang the flying song.

"I am flying," he sang—identifying himself with his patient. "The wind lifts my body; I am flying around the blue sky. The sun is warm upon the body of Bright Day, and the wind lifts it."

As he sang, he struck the drum. It was small and flat, with a single head of scraped buckskin which bore a picture the most sacred. First there was a light touch upon it—what you call a beat without the accent—then an accented beat, then a rest; a brush with the finger tips, a thump with the knuckles or stick, a pause. It is, M'sieu, the rhythm of the human heart. . . . He sang and drummed long after the others had withdrawn.

The third night of the siege, the reinforcements came with two cannon. Gunfire had been coming rarely from the trees and we thought Almighty Voice was running out of ammunition

And when at last he too had left, Bright Day confided to her husband that she felt much better. Her heart was beating strongly again.

But the police had watched. The next day a sergeant rode out to the farm and arrested Almighty Voice for killing that abominable cow. I had to go along, to tell my friend what was happening.

(Continued on page 93)

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

TANDY ARRIVES ON A STREETCAR

BY AMY PORTER

Miss Jessica Tandy, late of London, always knew she'd be a star. But Hollywood was indifferent till A Streetcar Named Desire brought it around

JESSICA TANDY, an English girl, knew from childhood up what it takes to become a movie star in America. She had read all about it. First you get to be a leading lady on the stage. The London stage will do nicely if you happen to be in London, although the Broadway stage is perhaps better, being 2,000 miles closer to the goal. Then you go to Hollywood and there you sit, preferably on a stool, preferably in a drugstore on Sunset Boulevard.

And there you sit and sit and sit until one of two things happens: Either a director comes along and says, "Little girl, how would you like to be a movie star?" or else he doesn't. The only question being: How long should you sit before you change drugstores?

Miss Tandy followed this formula with fair exactness up to a point. First she became a leading lady in London, and this took a few years and a lot of washing and ironing and sewing along the way. Then she became a leading lady on Broadway, where she discovered with some disappointment that all was not beer and skittles, or at least these items were not dispensed with the lavishness she had been led to expect. Then Hollywood offered her a contract, and she accepted—and there, perhaps, is where she made her mistake, she now thinks.

She imagined that since she already was an accomplished actress, she could forget her childish notion of how-to-succeed-in-Hollywood, so instead of sitting in a drugstore without a contract, she sat at home with her husband and daughter, with a contract. And with plenty of beer and skittles. But somehow this must have been the wrong procedure. She who had played Ophelia at the New Theatre in London, she who had been acclaimed as the star of the British version of Mädchen in Uniform, she—an actress of great repute—couldn't get any kind of movie lead.

Fed Up with Five Years of Minor Roles

While she waited with up and down feelings for a real movie break, she accepted supporting roles, and got very tired of playing somebody's maid—she was a maid for the third time in Forever Amber. Five years had elapsed since first she came to Hollywood, and by now she and her husband, Hume Cronyn, had two children, a boy named Chris, and a girl named Tandy. But in her movie career, Miss Tandy got nothing but frustration.

"Maybe," she said to her husband, "I'd better give up the whole idea. Maybe I just imagine I'm an actress."

But Mr. Cronyn, who is a director as well as an actor, didn't think she imagined it, and urged her on.

It was he who finally broke the jinx for her—and put her in the way of her present, spectacular Broadway success, the leading role in Tennessee Williams' new play, A Streetcar Named Desire. Which now has caused the movie people to say, "Oh, Miss Tandy, please come back to us." But she'll stay with Streetcar, she says. It's the most satisfying thing she's ever done.

Her husband had long been interested in Playwright Williams' work, and he directed a Williams one-acter for an Actors' Lab little-theater performance, with his wife in the lead. Williams saw her in that performance, liked her, and when the time came to find somebody to play the difficult role of Blanche in Streetcar, he remembered. Director Elia Kazan looked up Miss Tandy and chose her over a number of more prominent actresses who wanted the part.

What makes this part so difficult is that Blanche is a bad girl whom the audience is supposed to—and does—take to its bosom. Any reasonably skilled actress can play a bad girl and make the audience hate her, or a good girl and make the audience love her, but it takes a very skilled actress to play it both ways simultaneously—a bad girl whom you are forced to love.

Blanche, in the play, is a gently reared Southern girl who has become corrupt. She has been fired from her schoolteaching job for immorality, and now seeks refuge in the home of her sister and brother-in-law. There she continues her disastrous course. She flirts with the roughneck brother-in-law, whom she despises as socially beneath her; she tries to trick a well-intentioned young man into marrying her; she can't even resist making a pass at a youngster who comes to the door. She seasons her sins with alcohol and poetic falsifications about her past and her future. Her behavior is thoroughly bad-girl.

Yet slowly, slowly, she wins the audience to sympathy. For it becomes so clear that all of her errors—drinking, sex and the tinseled deceptions with which she surrounds herself—all are ways of trying to escape from a reality she cannot bear. It almost seems that she has no choice, that, ill equipped as she is to meet the problems of actual living, she is forced to flee to a gentler, more romantic world of her own invention. And as she moves toward her tragic end, the audience is with her, and for her, no longer condemning, but understanding . . . a lost little girl.

In this part, Director Kazan says, the actress' own basic qualities of character are as important as her stagecraft. "Blanche, to be believable, has to be played by somebody you respect instinctively," Kazan says, "and Miss Tandy is such a person. She is a womanly woman, fragile and with a quality of helplessness, but underlying the feminine pliability, you sense her essential integrity. It is this attribute of hers that makes you feel, when Blanche disintegrates, that here is a person of real stature, a potentially fine young woman, going down."

The life that helped to mold Miss Tandy's character to such heroic stellar proportions was fairly rough fairly early. After her father's death, she and her two brothers and her mother lived in the slum section of London on the mother's meager schoolteaching pay. They learned about work, all kinds of work, and especially schoolwork, for Mrs. Tandy was determined that her three bright children should climb out of the slums and onward and upward.

The mother shifted to a more difficult teaching job in a feeble-minded institution in order to earn an extra £10 a year, and later, when Jessica wanted to go to dramatic school, her mother took on another job, as secretary in a night school, to earn the £40 tuition. And always she lived frugally and laboriously and urged the children on to greater and greater effort. They would not move to a larger apartment—that money must be saved for schooling.

"Maybe that's why I have so wanted to give my children a feeling of peace and permanence and reasonable plenty," Miss Tandy says, "because I didn't have any of that as a child. I never had a room of my own then, nor even a bed of my own."

Just When She Had the House All Fixed

Her only regret about moving East is giving up the California house. "It seems to me that all of my life, I've been fixing up places to live, and then, just when the last ash tray was in place, I've had to leave them. Of course, one shouldn't get attached to possessions . . ."

Jessica had tuberculosis as a child, but after her recovery she became as sturdy a worker as her mother. She made every stitch she wore, and all her mother's clothes, too, and all her costumes for her first acting jobs. She didn't have to make her brothers' shirts, but she did have to iron them, "and if I scorched one, Mother didn't like it."

While she attended dramatic school and got off to a slow start with small acting jobs, the boys both earned scholarships, first to preparatory school, then to Oxford. One brother, Michael, is now with the British embassy in Paris. The other, Tully, is recovering from an illness he contracted as a war prisoner of the Japanese, and no doubt will soon be on his determined Tandy way again.

Miss Tandy soon was an established actress in England, but her first try at Broadway in 1938 was no great success. The play, The White Steed, ran only five months—with good notices for Jessica, but no follow-up contracts.

Back in England, war and a divorce from her first husband combined to disrupt her life, and in 1940, she returned to America with her daughter, Susan, and no money. She had to let friends care for the child until she could begin to make a living again.

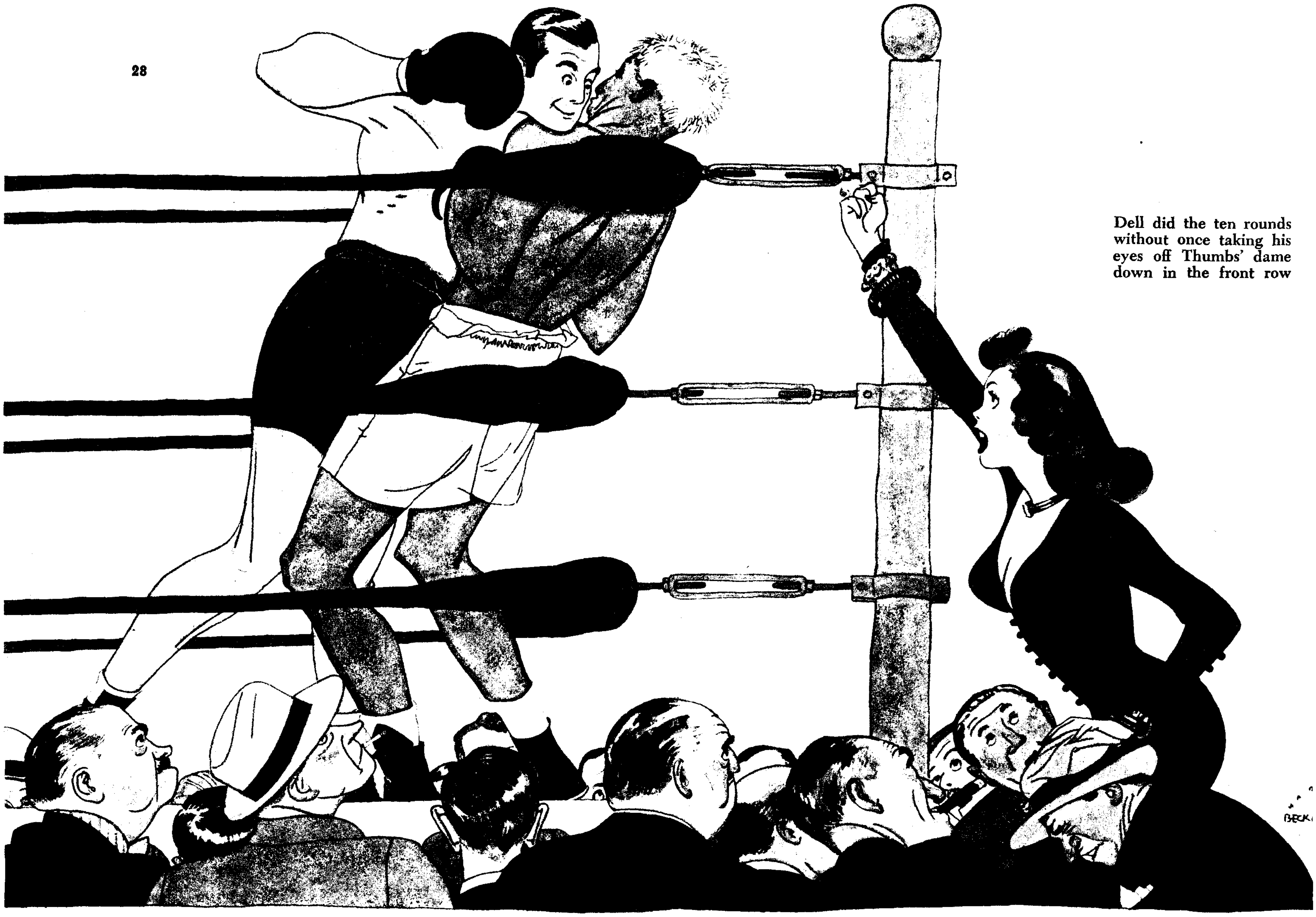
It took two years of typical Tandy striving to bring her fair security as an actress—but not as a star. And about then she married Cronyn and went to Hollywood.

The other three ambitious Tandys are happy at Jessica's new fame. But for her mother, Streetcar still isn't quite the right thing for a daughter of hers.

"I don't like you playing a woman of loose morals, Jessica," she wrote her from England, "and I hope someday you'll find something more suitable for your talents." ★★★

Blanche's (Jessica Tandy) lies about her age catch up with her: Mitch (Karl Malden) tears a paper lantern off a light bulb. "What did you do that for?" she gasps. "So I can take a look at you, good and plain," he says, turning her into the naked light

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER



Dell did the ten rounds without once taking his eyes off Thumbs' dame down in the front row

IN THIS CORNER—MARY ANN!

BY ARTHUR "BUGS" BAER

She stopped his streak of busted hearts—and left him with a busted beezer

"BUST him in the beezer!" yelled Mr. Gimmick. "In the schnozzola. The schnozz, the schnozz."

Whereupon, and to wit, following this beezerous advice Gimmick's fighter tapped his sparring partner on the smeller stack and danced dangerously out of the retaliatory area.

That's the way it always went. To Jack Dell a fight was a tap dance. One, two on the opponent's puss and away. Until he became known as the Dancing Master and the Elusive Profile. But what he didn't know was his traitorous manager's advice was not for him but against him. If there was anything Gimmick wanted more than his hand in your pocket it was to have Dell's classical nose busted.

"You can have them pretty boys like Fiermonte and Benjamin," said Gimmick. "Give me a mug who ain't afraid to parry a poke with his schnozz. I ain't got no use for them pretty boys who make their rep boxing at long range like a turnip on the roof with a telescope."

The only thing Gimmick liked astronomical was the take at the box office and you couldn't get that kind of plunder with a Fancy Dan. What the public wants is a slugger who can also take it. A thug with a wide, flat expression. A wild man with nose akimbo who blows his top and goes berserkling until either the other guy or him hears noises in the woodwork.

But none of those intimate riots for Jocko Dell. And that's why all his sparring partners were briefed by Gimmick before taxiing out to the flight deck. "Bust his beezer," he begged, "and there's an extra sawbuck in it for you." The twenty was raised to fifty, a yard and finally five yards. But never was the hand of man deposited in anger on the exquisite profile that was an outline of hysteria for the lady fans at the Garden.

"There ain't nothing wrong with that guy that a busted nose won't cure," Gimmick said to me. "Give me one of those twisted hooks like Kid Gobbins who is so polite he sneezes behind his own ear. You can have them rose-petal champs who look just as pretty falling as any other way."

Gimmick knew what he was beefing about. He tooled Ace O'Dowd along to the title back in the Twitching Twenties when the Ace led with his chin. It wasn't until the Ace's fighting days were over that Gimmick let him light himself to bed with a wax nose. It was Gimmick who jockeyed Jimmy Johns to another title. Jimmy's face never launched a thousand ships. I wouldn't even want to be in the same rowboat with it. But when Jimmy stuck it in the way of a right cross there was nothing to lose. And finally his opponents wore themselves out winning and James was the champ.

Gimmick made up his mind like a bed and slept in it himself. You never knew what was going on behind that larcenous pan. But I knew that Dell's nose was going to be broken by hook, crook or good red herring. Neither wind, rain nor storm could stay Gimmick on his outdoor rounds when he wanted in.

Gimmick was a pretty fair country fighter himself until he was knocked chilly by one of the Twin Sullivans further back than you'd care to pay taxes on. He then broke the altitude record for hanging up his gloves and went in for managing. He had discovered that when you are close enough

(Continued on page 62)

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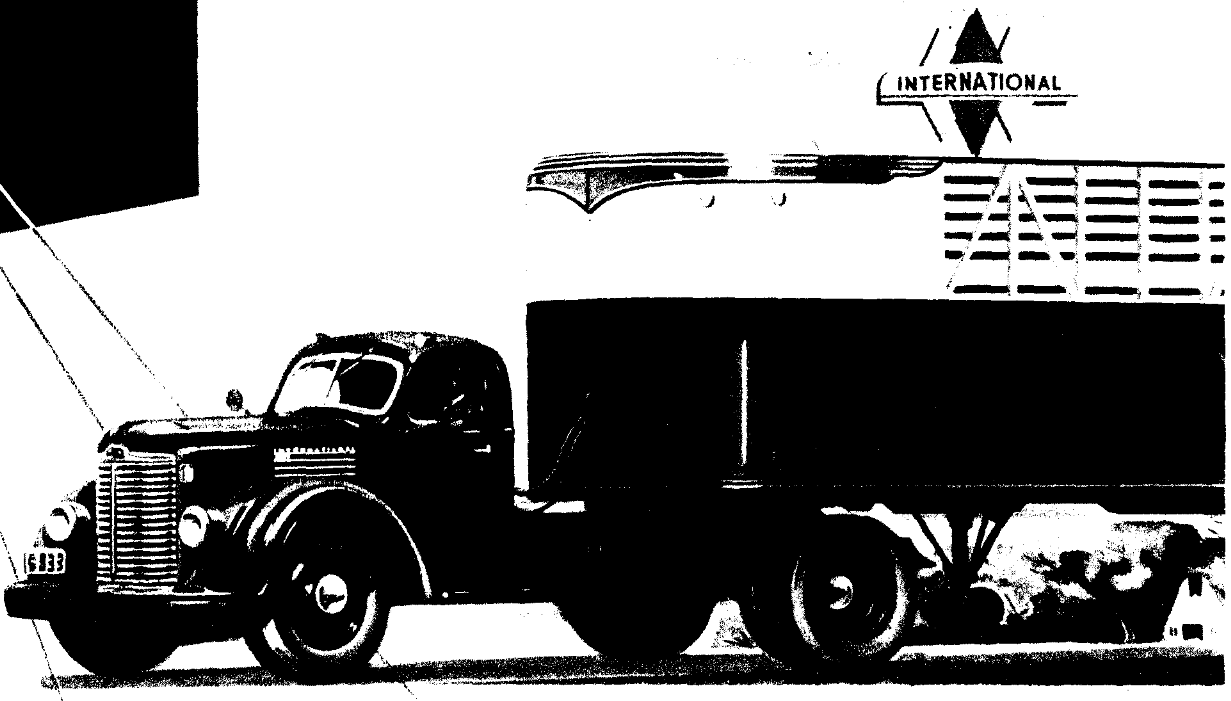

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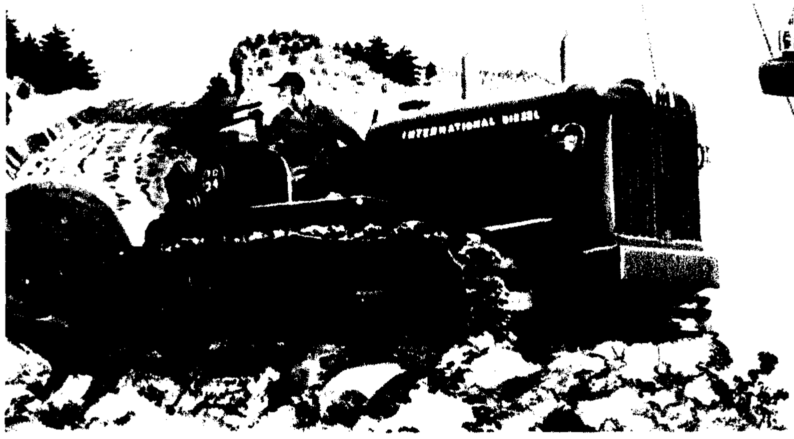

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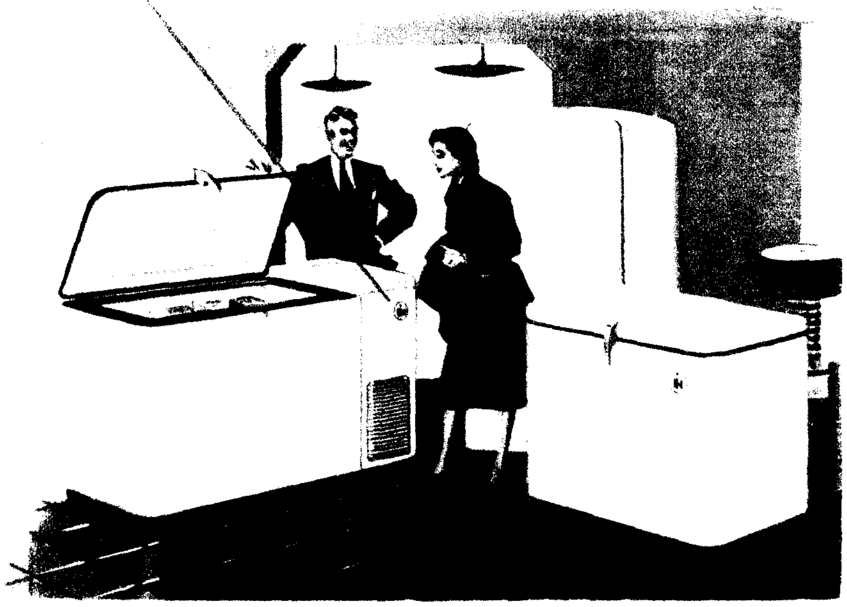

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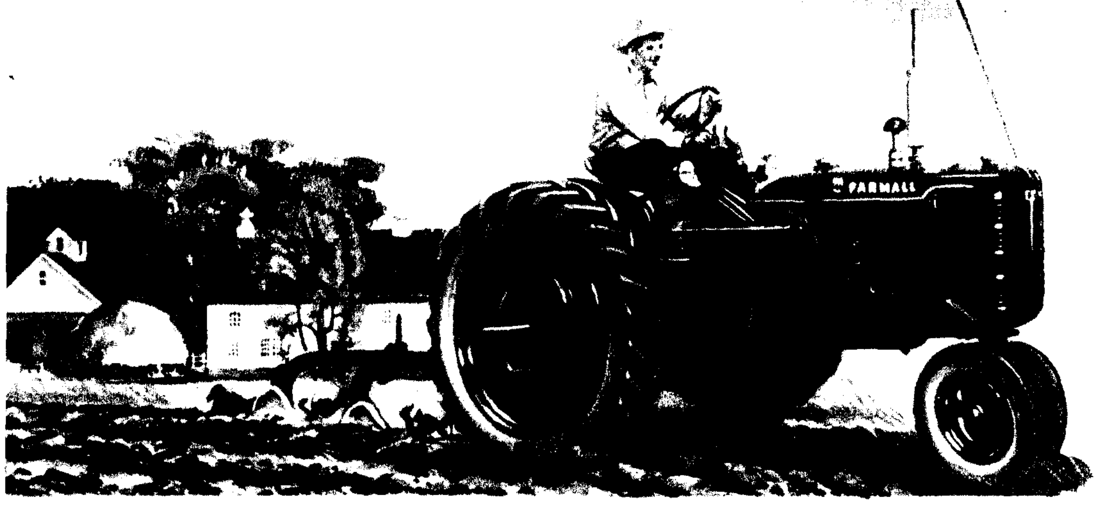

A quarter of a century ago, an engineer's idea . . . today, a reality: a group of five all-purpose tractors with matched machines for every size farm, every crop and soil condition. *That's the Farmall System!* Above: Farmall C with TOUCH-CONTROL.

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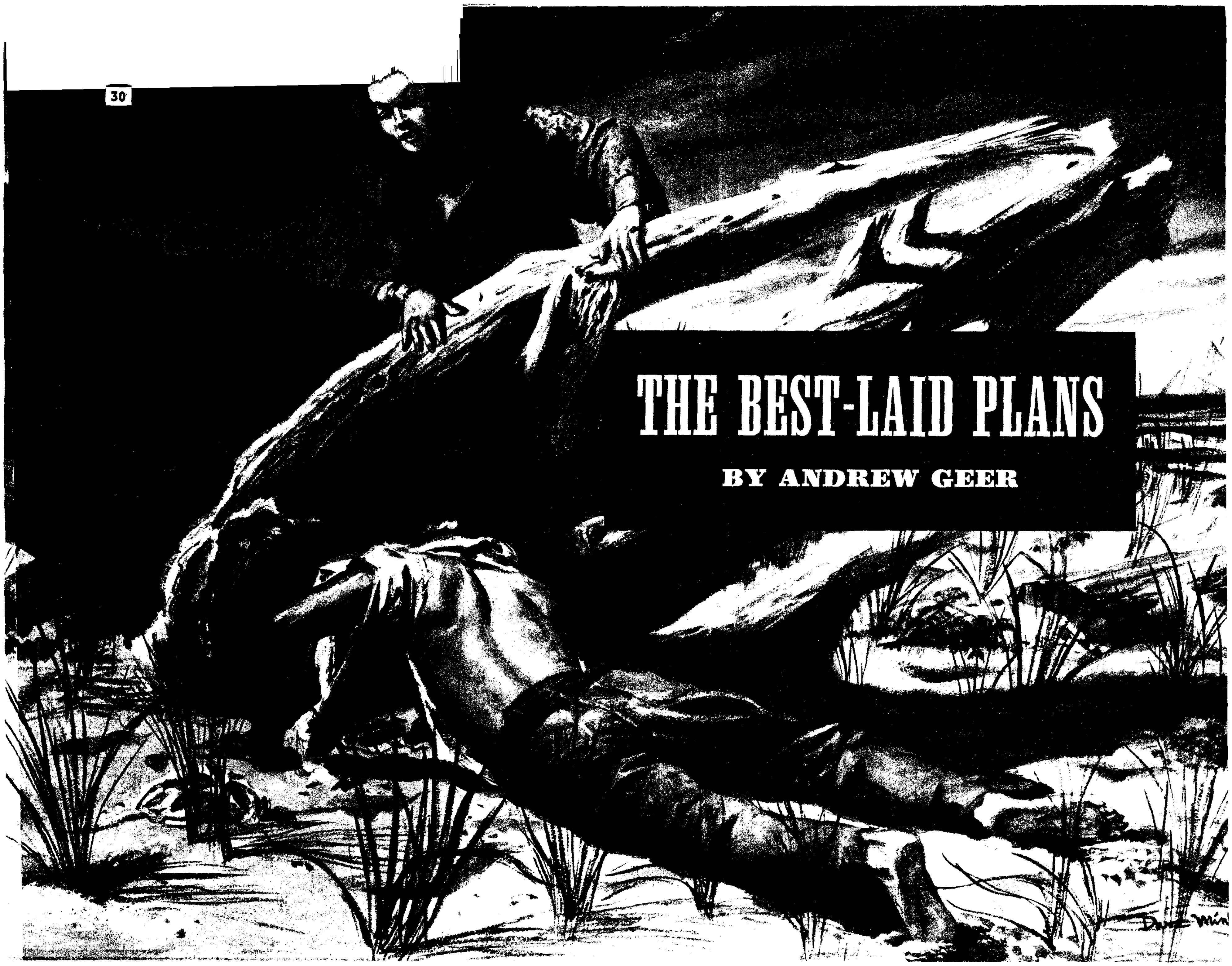


THE BEST-LAID PLANS

BY ANDREW GEER

When he came to, he saw a girl looking down at him. He tried to rise, but the effort brought such pain he lay still. "Where am I?" he asked

The romance of a man who didn't deserve what happened to him—until it happened

PAT NEALLY awakened with the knowledge that he must shake the city of Sydney. He had lived too long by his instincts to argue the matter; he accepted the feeling as a hunted fox accepts human spoor on a forest trail. Dressing hurriedly, ignoring his extra suit of clothes and his unpaid rent, he slipped through the open window and made for the cobbled street at the head of the alley.

"Mister Neally!"

Pat jerked around. "Yes, Mrs. Grimshaw—"

"Mister Neally, you pay up today or I'll lock the door on you—and the window too. D'you hear?"

"Yeah, Mrs. Grimshaw, I hear you." Pat groaned. By this time every grifter in King's Cross would know he was stony, and there was nothing quite so sorry as a stony bookmaker.

Pat turned his back on the shabby landlady standing in the doorway of the shabby boardinghouse, and once around the corner he put a jaunty swing to his step. Ignoring the horsecars, he made his way through back streets and alleys, keeping eyes alert for police, until he came to High Street. He whistled when he saw the weather flags alongside the observatory time ball; it was good sailing weather. But where should he go? America? China? He'd always had an itch in his instep for China—it was said that Korean pony racing in Shanghai was something!

A pound note and fast talk to the mate of the Sea Drone got him workaway passage on the old barkentine to China. Knowing the trip would be a long, thirsty one, Pat skittered across High Street to the Crown and Anchor. He slipped into the darkened back room, ordered a shandygaff and seated himself in a corner. He was halfway through a second shandygaff when Squinch Durkan weaseled into the dim room and took a chair beside him.

"Spider Webbe's babblin' like a brook. He swears you didn't have cover money when you took his bet. The lockup boys just missed you at Miz Grimshaw's. She lodged a charge, too."

"Thanks, Squinch." That was the crimper. He didn't have enough to pay the Spider, and the landlady's complaint was proof he was broke when he took the bet. The law on welshing was plain and brutal—two years in the hemp mill at Darlinghurst! Leaving by the back door, Pat sidled through the alley into the cellar room of the Horn Toad where he spent the day in hiding. . . .

The Sea Drone sailed with the tide at midnight. Outside the Heads she picked up a stout southwester and boiled along with the fume gurgling under her cutwater. The lights from North Head winked goodby and the wind freshened as the old ship slid from under the shade of the land.

Four hundred miles east of Brisbane, the trades swung around and came at them from the northwest. In no time at all the gale grew into a full-fledged Australian burster. The Sea Drone turned and ran before it with just enough canvas showing to tie her bow to her rudder. She lost her mizzen and two men; then her foremast went and the sea anchor parted. In a pitiful state the Sea Drone ran before the storm until she hit a reef that tore her apart and dumped her cargo and humans overboard.

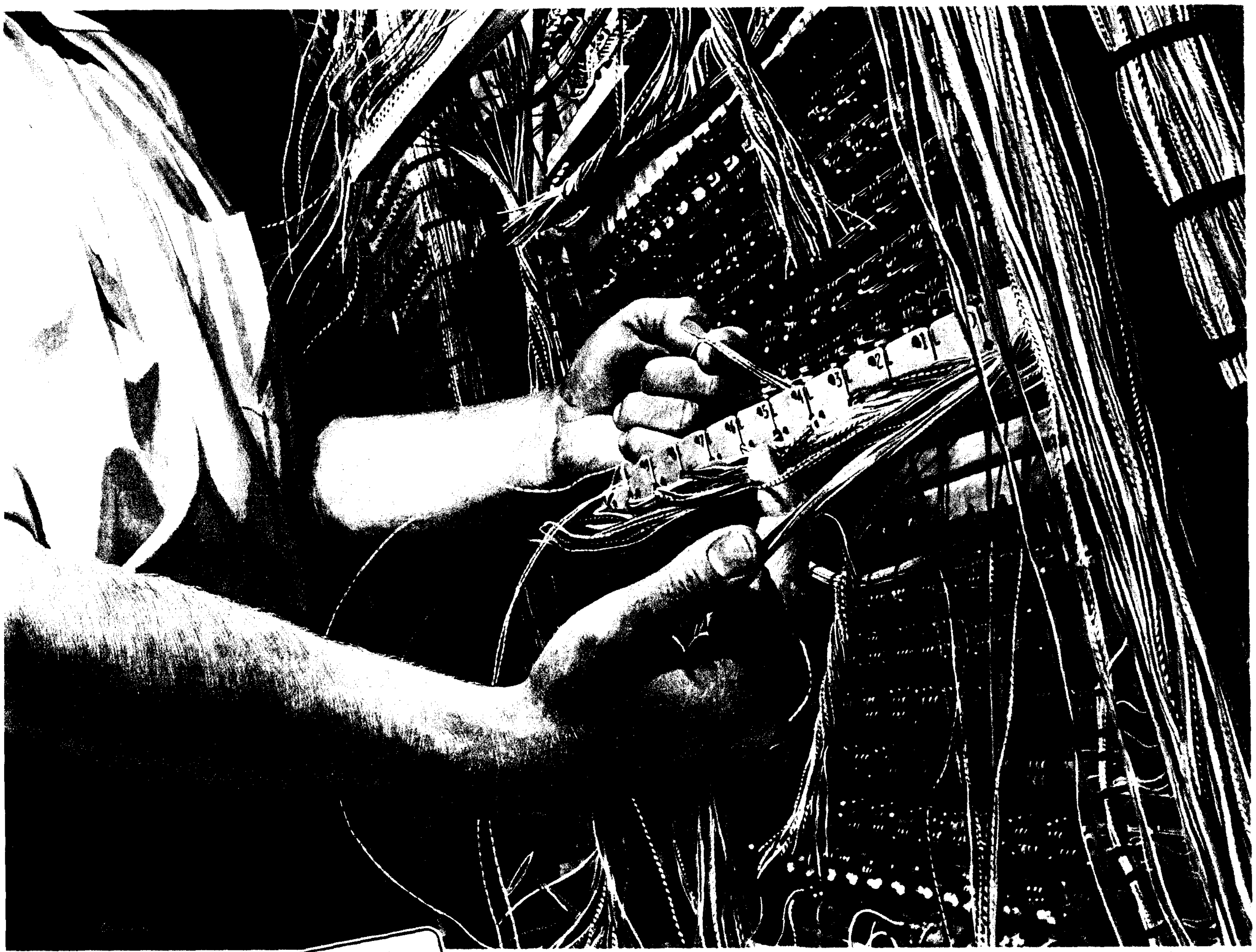
Pat hit the water and went under. He came up fighting and clawing, desperately retching for air. He went under again and as he came up he was hit a stunning blow on the shoulder and side of the head. Clawing at the thing that struck him, he found it was a hatch cover. He pulled himself up on it, and clung to it with all his strength, all the while being brutally whipped and beaten by wind and water. As darkness settled on the raging sea, the cover struck the beach with a force that tore him from it and threw him into foaming surf. His feet touched for an instant before he was drawn out and under by the vicious rip tide. Again and again he was thrown onto the beach where, for a moment, his feet and hands could feel the sand, but each time he was drawn back.

Blinded and sick, ready to give up, he was lifted on another roller and hurled shoreward. With feet and arms churning desperately to gather speed, he hit and rolled over and over. Gasping and beaten, he crawled from the water across a strip of sand, and when he felt moss and grass under his hands he collapsed, shuddering with shock.

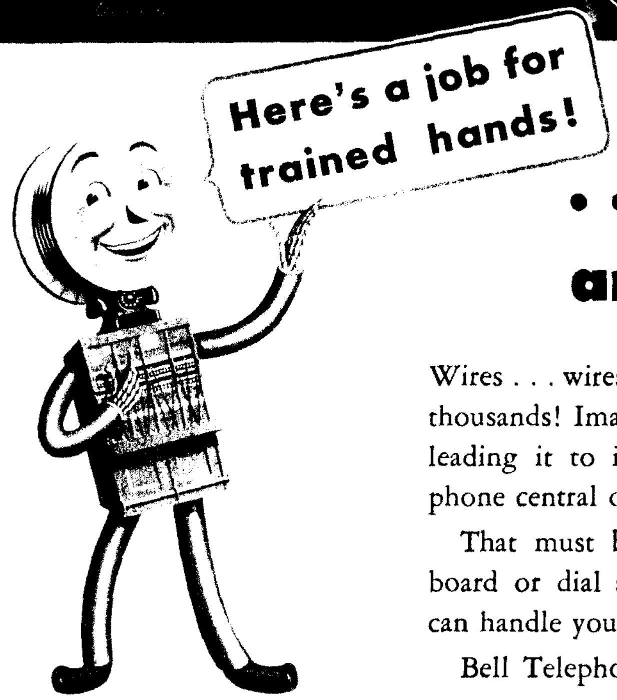
When he came to, he saw a girl looking down at him. He tried to rise, but the effort brought such pain he lay

(Continued on page 47)

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVE MINK



Connecting such an intricate maze of wires on a new central office installation takes careful workmanship and time!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Wires . . . wires . . . wires by the hundreds of thousands! Imagine picking out each pair . . . leading it to its proper terminals in a telephone central office . . . soldering it there!

That must be done on each new switchboard or dial switching installation before it can handle your calls.

Bell Telephone central office equipment is installed by Western Electric and this job today requires a mobile force of more than 31,000 installers. They are installing more central office equipment now than ever before.

* * *

For 66 years, Western Electric has been a part of your Bell Telephone service, helping to make it the world's best at the lowest possible cost.

MANUFACTURER . . . of 43,000 varieties of telephone apparatus.

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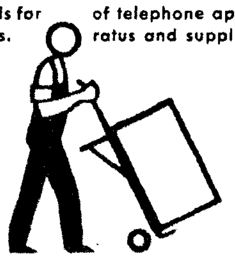

INSTALLER . . . of telephone central office equipment.

Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

Millions in Use

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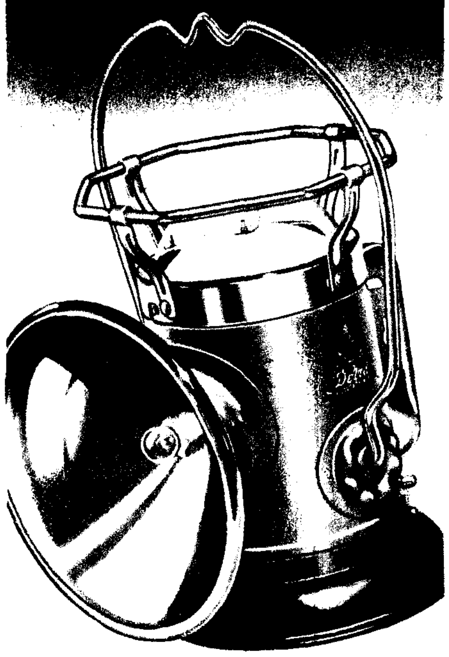


2 Lites in One

$4.25

APPROX. LESS BATTERY

POWERLite

6 VOLT BATTERY OPERATED

ELECTRIC LANTERN

So popular because it's so useful. Two electric lights in one lantern. Instant light wherever needed, indoors or out—in any weather. Shoot a sharp spotlight 800 feet, or quickly reverse the handle and hang up as a floodlight. Unmatched for fishing, camping and motor trips. Use it anywhere!

Improved Powerlite runs 80 to 100 hours on a single 6-volt dry battery. Durable yet light in weight. Lenses are unbreakable. New guard rail for top lens. New enlarged, deeper reflector. New handle setting gives 8 separate light angles.

Get one of these new, all-purpose Delta Powerlite Electric Lanterns today. At most hardware, sporting goods and electrical stores.

REVERSE IT - for floodlight

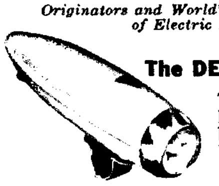
AIM IT - for spotlight

CARRY IT - in hand or on arm

Delta

DELTA ELECTRIC CO., MARION, INDIANA

Originators and World's Largest Producers of Electric Lanterns



The DELTA P-T Headlight

Torpedo type bicycle head lamp. For handlebar or fender mount. Unbreakable lens. $1.05 less batteries.

IT'S HARD TO BE YOUR AGE

BY HANNAH LEES

Becoming an adult is a painful process. No one gets to be entirely mature. But parents who teach their children to grow up well should try to be grown up too

DO YOU ever say, "When I was a boy, I never behaved like that," and believe it? Have you ever said, "If you leave that bike in my way again I'll break it into pieces," and thought you meant it? Do you ever worry what the neighbors will think when Sonny and Sis have a very vocal argument over whose turn it is at the funnies? Have you ever threatened to go home to Mother?

If you know immediately the one word that describes all of those reactions, and especially if you can admit you may have had one or two of them sometime or other, you are in on the important shift that is taking place today in parental attitudes. The word is *childish.*

When most of us were small the all but universal approach to children was: *Father is older and wiser than you, Mother knows best, grownups are—grown up, that's all.*

If Father, after demanding obedience because he was grown up, should have stomped off to town breakfastless when the muffins came in burnt, or if Mother, who knew best too because she was grown up, should have refused to speak to Mrs. Jones for a week after the Joneses' dog had ruined her pet petunia, the children weren't supposed to notice, and the last thing they dared do was call such behavior childish. Father and Mother were grownups, a state of perfection which, if Sonny and Sis did exactly what they were told for a specified number of years, they might hope to attain at say twenty-one, or anyway thirty.

Adults Lack Full Maturity

It doesn't look quite so simple these days. "Scratch an adult and find a child," says Dr. Leon Saul in his recent very readable book, Emotional Maturity, and this expresses one idea, perhaps the only idea, all modern psychologists, psychiatrists and psychoanalysts are agreed on. Nobody is entirely mature; nobody is mature all the time. We may spend our lives working toward maturity, which is not a bad way to spend a life, but we will never quite get there. And the first place our immaturity is likely to show, and the last place we're likely to acknowledge it, is in our relations with our children.

Everybody, no matter how precocious he is, is born completely helpless, and because he's helpless he's completely dependent on the people around him. Growing up is the process of learning not to be dependent and to enjoy independence; to get pleasure out of using our abilities, and being useful and having other people dependent on us. But it's a slow, painful process, and in every one of us there is still some hidden yearning for the good old days of infantile helplessness when we were cuddled and fed and protected.

A great many of us, either because we weren't allowed to enjoy being a baby enough when we were babies and still hunger for it, or because we were allowed to enjoy it too long and hate to give it up, still have a very big yearning for that happy state of helpless dependence. We try to cover it up, but it's there all the same. And why not? Being an adult is hard, even frightening work, especially today when we no longer have Queen Victoria or Franklin Roosevelt to tell us what to do, and when each new scientific discovery makes God seem to be increasingly abstract.

Do you think you recognize childish dependence when you run into it? It's not easy. A woman I know of who is working with a psychoanalyst on this business of becoming mature came to his office in a bad state one day. Psychoanalysis, incidentally, when you strip it down to the buff, is merely a way of learning to be grown up and enjoy it, learning to understand one's childishness and to use it where it will do good instead of harm.

Her son was hopelessly irresponsible, the woman moaned. She had made a dentist appointment for him and planned to drive him to the eight thirty-seven train to keep it. At eight twenty-five he had come around and waked her and told her he was ready. He ought to have allowed her more time and she had told him so—she had told him plenty. What was worse, after she had hurried and got dressed, planning to take him to the next train which wouldn't have made him so very late, she couldn't find him. He was off playing with the boys. What could you do in a case like that?

Well, you could admit that you had been just a bit irresponsible too, she granted after talking it over. But not to your child. Children couldn't grow up thinking their parents hadn't any more sense than they had, could they?

You bet they can, and they do, a lot more often than parents have any idea. This woman finally went home and told her son she thought perhaps they'd both been irresponsible and might both try to do better—a milestone on the way to maturity. Smart parents always know when they act like children, and admit it judiciously. But there can be pitfalls in this business of confessing your failures. It's very tempting to wallow in guilt.

Once, after I'd been particularly stupid, I was embracing my nine-year-old and murmuring how sorry I was that I wasn't a better mother.

"You know, Mommy," my daughter said, pulling back a little, "when you talk like this," and she mimicked my crocodile tears, the brat, "it makes me all squirmy."

Smart girl. Mommy wasn't honestly admitting a mistake, Mommy was asking to be comforted and protected against her own sense of failure. Like a baby.

It isn't popular to think of one's conscience—that quality which is supposed to set man apart from the other animals—in terms of childish dependence, but let's do it anyway for a minute. A small child's conscience is a hundred per cent dependent. Things are right or wrong only in terms of whether Father and Mother will smile or frown. That makes sense.

Whose Standards of Conduct?

Junior is only going to learn not to pull the dog's tail, not to come home with other kids' toys, and to tell the truth, by means of our approval or disapproval. But a time ought to come when he decides what's right and what's wrong, not by someone else's standards but by his own. An amazing number of people over twenty-one never come to that.

I know a very intelligent woman of forty who is also very restless. She has three children and a big house but they don't use up quite all her energy. She keeps wanting a job. Recently she was offered one and turned it down, not because it would take her away from the children at times when they needed her, which would have been a reasonable decision, but because of what her mother thought.

"I'd have liked to take it," she said, "but *Mother* didn't think I ought to. She says I'm a bad enough housekeeper as it is." By solving the problem on that basis this forty-year-old was at once leaning on and still able to feel rebellious against Mother. If she had decided it on its own merits she'd have had no one to pass the buck to. She would have had to be content with whatever course she decided on. That may be one reason why maturity and contentment are so often spoken of in the same breath.

It's hard for any child to grow up with much independence if his mother doesn't smoke or doesn't let him chew bubble gum just because *her* mother thinks it isn't nice, or if his father is in a dither to get to the office on time because he is scared of the boss rather than because he has work to do. Yet, of course, we all have reactions like that and have them often.

The radio makes the most of this, though, I suspect, unconsciously. Listen to Dagwood and Blondie. Dag-

Enchanting...

These Twin Triumphs in Tone Yours Only in Zenith

Amazing Cobra Tone Arm–

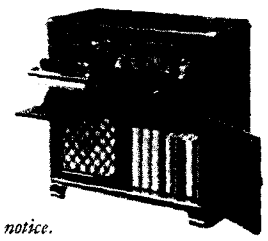
Invented by Zenith, perfected by Zenith, and found in no other radio at *any* price! Entirely different, the Cobra reproduces records on a Radionic Wave. Brings out tone beauty unheard before... Erases *all* annoying scratch, vibration... Keeps records sounding like new for over 2,000 plays, by actual test... So superior that over 700 AM and FM radio stations use it to broadcast records! And Zenith's Silent-Speed Record Changer gently, swiftly changes 10 and 12 inch records *intermixed.*

Genuine Zenith-Armstrong FM–

gives glorious new fidelity... freedom from static... and sharp non-fade tuning, not possible with imitation FM. And this improved *kind* of FM is yours on *both* FM bands—to protect you against any future changes in FM wave lengths. What's more, the FM aerial is built-in... just plug in and play! You also enjoy the famous Radiorgan Tone Control and many other "exclusives" for Zenith tone perfection in *every* kind of radio program.

COPR. 1946, ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION

New Zenith "Regent," shown closed above, open at right. Walnut finish radio-phonograph. Cobra Tone Arm. Intermix record changer. FM on *both* bands. Standard Broadcast. Radiorgan Tone Control. Wavemagnet. Big Concert Grand Speaker. **$275***



** West Coast prices slightly higher.*
All prices subject to change without further notice.

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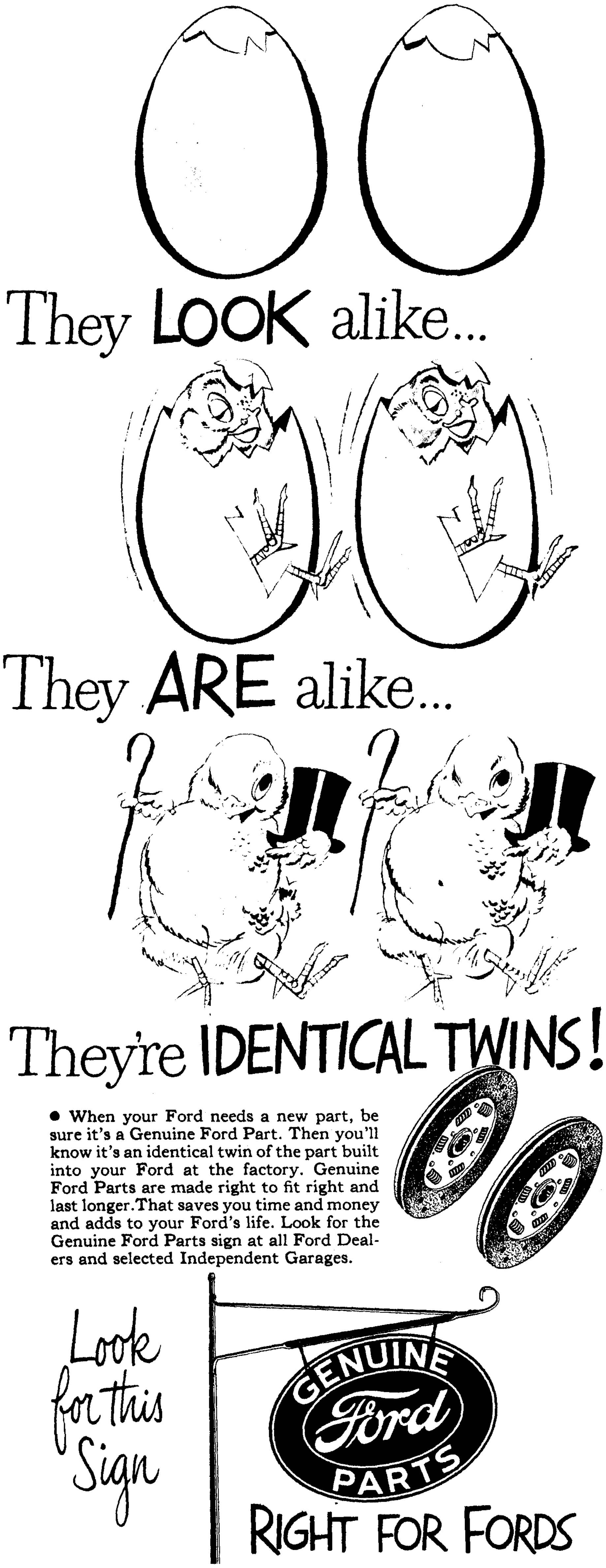
Zenith Challenges Comparison!
Your radio dealer invites you to compare tone, performance, beauty, durability—before you buy *any* radio. See and hear the features exclusive with Zenith, and you'll agree—***no other compares with a Zenith!***
43 models, from $26.95 to $675.*


They LOOK alike...

They ARE alike...

They're IDENTICAL TWINS!

● When your Ford needs a new part, be sure it's a Genuine Ford Part. Then you'll know it's an identical twin of the part built into your Ford at the factory. Genuine Ford Parts are made right to fit right and last longer. That saves you time and money and adds to your Ford's life. Look for the Genuine Ford Parts sign at all Ford Dealers and selected Independent Garages.

Look for this Sign

GENUINE Ford PARTS

RIGHT FOR FORDS

wood is motivated from start to finish by fear of his boss and fear of Blondie. He is younger, emotionally, than I would like my ten-year-old to be. That's why millions love him. Laughing at him, they are really laughing at the Dagwood in themselves, and when they go to work on Monday morning they are a little less afraid of the boss because of it.

Another baby trick our consciences play on us is to set impossible goals for ourselves. When we are small we are never going to lose our tempers, we are never going to tell a lie, we are going to be perfect so Mother will always smile at us. This is not possible, of course. As we get older, perfection doesn't look quite so practical, but we often keep on setting impossible goals, partly, psychologists say, so we won't have to live up to them.

When Mr. Wilson swears, on New Year's Eve, that he won't be cross to the little woman once all the coming year, then the first time he loses his temper he can say, "Well, I've failed," and abandon the project. But if he had just resolved to be nicer, an entirely possible project, he would have had to work at it all year. When Mrs. Wilson, having trouble zipping her dinner dress, resolves not to touch bread or potatoes or dessert till she has lost ten pounds, that's because if she just cut out one of those delicacies she might have to stick to it.

When Discouragement Results

It works the same way when we set goals for our children that are too high. If we expect Willy to be top boy in his class and he really isn't equal to being top boy, he may just stop working. Then we tell him he's being childish and irresponsible not even to try. But we are the childish ones for setting standards we know he can't live up to.

This ties right in with another aspect of maturity—seeing things the way they really are. Growing up is almost bound to be a long series of disappointments from a child's point of view. The world doesn't turn out to be the way we want it. Nothing, including ourselves, is as wonderful as we would like it to be. Nobody, not even Mother, can think we are as wonderful as we want to be thought. When little children don't like the way life is they can escape into a world of make-believe. Grownups can't, at least not for long.

Parents who don't see things pretty much as they are can make life very confusing for their groping children. Mrs. Smith is almost certain, now and then, to remind her children they aren't the only people in the world. We all have to tell our children that. Yet if she meets Mrs. Brown at market and Mrs. Brown doesn't speak to her she may be unhappy all day.

Mrs. Smith wants to be important to Mrs. Brown so badly that she assumes she must be. Being the center of her own small world, Mrs. Smith automatically assumes she is also the center of Mrs. Brown's.

So if Mrs. Brown didn't speak, Mrs. Brown must have been deliberately rude. It couldn't have been that she was too worried about the price of beef to notice anyone, even Mrs. Smith.

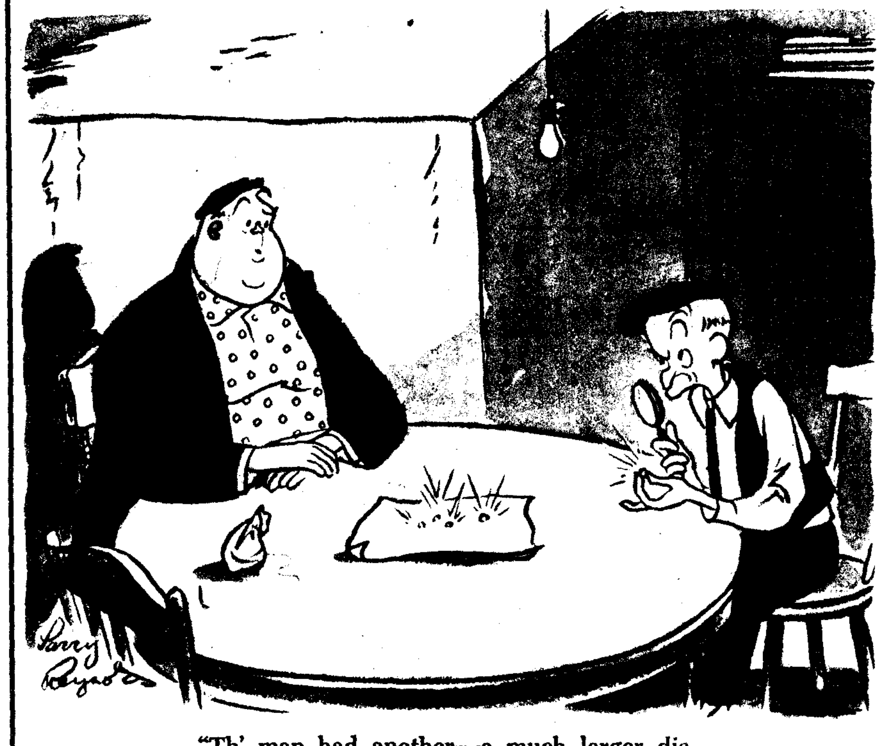
So Mrs. Smith tells her husband all about the slight at dinner, and the listening children, if they are smart, begin to wonder how reliable Mother's reactions are. If they are not so smart they begin to see the world as a place where anyone may deliberately be mean to you at any minute.

To children things are either black or white, good or bad. When you are not the sweetest mother and the most wonderful father in the world, you are the meanest person they know. Growing up ought to include the not too painful discovery that most things are partly good and partly bad, that life is seldom an *either/or* proposition. But we often aren't much help to our kids when it comes to getting them to see that.

A mother who has known a number of heels in her early days may tell her daughter that no man is to be trusted. Well, some men aren't to be trusted, but if Mother says this often enough her daughter may never let herself find out that a lot of men *are* good. A man who once had a dishonest partner, or whose own father was untrustworthy, may teach his son never to trust anyone and turn him into a defensive, suspicious adolescent.

Sometimes, giving lip service to maturity, we decide not to say *all* and make it *most*—most men are heels, most people aren't to be trusted—but this doesn't let us out, if at heart we are childishly still separating the sheep from the goats and thinking in terms of *all*. How often, when you think you are trying to bring your children up with the right set of

BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



COLLIER'S

"Th' man had another—a much larger diamond—but he said it has an evil curse on it"

FINGER ON THE PULSE OF SCIENCE

Burroughs

Behind the locked doors of Burroughs' physical, chemical and testing laboratories some very significant research is going on.

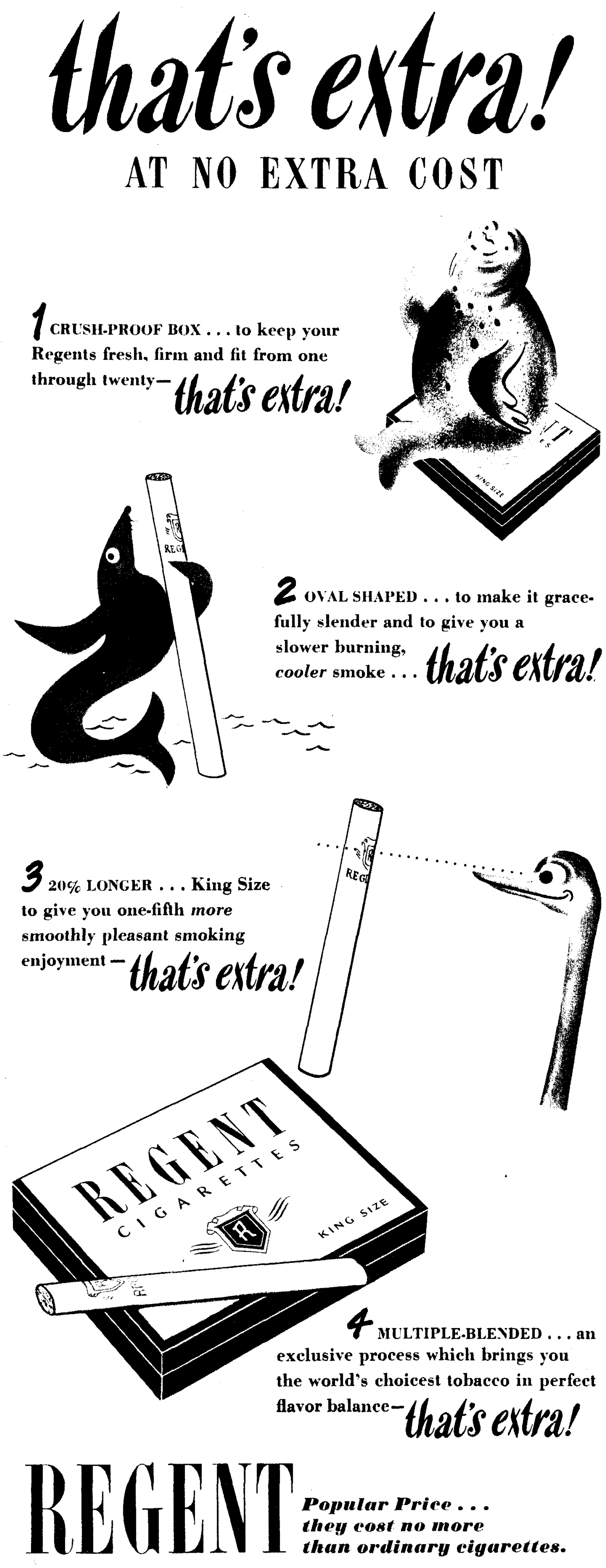
Here skilled specialists explore the realm of electronics, test new materials and designs, delve into entirely new concepts of machine operation. And they work with this practical question in mind: *How can the new developments in science be applied to Burroughs machines so that they will serve business still more efficiently and economically?*

It has always been Burroughs' policy to leave no avenue unexplored that might lead to faster and more efficient mechanized figuring. This policy is reflected today in Burroughs' greatest program of research and product development.

Yes, Burroughs keeps a finger on the pulse of science. That's *another* reason business depends on Burroughs for the most advanced business machines. Burroughs Adding Machine Company, Detroit 32, Michigan.

WHEREVER THERE'S BUSINESS THERE'S **Burroughs**

Burroughs



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AT NO EXTRA COST

1 CRUSH-PROOF BOX . . . to keep your Regents fresh, firm and fit from one through twenty—*that's extra!*

2 OVAL SHAPED . . . to make it gracefully slender and to give you a slower burning, *cooler* smoke . . . *that's extra!*

3 20% LONGER . . . King Size to give you one-fifth *more* smoothly pleasant smoking enjoyment—*that's extra!*

4 MULTIPLE-BLENDED . . . an exclusive process which brings you the world's choicest tobacco in perfect flavor balance—*that's extra!*

REGENT *Popular Price . . . they cost no more than ordinary cigarettes.*

values, are you really just filling them with your own childish *either/or* prejudices?

A common reaction among parents is the feeling that children must follow the same patterns of thinking and behavior *we* always have. This is kid stuff again. In the first place, when the children branch off into the ways of their own they are criticizing our way of living. They are saying in effect, "I don't like the way you did it, Pop," and that hurts our childish pride. In the second place they are stirring up our childish insecurity. What we have tried and know about, however badly it has worked, is apt to seem safe to us. Anything we don't know, whether it's a job in South America or just a new social philosophy, may, we feel, get Sonny or Sis into terrible trouble, we feel.

Childishly we are trying to hold them back where we can see them—just as we used to cling to Mother to keep her from going out the nursery door. It takes a lot of maturity in parents to let their children grow up to be independent individuals.

It takes an appreciation of long-term values, too. Psychiatrists talk a good deal about long-term and short-term values when they discuss emotional maturity. When a three-year-old wants to eat all his lollipops at once, that's a short-term value. When he decides, at maybe seven or eight, that he will eat one a day until they are gone he's working toward long-term values. When a glamor girl gets married she's giving up the short-term fun of dating a different man every night for the long-term satisfaction of a responsible life with one person.

When a man wants the mature pleasure of getting a certain job done he's apt to have to give up a lot of poker parties and golf matches while he's working at it. Grownups are apt automatically to assume they live that way. But mothers often sacrifice the long-term satisfaction of seeing their children grow up to take responsibility when they give in to the short-term satisfaction of letting them have whatever they yell for. Fathers often sacrifice the long-term satisfaction of their children's companionship and affection when they say, "I'm tired, I can't be bothered."

Grownups' Infantilism Is Normal

None of this is by way of saying that grownups should try never to be childish. We all have to reckon with the baby in us and even pamper him a good deal if we don't want him to yell and kick when we least expect it. We all have to be childish. That's why the comics are such a success, and the movies, and chewing gum, and baseball. And certainly liquor. None of those things could be called entirely mature pleasure. Even Shakespeare and a Beethoven symphony may be escapes from the reality of adult responsibilities.

The whole point of recreation, from softball to community singing, is that it can let us express our childish longings and needs in ways that are constructive or at least not destructive. It's a good idea to get to know the baby in us—he's there even in a six-foot, sixty-year-old college president—and not let that baby hit out at our kids.

Or if we do let it happen, as we are bound to now and then, we must recognize and admit that the baby took over for a while.

A very successful businessman I met at a party last week said casually, "Did I get hell on Sunday. I was kind of hungover at breakfast and I didn't laugh in the right place and my son said, 'Look, Dad, every night all week you come home tired from the factory. Okay, you've worked hard all day. We can take it if you're nasty then. But do you have to be a stinker on Sunday too?' "

When I asked the man what he said to that he laughed: "What could I say? I'll probably be a stinker again, but I'll try not to."

Now that's progress. Not that the father is a stinker, but that he could recognize his son's right to judge him and tell him about it. All he had been that Sunday morning was childish and he knew it.

How about you? How often do you snarl at your kids just because you are tired? What do you call it when they snarl at you?

Do you ever cut short a wail by saying, "All right, all right, you can have another piece of candy?" Why do you suppose you do?

Have you ever said, "When I was a boy I never left my clothes around, or told a lie, or was rude to my mother?" Could *that* possibly be childish daydreaming?

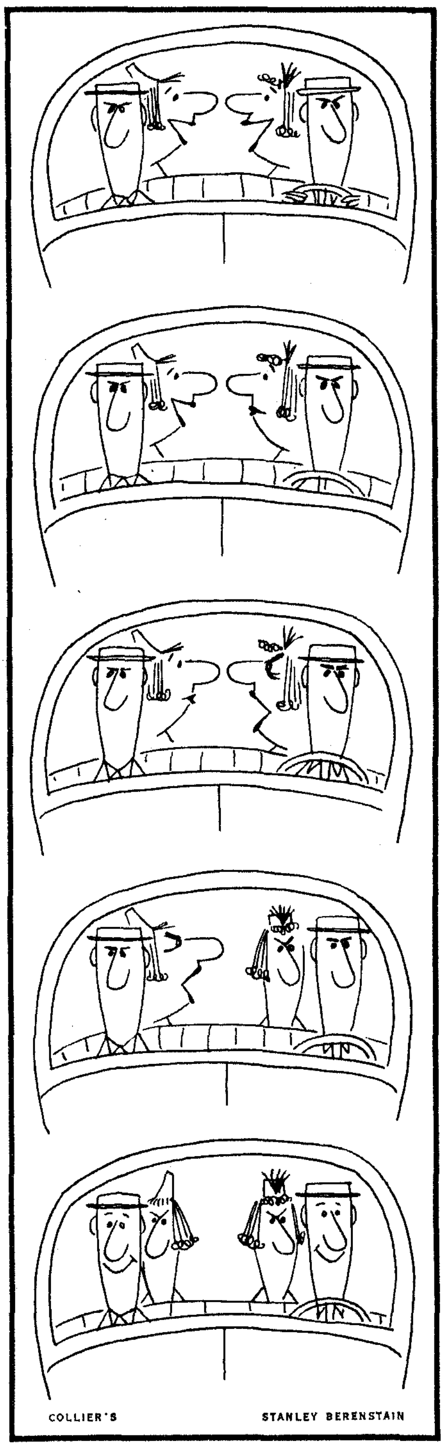
Have you ever said, "If you leave that bike in my way again (or that train or those galoshes) I'll chuck them in the trash?" And if you have, what made you talk that way?

Do you ever worry about what the neighbors will think when Sonny and Sis argue loudly over whose turn it is at the funnies? What makes you worry?

Have you ever threatened to go home to Mother where perhaps once more you could be petted and sheltered like a baby?

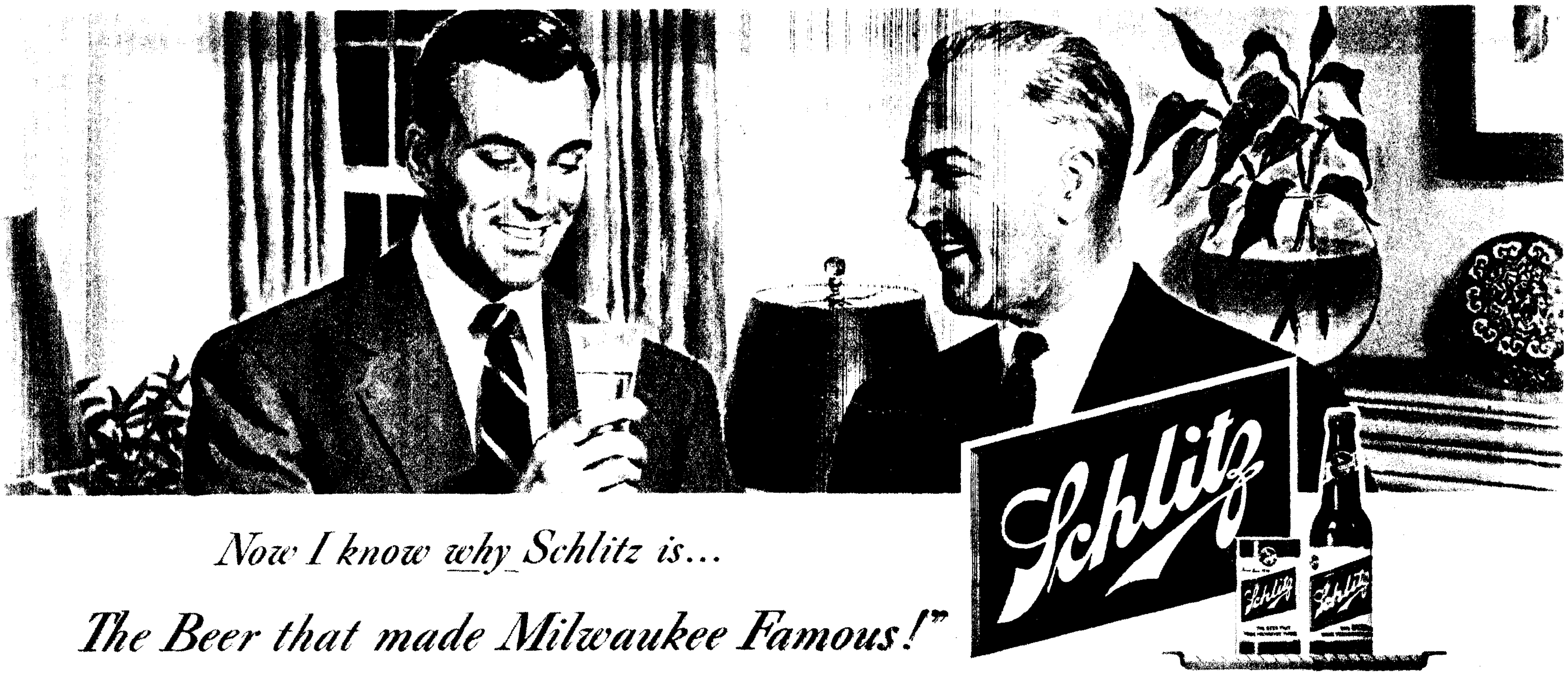
And if you find this whole subject extremely annoying, what do you suppose makes you feel that way?

THE END



"I was curious...

I tasted it...


Schlitz
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Now I know __why__ Schlitz is...

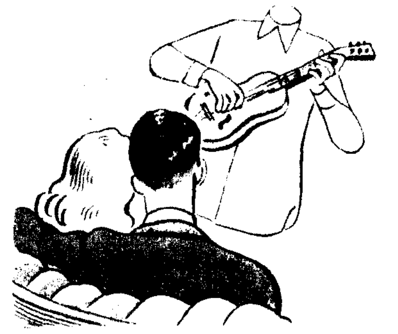
The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous!"

© 1948, JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Larry Reynolds

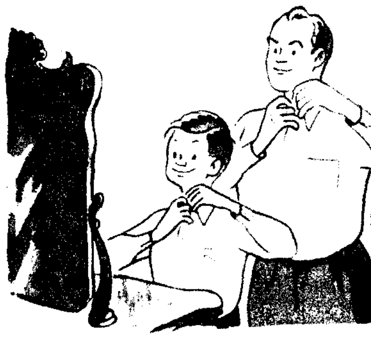
"ESSIE"

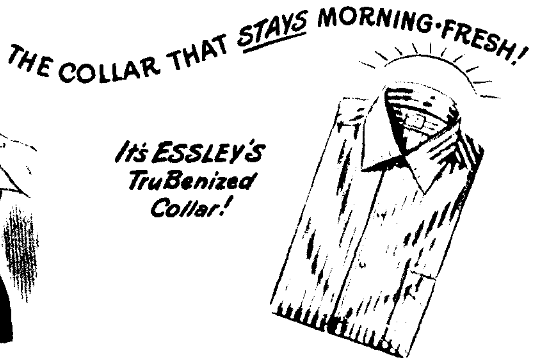
"It was June . . . there was music, moonlight . . . I wore 'Moment Supreme'—and he wore an Essley Shirt!"



AH! MOMENT SUPREME! The moment you don an Essley shirt! And, ah!—The TruBenized* collar that *can't* crumple, *won't* wilt—keeps crisp without starch!

ROMANTIC EVENINGS, let Essley do your serenading! Let its full, free cut make the most of your shoulders and chest—and the *least* of your waist!

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JUST LIKE DAD'S! Essley "Bruxton Prep" shirts, specifically styled for boys, are man-tailored right up to the TruBenized collars. From **$2.25.**

BRING OUT THE best in you—wear Essley shirts! Exclusive patterns, new colors and collar styles. Sanforized. Most men's models **$3.25, $3.50, $3.95, $4.95.**

ESSLEY SHIRTS SPORTSWEAR PAJAMAS
FOR MEN AND BOYS

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

ANTI-SEMANTICISM

MY DEAR TED SHANE: You old semanticist, you!: Depositing my pygarg in the sssteno's chair (she's out for lunch) I take my calligraph in hand to express my delighted admiration for the $64 word you used (The Week's Work) in describing a certain aspect of the posteriorly posturing pulchritude displayed (—and how—) on your Feb. 7th cover. Please excuse typographical error above. My other finger ssometimes ssseemsss to ssstutter on the esssess.

RETLAW DRAC, La Crosse, Wis.

BRING BACK THE CCC

DEAR SIRS: Two articles in the Feb. 21st issue, Desert Empire by Jim Marshall and Corey Ford's "Brownfield's Still Here" both serve to present a case for the late Civilian Conservation Corps that was so gleefully decimated by our negationist congressmen. The CCC acting as a trained corps of fire fighters, and their splendid work in building fire trails and removing fire hazards did much to prevent such disaster as came to Brownfield and Bar Harbor, Maine. Their outstanding work in Death Valley and the desert region in general is well known to anyone living here.

It is regrettable that this splendid service was destroyed, when it gave so many youngsters an opportunity to get out of the poolrooms. F. M. COTTLE, Westend, Cal.

HE'D REUTHER BE RIGHT—

DEAR EDITOR: I am not entirely certain whether Walter Reuther (How to Beat the Communists, Feb. 28th) leans toward democracy, Communism or autocracy. From the article one could surmise that he is playing both ends against the middle.

Of course, it could be that Mr. Reuther is just plain kicking his political football into line, and doesn't really care which goal posts his pigskin goes between so long as it pays dividends in the end.

DAN S. DEAVER, Pittsburgh, Pa.

. . . Now that you have had Reuther tell how to combat Communism, see if you can get him to write one telling how to combat Socialism? Wanner bet?

LEON V. ALMIRALL, Denver, Colo.

. . . Reuther's article could have been more appropriately titled How to Become President of a Union. One gains the impression that he is more interested in the value of Communist techniques than in combating Communist ideology.

RAY MARS SIMPSON, Evanston, Ill.

MAYHEM ON ICE

DEAR SIR: Hannibal Coons' Hot-Sun Hockey (Feb. 28th) gives the impression the New Westminster team is composed of wild hillbillies. Actually they are representative of city and farm boys of average scholastic standing. If he meant we play hockey rough in Canada, it's true. We don't play it parlor pink. He should see a New Westminster *lacrosse* team beating it out on a Saturday night at the Arena over a fighting Vancouver team.

RANDALL INGELBY,
New Westminster, B. C., Canada

COLLIER'S CATCH

DEAR COLLIER'S: I think you will be pleased to know that there have been good results from our article Yankee Fish Famine (Dec. 7, '46). First, the fishing fleet in New England was enjoined from destroying fish and limiting catches; this had a good effect on the price of fish. Second, I have been invited by the State Department to assist in the preparation of the suggested treaty for the conservation of the fisheries. If it goes through, this will be a pretty monument for Collier's at which posterity may gaze with gratitude.

EDMUND GILLIGAN, Bearsville, N. Y.

GIFT OF GRAB

GENTLEMEN: I take sharp issue with your editorial of March 6th, In International Common Sense, on how to deal with Russia. Russia understands or cares for nothing but superior power and military strength.

They have long ago set their course, and anybody who is fool enough to think that the Bolsheviks do not intend to keep their purpose and pledge to Bolshevize the world will have a ruder awakening than we already have had.

GEORGE WASHINGTON WILLIAMS,
Baltimore, Md.

. . . Why not send Wallace to Russia with authority to make a treaty with Stalin whereby trade can be carried on without changing either nation's political philosophy? At least Wallace would have a chance to prove he is big enough to be President of these United States.

E. L. M., Rock Island, N. Y.

WHAT'S IN A NIMS?

SIRRAH: That Jason Hazard (Jason Hazard's Swim, by Walter Havighurst, Feb. 28th) certainly is a reckless, fly-by-night spendthrift. He went aboard the Walk-in-the-Water after loading his raft full of wood, and left the raft adrift in Lake Erie. Then he ordered a new broadcloth suit and a checkered vest in Buffalo and didn't stay there long enough for it to be delivered. And sprang aboard the steamer for the return trip without paying his hotel bill. Just wait till the National Hotel Association catches up with him! He'll have to move to the Thousand Islands, and keep moving from one to the other.

ABRACADABRA NIMS, 1st Vice-President
in Charge of Disa & Data, Nims Nim$
Nims Nim$ & Nims, Evanston, Ill.

Collier's begs leave to list the remaining Nimses, Human Interest Hucksters: G. Whiz Nims, 3d Vice-President in Charge of Soap Operas; Whims O. Nims, 5th Vice-President in Charge of Ad-Libbing; O. Nutz Nims, 7th Vice-President in Charge of a Keeper; C. Harry Nims, Executive Vice-President in Charge of Everything.

TIME SLIDES ON

GENTLEMEN: Your February 28th cover shows a girl sliding down a baluster "sidesaddle" fashion—and after all these years I learn that I used to go down the wrong way.

PETER WITECK, Milwaukee, Wis.

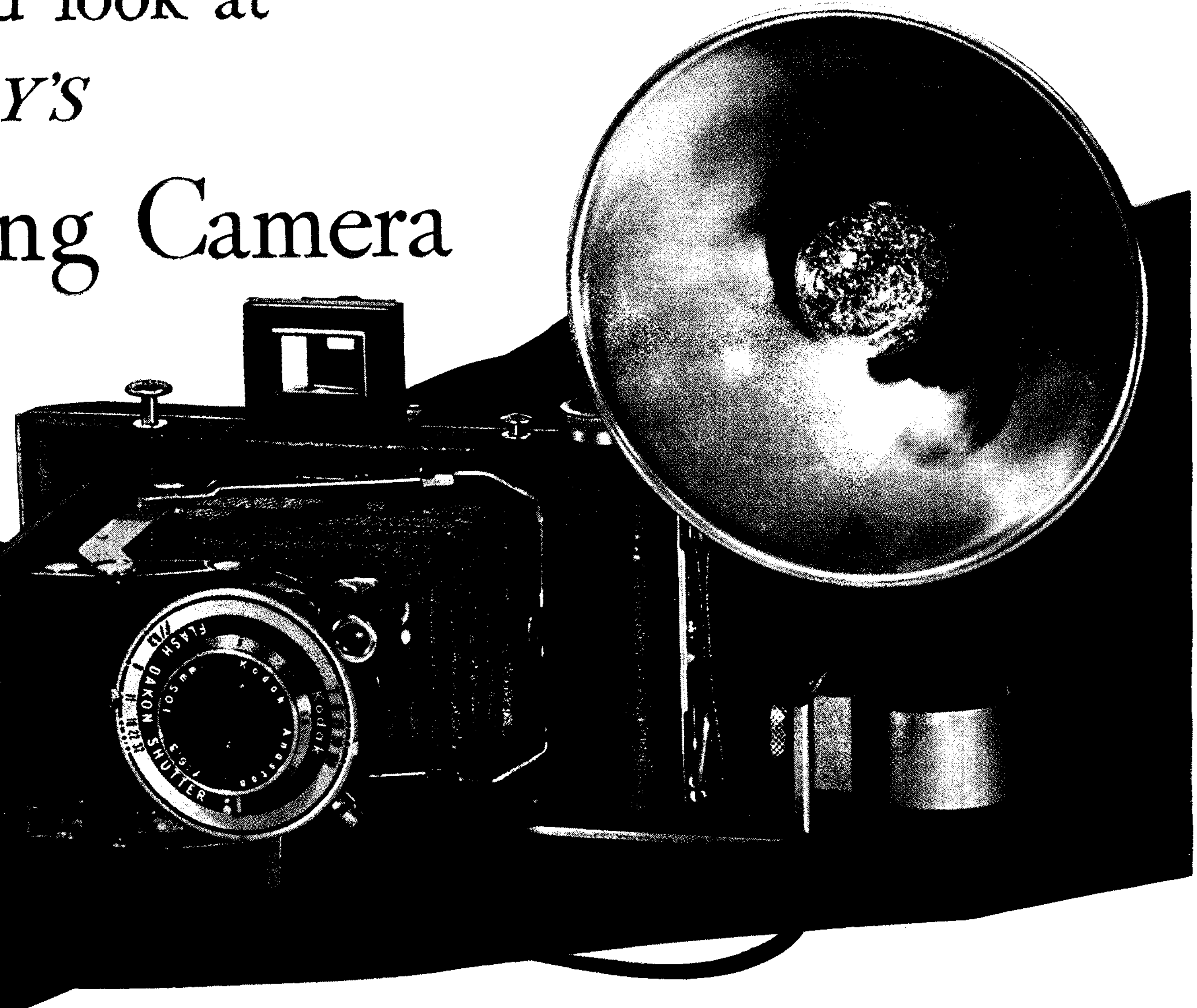
. . . You mean that girls go down sidesaddle—and that we men were sissies? . . .

BILL WEINBERGER, New York, N. Y.

. . . Could you tell me where I can find a balustrade to ride when I grow nostalgic for my youth?

HARRIET WILLIS, Washington, D. C.

Take a good look at *TODAY'S* Kodak Folding Camera



Kodak Vigilant *f*/6.3 Camera makes brilliant pictures in daylight, exciting "flash" shots at night . . . both in black-and-white and in full color. (For "flash" you hitch on a Kodak Flasholder, as illustrated.)

Handy camera to carry, simple to operate. Gives you big pictures. Kodak Anastigmat *f*/6.3 Lens, precise shutter. $\$36^{\underline{50}}$ *plus tax.* Kodak Flasholder, $\$9^{\underline{50}}$ *plus tax* . . . at your dealer's.

Eastman Kodak Company,
Rochester 4, N.Y.

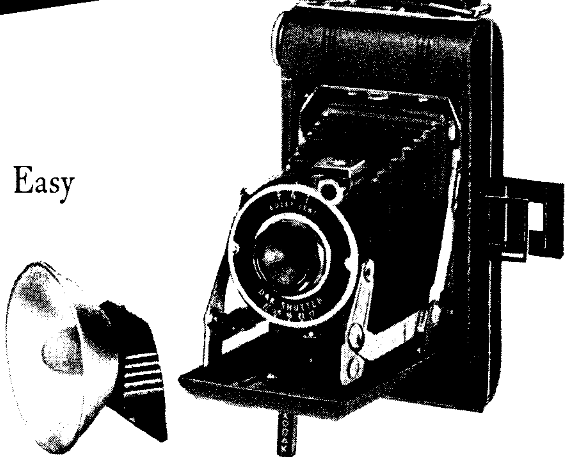
Kodacolor snapshots, $2\frac{7}{8}$ x $4\frac{3}{16}$

Black-and-white snapshots, $2\frac{1}{4}$ x $3\frac{1}{4}$

(Sizes apply to both cameras shown on this page)

Also see

Kodak Vigilant Junior Camera. $\$17^{\underline{50}}$ *plus tax.* Easy to use. Dependable fixed-focus lens, accurate shutter. Makes black-and-white and full-color snapshots. For "flash" you use the new Kodak Photo Flasher (shown beside camera). $\$1^{\underline{25}}$ *plus tax.*



The supply situation . . . Though Kodak is making more cameras and film than ever before, the demand is greater too. Keep in touch with your Kodak dealer.

(Prices subject to change without notice)

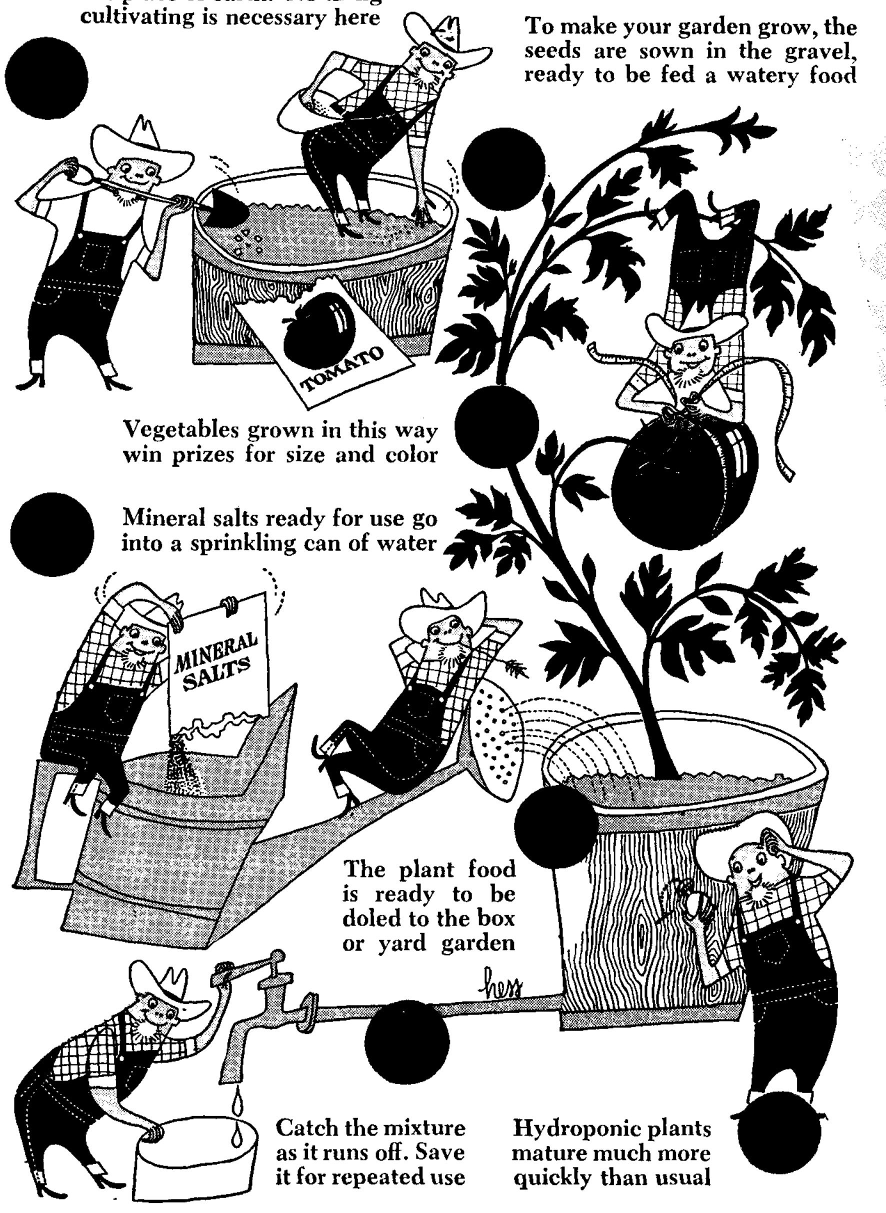
"Kodak" is a trade-mark

Kodak

MAGIC IN THE GARDEN

BY CARL MOLITOR

The most beautiful vegetables in the world can be conjured up in a hydroponic garden by a few flourishes with a sprinkling can



In hydroponics, gravel takes the place of earth. No tiring cultivating is necessary here

To make your garden grow, the seeds are sown in the gravel, ready to be fed a watery food

Vegetables grown in this way win prizes for size and color

Mineral salts ready for use go into a sprinkling can of water

The plant food is ready to be doled to the box or yard garden

Catch the mixture as it runs off. Save it for repeated use

Hydroponic plants mature much more quickly than usual

THE old-style magician, with his pulling live rabbits and silk handkerchiefs out of his big top hat, has nothing on the hydroponic gardener. This new performer, frequently costumed in a house dress, requires more time but uses simpler props—an old wooden box and a shovelful of gravel.

The new routine is simple. The box is placed within reach of the sun. Seeds are sown in the clean gravel, and the grower sprinkles the surface with a solution of quite commonplace chemical salts in plain water. Growth is usually a third faster in this solution than it is in soil. The plants can be spaced many times closer and will bear with supreme luxuriance.

It isn't just a parlor trick. The same methods are used to create complete back-yard gardens and commercial truck gardens of all sizes. The U.S. Army's tremendous "tank farms" in Japan, which are supplying fresh vegetables every day to thousands of G.I.s, are hydroponic farms.

Hydroponics, which means approximately "water at work," is simply a variation of Nature's oldest magic. It isn't really very new. Soil-grown plants require watering, as everyone knows. The real purpose of the water, whether it is in the form of rain or coming from the watering can, is the dissolving out of the soil of the mineral salts on which all plants feed. Nourishment is taken from the solution through the roots. Plants are strictly soup-eaters and cannot absorb food in any other form.

More than a hundred years ago a French scientist figured this out and proved it in his laboratory. He made plants grow in clear water in which soil had been previously soaked. From this achievement it was only a few logical steps to today's technique.

Take an empty cigar box, punch one or more holes in the bottom for drainage, fill it with clean, rather fine gravel, and you have your garden bed. Seed it with whatever you wish, give it a southern exposure and begin feeding operations. It is really best to have just one drain hole so that a container can be placed under it to catch the plant-food solution as it runs out, for this can be used over indefinitely.

Formulas for mixing chemical plant food can be obtained from the agricultural departments of many states, and the ingredients are available through wholesale drug firms. Or you can buy complete, ready-mixed plant food in packages. In any case, the mixture is in powder form, ready to be dissolved in ordinary water. A little goes a long way.

Keep the gravel moist until the seeds sprout. After that, sprinkle twice a day. Soon you will have to thin out the seedlings. If you or your neighbors have soil gardens, that box will provide a large supply of the healthiest, sturdiest, most easily transplantable little vegetable, fruit or flower plants you could possibly obtain.

Unless you are very hard up for space, the chances are you will soon lay plans for a larger garden. D. J. Clinton of Miami, Florida, a gardener of no experience whatever, set up two boxes, each 30 by 54 inches, at a convenient no-stooping height, and planted a variety of seeds in the five inches of clean gravel they held. This gave him a garden nine feet long and two and a half feet wide. A pound of powdered chemical salts mixed in a gallon jug of water formed his "stock" plant food solution, measured out as needed at the rate of one ounce to a gallon of water in a sprinkling can.

"Five weeks after the planting," Clinton reports, "we were picking string beans so tender we hardly took the trouble to cook them. The first cucumbers were ripe on the vines in 36 days; the first tomatoes, which started as seedlings, were fat, red, and ready in 64 days. They were the most delicious tomatoes ever eaten."

Whether you have a green thumb or not, results like this are the usual thing in soilless growing, and a little analysis will show why. To begin with, the food solution contains all the ingredients needed for ideal growth. Most soil lacks some of these, which have to be added in the form of fertilizer. Your scientific soup is far better in digestive and nutritional qualities than Mother Nature's home brew, and it is fed to the plants on a regular schedule instead of by Nature's catch-as-catch-can tactics that sometimes produce long droughts or violent rainstorms.

The feeding consists merely of flooding the beds with the solution and then immediately draining them. Since the plants grow in loose gravel rather than close-packed soil the liquid sucks air behind it down to the roots where it is most needed. This eliminates the cultivating with fork or trowel that makes old-fashioned gardening both a chore and a bore. The vital job of aerating is done much more throughly this way, and climate is not an essential factor.

It took many years to get this garden magic into the home. The reason is that a complete plant food contains a pretty imposing list of chemicals—nitrogen, phosphorus, sulphur, potassium, calcium, iron, magnesium, boron, manganese, copper, zinc and a few others. The early scientific viewpoint was that each species of plant needed a different combination of chemicals and this led to a limitless number of prescriptions that kept soilless growing in the laboratory for many decades.

The lid came off more or less by accident during World War II, when the U.S. Army's Biltmore Hospital near Miami, Florida, built a hydroponic garden as a recreation project for convalescents in 1943. Lacking both in scientific knowledge and supplies, hospital gardeners tried growing all kinds of plants together in the same bed, fed with the same chemical solution. Everything grew so well that the Army presently established large farms to provide fresh vegetables on soilless rock piles like Ascension Island and Iwo Jima.

As soon as materials became available after the war Floridians who had marveled at the Biltmore project took up soilless truck farming for profit. Today there are dozens of tank farms in southern Florida, some of them right in the middle of large cities.

At least $2,000,000 has been invested in these installations, which consist of a series of concrete beds poured on the ground, rather like sidewalks with rims around them. Each bed is usually about 100 feet long, 2 to 4 feet wide and 6 to 8 inches deep. A central storage tank holds enough solution to flood all the beds, with which it is connected by a series of flumes. A single valve controls flow of the liquid to the beds, and an electric pump transfers it back to the tank. This whole process takes less than half an hour at most farms.

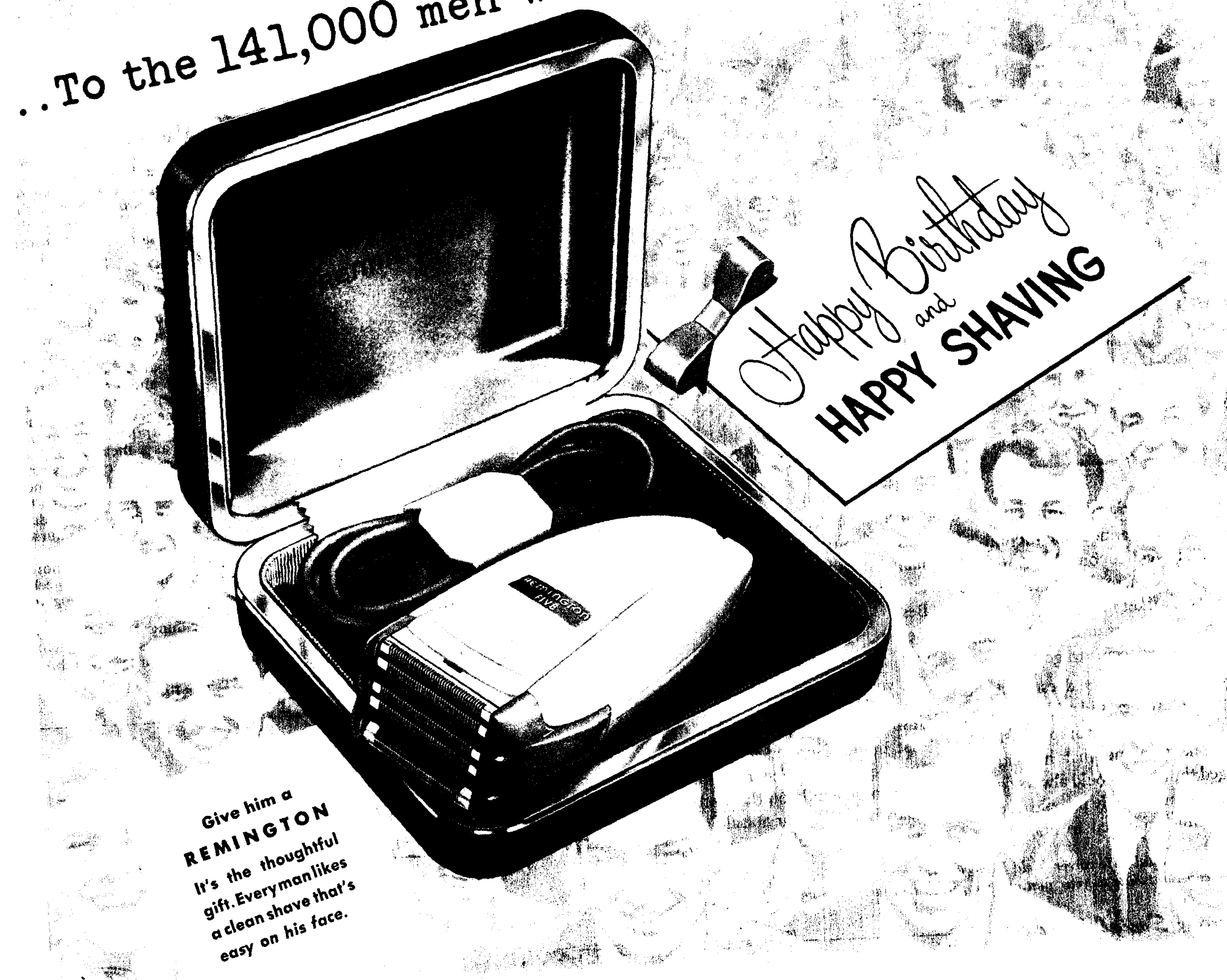
Commercial farms vary from half a dozen beds, beside the owner's house, to huge developments. One, which already represents an investment of nearly $300,000, is still growing and has an ultimate goal of 150,000 lineal feet of beds. Most of the growers specialize in tomatoes and cucumbers, with strawberries a fast-coming third. Superiority in appearance and flavor brings premium prices. As a business, commercial hydroponic growing is still too new to have become clearly defined as to its possibilities. Some people have hit the jack pot with it, and their number is steadily increasing. Others have not been so lucky.

But there is no gamble in household hydroponics, and its spread has been fast and wide.

Where the new magic may lead is beyond anybody's calculation. Every household with a yard, roof, window sill or fire escape can have a garden. The whole may add up to a new food supply that would be enormous enough to change entire price structures. Perhaps in another generation we shall see a new and better people, marked with the sturdy virtues of the soil tiller but unmarked by horny hands and grimy fingernails. ★★★

DRAWINGS BY LOWELL HESS

..To the 141,000 men whose birthday is tomorrow...



Give him a
REMINGTON
It's the thoughtful
gift. Every man likes
a clean shave that's
easy on his face.

THESE LUCKY MEN—many of them, will own a new Remington Electric Shaver tomorrow. Those who do, will then know what "Happy Shaving" really means!

That's why we say, to family and friends, "Give him a Remington!"—a gift he'll use every morning.

Long after other gifts are forgotten he'll remember your discriminating choice of a Remington. Its refreshing, *easy-on-the-face* shave is a daily pleasure—assurance that he'll enjoy Happy Shaving.

Buy a Remington with confidence, secure in the knowledge that he'll be *pleased* with his birthday gift. Five million well-groomed men use no other shaver, and every month thousands more find that

NOTHING CAN OUTSHAVE A REMINGTON. Remington Five *(illustrated)* $21.50. The Foursome $19.50. The Triple $17.50. The 6V-110V Auto-Home $23.50. All AC-DC.

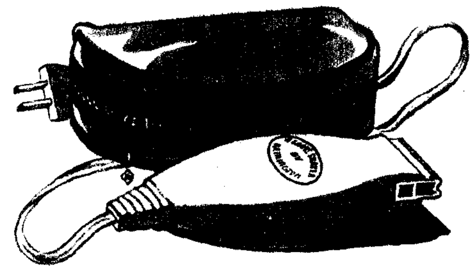
For Remington Owners: The new Blue Streak heads give faster, cleaner shaves and trim sideburns and mustache evenly. We'll place one on your present model while you wait—$3.50 at any of Remington's 97 Shaver Headquarters.

SHAVES DRY • NO LATHER • NO BLADES

Remington

ELECTRIC SHAVERS

LADIES HAVE BIRTHDAYS, TOO!



And when they do—the new Lady's Shaver by Remington makes an ideal gift. Designed especially for tender feminine skin, it removes underarm and leg hair quickly and gently. Only $15.00. AC-DC. At all leading stores.

REMINGTON RAND INC., ELECTRIC SHAVER DIVISION, BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT . . . A PRODUCT OF Remington Rand

"Ever see such a man?"

"Such a *wonderful* man!

"Of course, it annoys me the way he gulps his coffee on the run, and zooms out of here almost every morning like a rocket in high . . . and there are lots of chores around the house that he never seems to get done.

"But I must admit he doesn't let the important things slide. Take our financial security for example. Just last night he told me that he had arranged things so I could always count on a regular monthly income, even if something happened to him.

"Seems he learned about Mutual Life's 'Insured Income' Service, that makes it easy to provide family protection without ruining our budget. Best of all, Bill says 'Insured Income' means a comfortable retirement for both of us some day.

"Do you wonder I'm proud of him?"

* * *

Husbands who haven't made their "first million" prefer Mutual Life's "Insured Income" Service because it builds intelligently on the assets you already have . . . your Social Security benefits and present life insurance.

Let the Mutual Life career Field Underwriter near you explain how this Service can contribute to your family's happiness and your own peace of mind.

YOUR *Social Security*
WORTH $3,000 OR $13,000?

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET—Find out now how much Social Security may benefit you. If you reside in the United States, mail coupon for explanation of Social Security. You'll also receive a handy file to keep official records you, or your wife, may need later to collect benefits without costly delay.

YOUR SOCIAL SECURITY AND HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF IT

Insured Income FIRST IN AMERICA

THE MUTUAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY of NEW YORK
34 Nassau Street, New York 5, N. Y. Alexander E. Patterson, President

Yes, I would like your FREE Social Security booklet—C-44.

NAME .... AGE ....

HOME ADDRESS ....

OCCUPATION ....

VETERANS: KEEP YOUR "G. I." LIFE INSURANCE!

FISHERMAN'S PROF

Continued from page 18

most of the power exerted at about eleven on the mythical clock. The follow-through should have the rod tip pointing to the spot where the fly is expected to drop.

It's well, Harvey says, to aim the cast a foot or two above the spot so the fly will not slap the water, but will, instead, settle lightly to the surface.

At thirty-five George Harvey is as enthusiastic about fishing as he was when he caught his first trout at the age of six. During the past twelve years he has been astream literally most of each open season. He spouts facts and figures about fishing without hesitation, and not in a cut and dried classroom lecture tone.

"There are twenty million fishermen in the country today," he says with enthusiasm. "It's the greatest participation sport in the United States." He pulls figures out of the air. "Why, in 1940 alone, four billion dollars was spent for sports and athletics, and fishing led them all with one billion, two hundred million. And that wasn't spent just by men, either, because women are equally interested. In fact, it's easier to teach women how to cast because they are relaxed. Men always want to put more power into their casts."

Sue Follows in Dad's Footsteps

His prize woman student is his daughter Sue, who, at six, has been tying flies for three and a half years.

"She puts on quite a show and can tie a common hackle fly in about three minutes," George says, with a grin. "And she's started to cast. She does pretty well, too."

George Harvey began to tie trout flies himself when he was ten. During his undergraduate days he kept himself in spending money tying flies, averaging about $150 a year. It was during that time he organized an extracurricular class in fly tying and believes it was th first one of its kind in the world. He ha an enrollment of 35, including professors, instructors and townspeople fron State College.

He still ties flies in the winter an averages about 100 dozen a year whicl he has sold for from five to nine dollar a dozen.

Lately, however, he has been so bus with his classes he hardly finds time t tie all he needs for himself. Several year ago he set a personal record with 40 dozen. He ties from eight to a dozen dr flies an hour or about two dozen we flies during that same length of time.

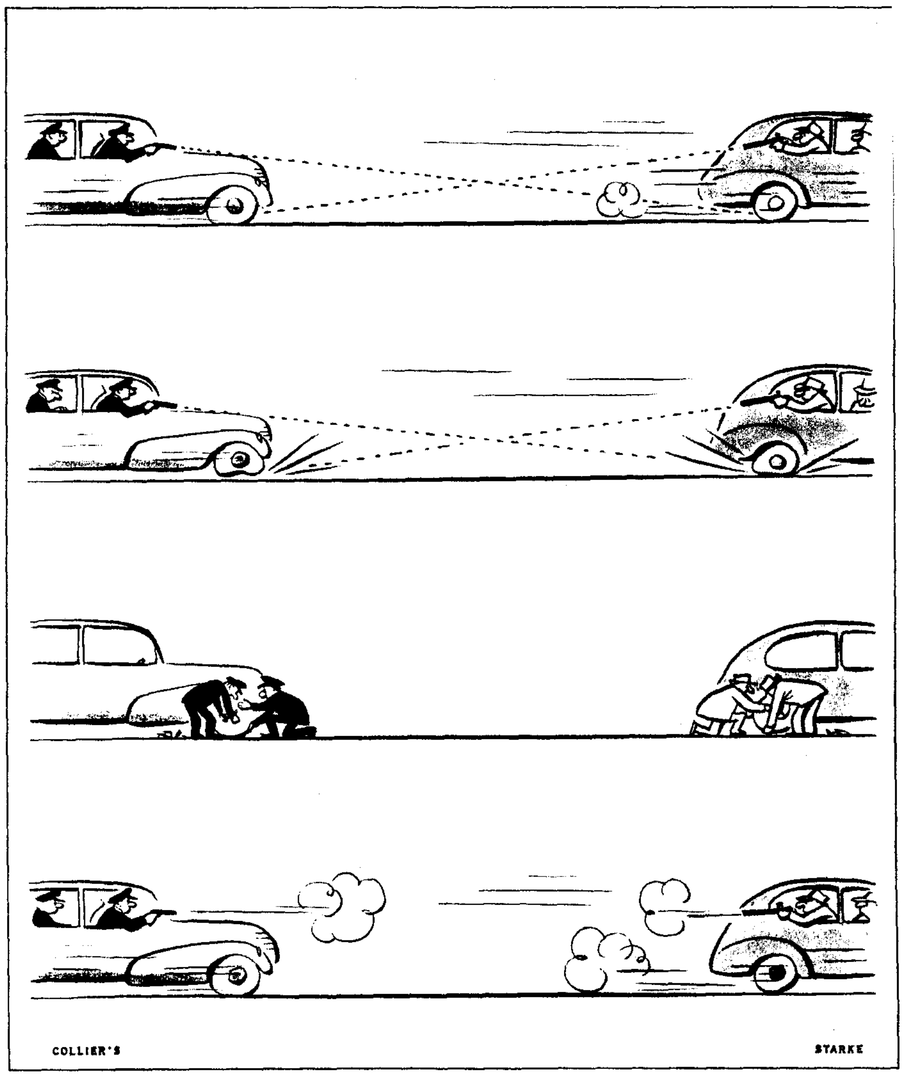
The dry fly, because it is to float o top of the water, has two or three bush hackles that stand out. With the wet fly the hackle is tied back so it will absorl water which will weight it enough t drag it under the surface.

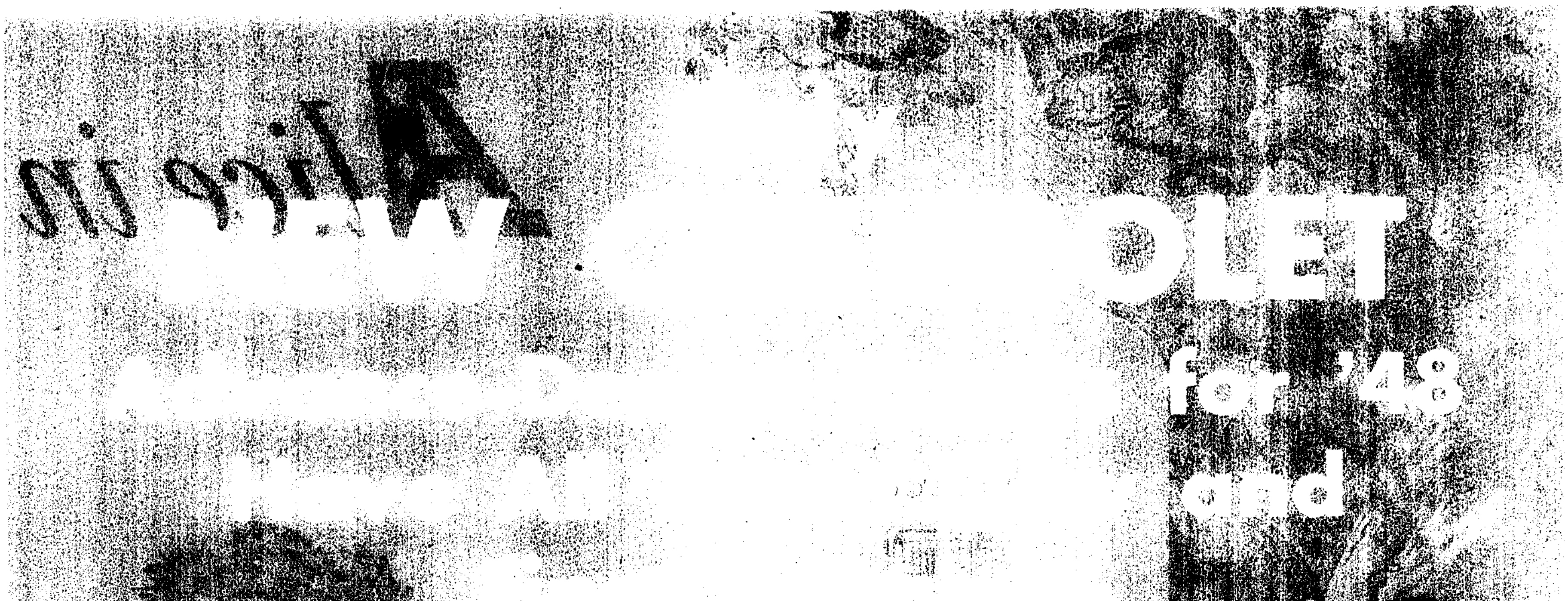
George Harvey is himself a graduat of Penn State, where he captained th track and cross-country teams in botl his freshman and senior years, winnin three letters in cross-country and two i track. He ran the half mile, mile, tw mile, and five mile and lost only tw races in dual competition in those fou years. After spending seven years on th Forestry School staff, he returned t Penn State in 1942 as a member of th physical education staff. For three year during the war he coached track an cross-country. But fishing was his greatest form of recreation and he was delighted at the chance to teach the cours for credit.

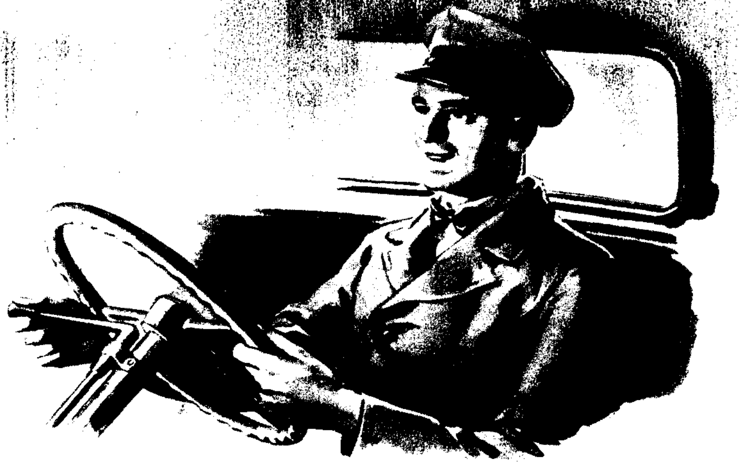
Because of the classes, he missed mor days in the streams during the first wee of the 1947 season than he did during al of 1946.

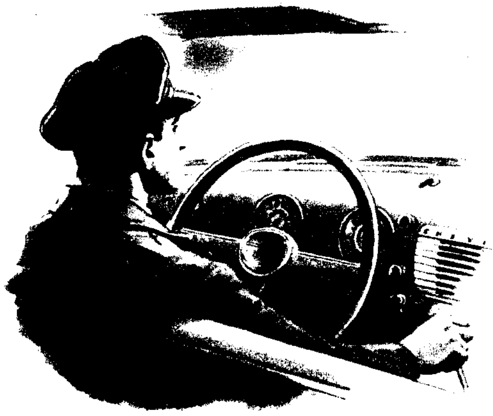
"That's the only thing that bothers m about teaching the classes," he says wit a wry smile. "It cuts into my fishin time."

THE END







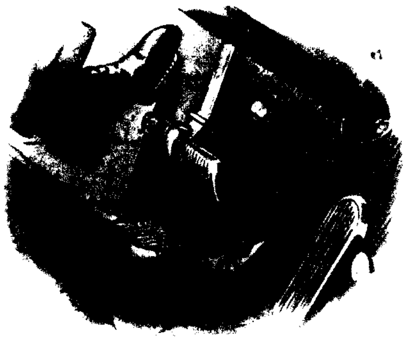


NEW CHEVROLET 4-SPEED SYNCHRO-MESH TRUCK TRANSMISSIONS

Completely new, Chevrolet-developed Synchro-Mesh transmission in heavy-duty models assures truck users of unparalleled new ease and efficiency in truck operation!

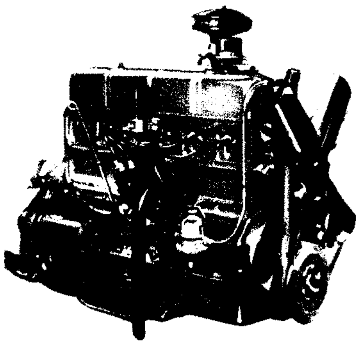
CHEVROLET ADVANCE-DESIGN GEARSHIFT CONTROL

Unrivaled new convenience and ease of operation in Advance-Design models with 3-speed transmission. Gearshift is mounted on the steering column to provide new efficiency on every hauling job!



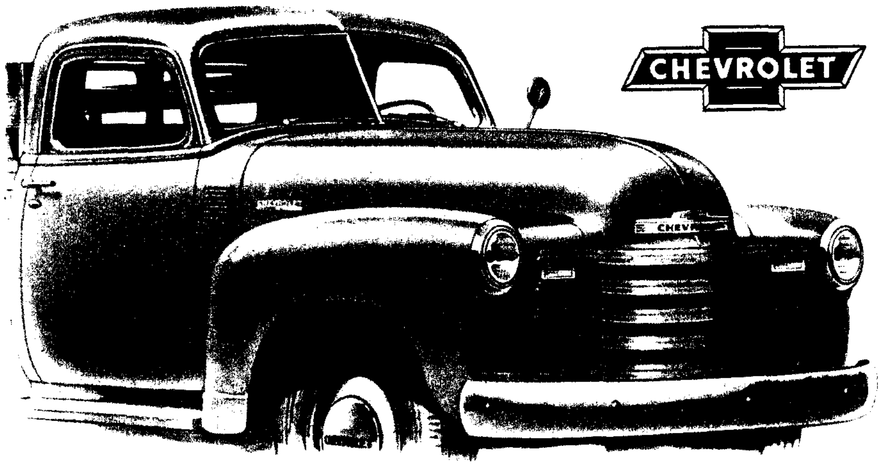
NEW FOOT-OPERATED PARKING BRAKE

Here's a revolutionary new feature of Advance-Design models with 3-speed transmission. The new Chevrolet foot-operated parking brake provides safer, more efficient braking, plus new, clear, floor area!



NEW IMPROVED CHEVROLET VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE

The world's most economical engine for its size—Chevrolet's power-packed valve-in-head engine is now even *finer*, with *vital new features that assure* greater durability and operating efficiency!



CHEVROLET

NEW MULTIPLE-FEATURE DEVELOPMENTS

Chevrolet Advance-Design provides new splined rear-axle shaft attachment to wheel hubs for greater strength and durability in heavy-duty models . . . New heavier, more durable springs . . . New propeller shaft bearing-seal design.

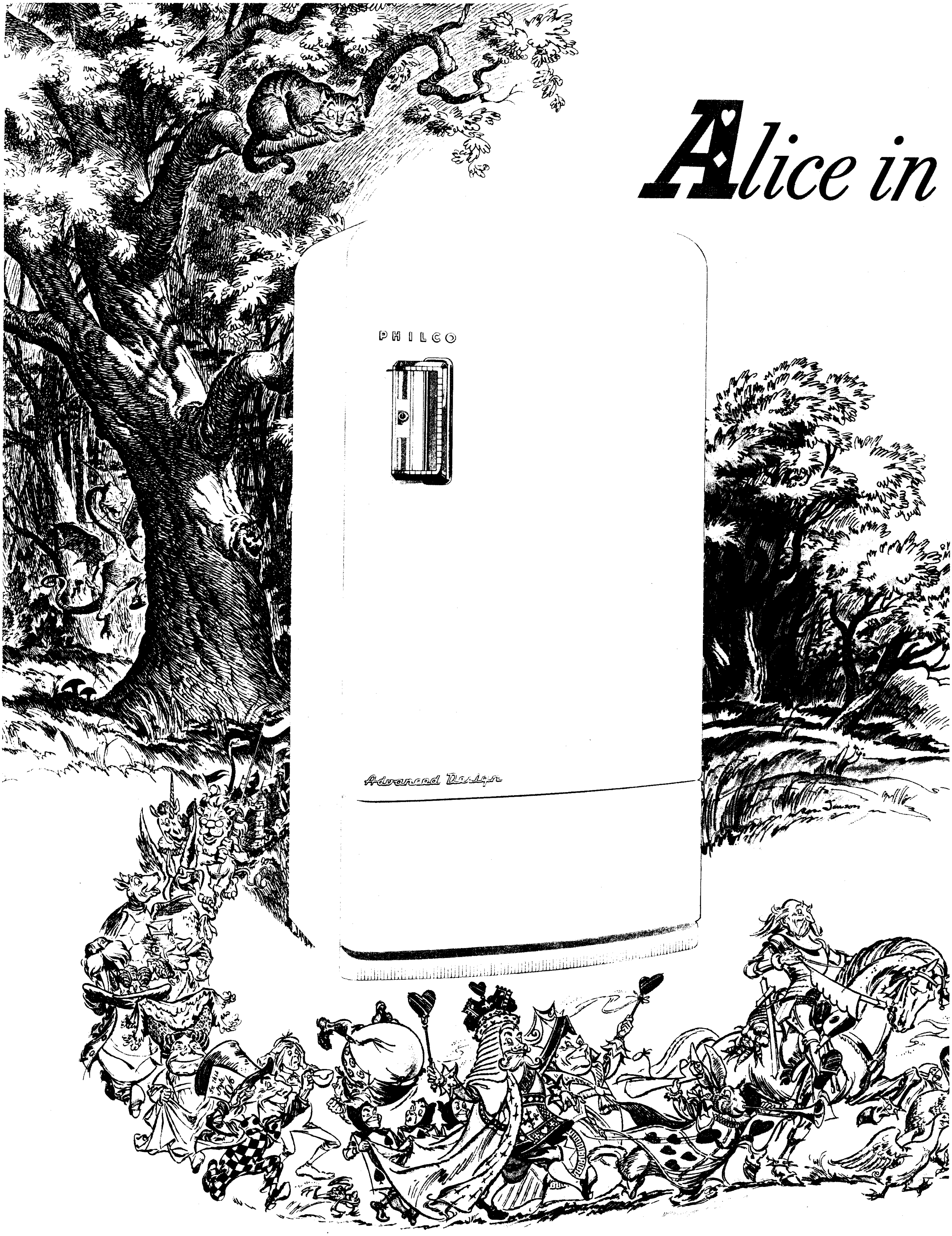
PLUS ● The Cab that "Breathes"* ● Flexi-Mounted cab ● Uniweld, all-steel cab construction ● Large, durable, fully adjustable seat ● All-round visibility with rear-corner windows* ● Super-strength frames ● Full-floating hypoid rear axles ● Specially designed hydraulic truck brakes ● Thorough cab sealing, insulation ● Standard cab-to-axle dimensions, permitting interchange of bodies . . . and MANY other fine features.

**Fresh air heating and ventilating system and rear corner windows optional at extra cost.*

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Corporation*, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

[illegible] LINE [illegible]

Alice in


PHILCO
Advanced Design

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Alice's
Adventures
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discovers the most wondrous of all Refrigerators

"The time has come," the Walrus said, "to talk of many things; Advanced Design by Philco, and the benefits it brings; a Wonderland of features like the new Conservador . . . of clear, transparent plastic showing what you're looking for; the giant Freezer Locker; Shelf Control to banish squeeze-in; Humidity that's Balanced for the climate and the season. Refrigeration at its best . . . facilities no end. Will you, won't you, see your dealer . . . join the Philco trend!"

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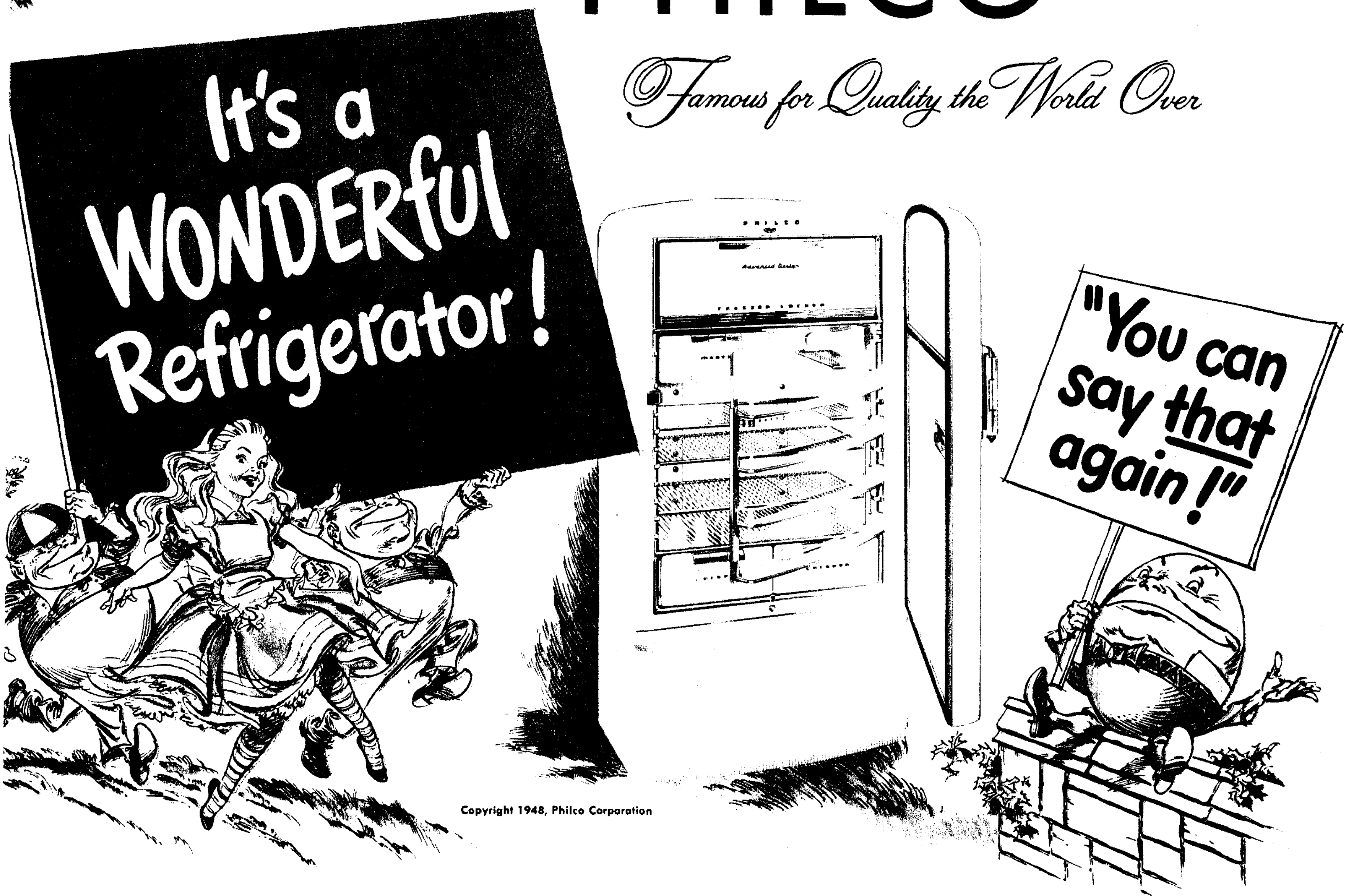
Famous for Quality the World Over


It's a
WONDERful
Refrigerator!
PHILCO
Advanced Design
FREEZER LOCKER
"You can
say that
again!"

Copyright 1948, Philco Corporation

ONLY AN *Elgin*

HAS THE DURAPOWER MAINSPRING*

MADE OF "ELGILOY" META

Eliminates 99% of watch repairs due to steel mainspring failures!

LOOK FOR THIS SYMBOL ON THE DIA

*Patent pending

The one you love will be happier with an **ELGIN**

The powerhouse of a watch—the part that makes it *go*—is the mainspring. And, right there in that vital part, Elgin offers a tremendous advantage.

Elgin's DuraPower Mainspring, *completely* overcomes rust—the commonest cause of mainspring breakage. *Retains* its "springiness" indefinitely for greater accuracy through the years. *Actually eliminates 99% of watch repairs due to steel mainspring failures!*

No other watch in the world has the DuraPower Mainspring. And it's in all new Elgins at no extra cost.

You probably know of Elgin's famed timed-to-the-stars accuracy. You can *see* Elgin's brilliantly original styling. And you can appreciate the importance of having a watch that's made in America, adjusted here to temperatures and positions.

Now the "dp" symbol of DuraPower on the dial is a final assurance that you or the one you love will be happier with an Elgin.

Lord and Lady Elgins are priced from $65.00 t $5000.00. Elgin De Luxe from $47.50 to $65.00 Other Elgins can be bought for as little as $29.75 All of these prices include the Federal Excise Tax

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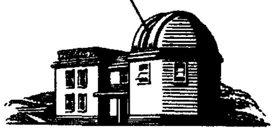


Now to Elgin's famous star-timed accuracy th DuraPower Mainspring adds a permanency o timekeeping performance never before possible i any watch. Elgin observatory time is the officia time of United Air Lines.

THE BEST-LAID PLANS

Continued from page 30

ill. “Where am I?” he asked and his oice was grating.

“Norfolk Island—”

“I was shipwrecked,” he said.

“The storm was severe.”

Pat looked more closely at the girl. he had spoken in a low, soft voice and et his gaze openly. with eyes as deep rown as the polished koa wood bowl Mrs. Grimshaw’s parlor. Her hair as the same color and it hung long and ose over her shoulders.

“How far’s Norfolk from Sydney?” e asked.

“A thousand miles, ’tis said.”

He wet his cracked lips; he pulled his gs under him and got up, swaying for moment while black and white shadows hased violently across his eyes. The girl aw his weakness, and with a quick ovement was at his side and her arm as about him.

“I need water,” he croaked.

“A stone catch basin be there.” She ointed and the loose sleeve fell away rom an arm that was slim and rounded nd the color of fresh cedar shavings in he sun. “Art thou stout enough?”

She talked a queer sort, Pat thought. ilently she helped him to the small reser oir of rain water. Pat drank his fill. He ashed his face, roughed the salt from is hair and combed it with his fingers. e felt better. Sitting on the rim of the imestone tank, he looked around.

“What’s your name?” His voice was ounding right again.

“Sunday Christian.” Her full red lips arted in the suggestion of a smile. “And ours?”

“Patrick James Neally.” For the span f a heart tick he was sorry he’d given is real name.

“I will take thee home, Patrick,” she aid simply.

“How far?”

“Scarce twenty poles from the shelf. he island is but five by three miles in ize.” Again she put her arm around him, nd before they reached the tableland f the island proper he was badly winded. e sat down, staring at the massed bat alion of trees.

“What kind of pines are these?” he asked, playing for time to rest.

“Loblolly . . . they were planted many years ago when Norfolk was a penal colony. The government thought to use them for masts to warships.”

“How long’ve you lived here?”

“Always.”

“Your people too?”

“Come.” She diverted the talk hastily. “Thursday will be fretful with me away so long.”

THEY came on a red dirt road with rock drainage ditches at the sides. The roadway led to a ridge, and the girl pointed to a gentle valley in the center of the island.

“There is my fale, the nighest one to us. Fletcher Quintal is to our north. St. Barnabas’ Church and the school hall are to the south.”

Pat studied the land. On each plot was a thatch-roofed house and scattered outbuildings.

“Thursday is at the gate. Come!” the girl said.

She led the way to an elderly, white-bearded man standing at the tecoma hedge opening.

“Father, this is Patrick James Neally. Patrick, this is my father, Thursday October Christian.”

The old man extended a hard, work-worn hand. “Strangers of good intent be welcome to Norfolk.”

“Patrick was shipwrecked—”

The old man waggled an overhanging eyebrow. “Where away?”

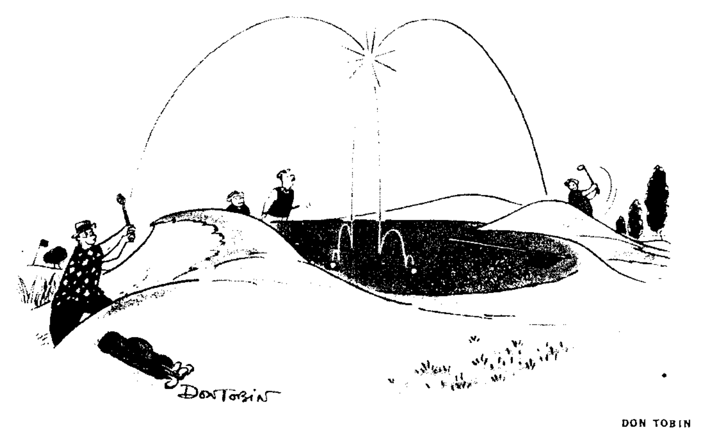
“The storm hit us east of Brisbane. I don’t know where we broke up nor how long I floated or what happened to the others. It must’ve been early last evening when I landed here.”

“Sunday, get Patrick food.”

Leading Pat to the front of the house and into a side room, the old man handed him a shirt and trousers of homespun.

“Put these on; thine are well-nigh done.”

When Pat had eaten his fill and smoked a bowl of his host’s tobacco he felt better. Thursday Christian waited



DON TOBIN

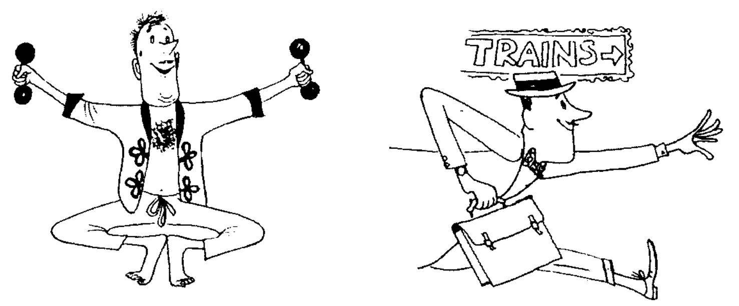
SPORTING ODDS

Last July, at the Vashon Golf Course (Vashon Island, Washington), Bill Ackley and Stan Anderson, playing the par-3 eighth hole, found their tee shots had ended in the rough on opposite sides of the elevated green. Out of sight of each other, they played their second shots simultaneously, both pitching high and strong. The balls collided directly above the flagstick. No, it wasn't a birdie deuce for either, but the balls dropped so close to the hole that each had an easy putt for a par.

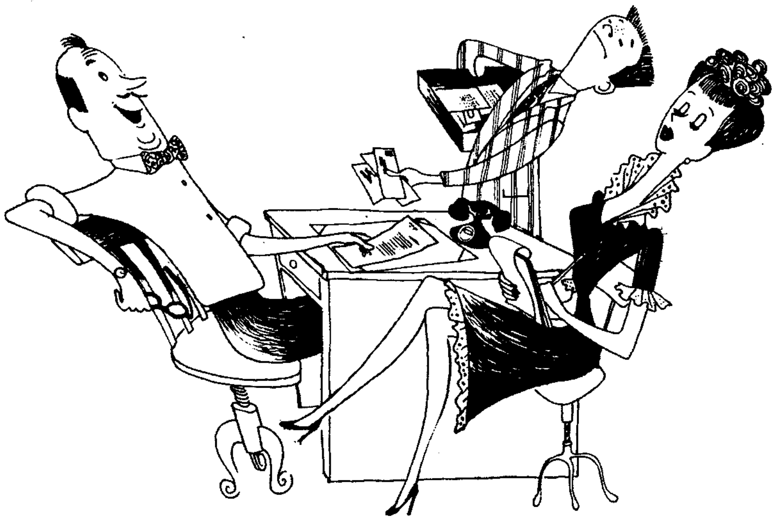
—Donald Bowman, Burton, Washington

COLLIER'S will pay a minimum of $25 for each acceptable contribution to Sporting Odds. Address Sporting Odds, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. (Contributions cannot be returned.)

FEEL Athletic... LOOK Athletic...



But don't have "Athletic Aroma"



No soap stops it long! Be SURE —with this LOTION deodorant

Miss Steno, take a note. You too, junior. You don't have to be an athlete to be guilty of "Athletic Aroma." But you *can* avoid it easily now, with a discovery by Barbasol's skin scientists—a new, different deodorant created expressly for men, in LOTION form! Clean, easy to use—no muss, no goo! Vanishes instantly yet banishes odor *at least* 24 hours. Costs little; only a few drops a day needed. *Absolutely harmless to skin and clothes.* Start using it today! Price: 39¢ plus tax.

Confidentially Barbasol LOTION DEODORANT

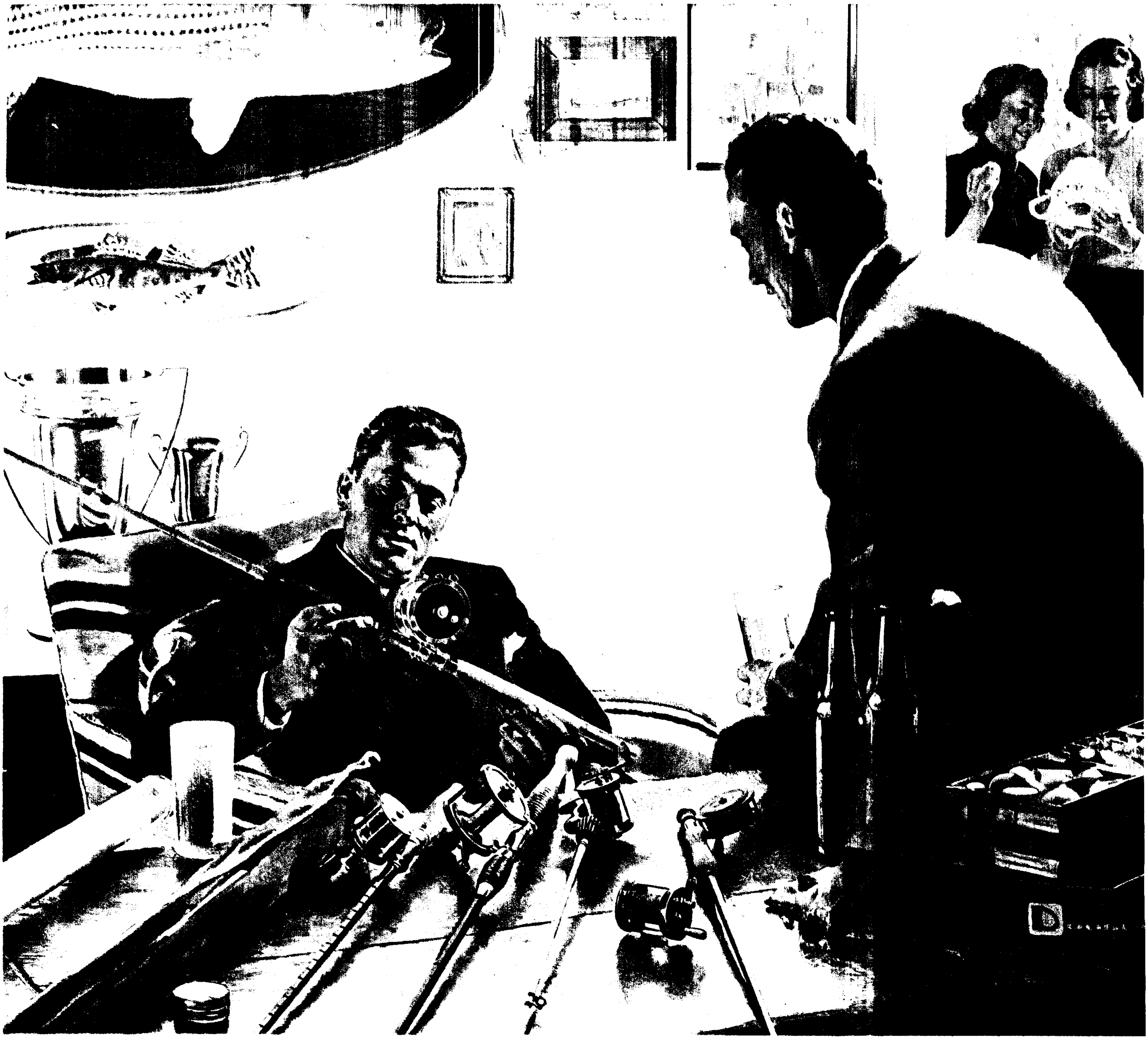
Barbasol LOTION Deodorant

Checks Perspiration • Stops Odor

FOR BEST RESULTS: shave with Barbasol

Barbasol
For Modern Shaving
Barbasol

Use it also for soothing relief of sunburn, windburn, insect bites, itching.



"THE PRIZED POSSESSIONS," by Douglass Crockwell. Number 15 in the series "Home Life in America," by noted American illustrators.

Beer belongs...enjoy it

In this home-loving land of ours . . . in this America of kindliness, of friendship, of good-humored tolerance . . . perhaps no beverages are more "at home" on more occasions than good American beer and ale.

For beer is the kind of beverage Americans like. It belongs—to pleasant living, to good fellowship, to sensible moderation. And our right to enjoy it, this too belongs—to our own American heritage of personal freedom.

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION

ntil he knocked the ash from the bowl efore excusing himself.

"I must work my fields and it's to bed or thee."

Pat gladly accepted. Spreading the ills from his money belt out to dry, he ropped into bed and slept the day and ight through. The next morning, as the ld fellow turned to his fields, Pat asked f he could help.

"Yes." Thursday accepted as though e expected the offer.

They went to work mulching the soil n a cherry guava grove and Pat discovred his muscles were sluggish with loafng and his shoulder was full of misery. Ie damned the blisters rising on his alms, and the girl was a welcome sight oming across the field with midday ood and water.

IT WAS with gasping effort that he resumed work. The old man did not lift is hoe to shoulder until the sun was diping into the sea beyond Anson Bay. Pat taggered along behind, moaning softly vith fatigue.

At the table Thursday prayed a long ime, touching on everything that had one during the day. He gave thanks for Patrick's deliverance from the sea, the ize of the guavas and sweet potatoes, nd the goodness of his daughter. When Pat lifted his eyes he met Sunday's chalenging gaze; he knew that if he made the lightest sign of laughing at the old man, e would have her to deal with.

Later the three of them sat on the ront stoop, watching the darkness setle. The stars came out and the moon ode over Mount Pitt, and the night irds talked in the trees, and the big pines vhispered against the beat of the surf ar below.

"Many strangers settle here?" Pat put vords to a thought that had been building through the day.

"The Council must vote on't," Thurslay told him.

"Do you suppose I could get permision?"

"There is little work here for a sailor, nd all must work."

"I'm not a sailor," Pat said carefully. 'I was on a business trip to China."

"I saw thee were not handy with hoe nd the soil." Thursday's pipe glowed vith long pulls.

"I like it here. Do you suppose they'll ave me?"

"I am the *matai*, the elder member; I vill vouch for thee."

A small, dim light began to burn in the ack of Pat's head. These clods were ight for a plucking. "Perhaps, I could uy a bit of land?"

"There be none for sale. When Norfolk was settled in '56 'twas marked off into fifty-acre lots and drawn for. It be held in East Greenwich freehold at the pleasure of Queen Vic and passes down in the family. Mayhap, the Mission would give thee a leasehold, but thou must not build air castles until the Council rules."

"When will the next meeting be held?"

"Saturday last we met. The next meeting be eight weeks from that day. There be less than four hundred people on Norfolk, and too much government be bothersome. We work hard, rest easy and live with God. Each male eighteen or over must work fourteen days socage a year on the roads. There be no taxes. The Council makes laws, but on each a vote is taken. Every person, male and female, of age, has a vote. There be none amongst us who pays childnit nor frendwite, for there be no bastard children nor be there men outside the law."

Pat digested the information slowly, fumbling over the strange words. "If I must leave, how could I get away?"

"The Sydney boat Dunedin will take thee. It puts in twice a year—the trip next in five months."

"Could I work with you until that time?" Pat looked at Sunday as he asked.

"My fale be thine, but the field work be over for the time. Tomorrow we go whaling."

"Whaling?"

"Each year, the Lord sends us sperm whale. For seventeen days they blow outside the Heads. The sperm oil is shipped to Sydney and the moneys divided, share and share. Thou may have a place in my boat for the hunt."

"How much does the sperm oil come to?"

"Last season it returned nigh to a thousand pounds."

"Do you ship out other things too?"

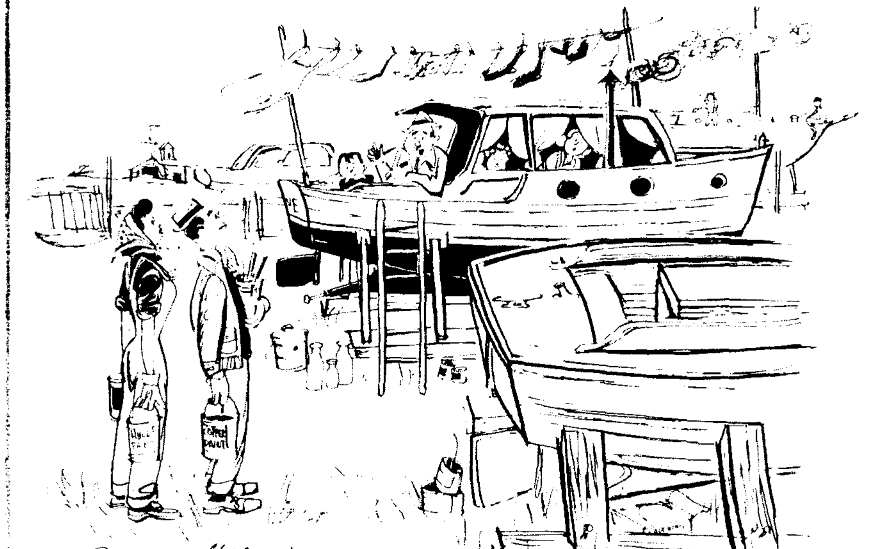
"Much. Passion fruit, guava jelly, potatoes and lemons, and other products of the soil."

Pat grinned in the darkness. It was like falling into an open vault of the Bank of England.

PAT bent to his task of working the soil around the sweet potatoes. As the blade slashed between the tender roots his thoughts were on the Council meeting in Kingston. Today he would know if he could remain on Norfolk. Once permission was gained, he would begin his scheme that would send him away from Norfolk with thousands.

At Thursday's suggestion, he had stayed behind while the vote was taken. With great care he went over the Council's membership. The one dissenter

THE SHORE FLEET **by GREGORY D'ALESSIO**



"Early start, my eye! We've been living here for the past three months!"

COLLIER'S

The Reels the Fishermen asked for
GUARANTEED and INSURED

PRIZEWINNER Reels by Ranger

Here they are . . .

the reels you've been asking for. We invited over 50,000 of you — experienced fishermen every one — to write the specifications. We put your ideas through our research division, tested them in action — and combined the best features in the 1948 PRIZEWINNER Reels by Ranger. Your new PRIZEWINNER is built to cast farther, smoother, straighter — built for easier upkeep and longer life — broken in at the factory. Ranger's guarantee and insurance policy make every PRIZEWINNER a lifetime investment. So . . . have fun with your Ranger-built reel. It's rugged. Down-to-earth prices allow you to enjoy your PRIZEWINNER!

Send for Ranger's new catalog. Learn how **your** pet ideas are built into "The Reels the Fishermen Asked For." Drop us a postcard!

by Ranger INC.
ROCKFORD, MICHIGAN

DEALERS — Ask your jobber. PRIZEWINNER Reels are backed by telling, selling publication and point-of-sale advertising.

might be George Adams, whose son kept the road worn between Kingston and the Christian place to court Sunday. He would like to smash young Adams on the mug. He thought of the hours he had spent with the girl and he wondered why he had tantalized himself this long with her. In the late afternoons, when young Adams wasn't around, they had searched out every cranny and nook on the island. They had cast for fish from Collins' Head and climbed Mount Pitt and gone wading at Cascade Landing.

He had only to close his eyes to see every contour and shadow of her face, her dark eyes and wind-blown curling hair and every lithe movement of her slender body.

FAR down the roadway he heard a faint call come over the fields to him. Then he saw Sunday running, hair streaming back with the speed she was making. Dropping his hoe, he rushed to meet her.

"Patrick," she called without pausing. "Patrick, good news for thee!"

Pat was to her now and her hands were in his. "Am I to stay?"

"There was none to vote thee nay."

Pat put his arms around her and drew her close. Her face lifted eagerly and he crushed his lips to hers. It was minutes before his brain cautioned his heart and he stepped back.

"Come," he said softly. He led the way past the gate and onto the point overlooking Anson's Bay. "Sit down."

He settled in the grass at her feet and, taking her hands in his, looked up at her. Now was the time to manufacture a tale that would turn to his account when the time came.

"I shouldn't have kissed you, Sunday."

"Why?"

"You don't know much about me. I might be a criminal running away."

The girl leaned forward and put her hand on his cheek and her slim fingers pulsed cool comfort. "Thy head is filled with needless worry. My grandfather was a mutineer; he would have been hanged if caught."

"You're funning," Pat accused.

"We are all descended from pirates." She waved a hand to take in the whole island. "Our men stole the Bounty from Captain Bligh. My grandfather was Fletcher Christian, the leader of those men."

"I didn't know that."

"We are not shamed, but we do not talk of it. Our people came here from Pitcairn many years ago. Some returned, but most stayed. I was born here. Mayhap you marked our way of talking for we have many words of our grandparents who were from Tahiti."

"I want to live here, but I must go back to Australia first." He hid his eyes by turning them to the sea. "I must settle my business."

"Somehow, I cannot think of thee as a man of business."

"What do you mean by that?" Pat asked sharply.

"Should I mean something by it other than what the words say?"

"Of course not." He was glad to drop the whole thing.

"You will come back, Patrick?" she asked softly.

"Yes," he promised, "and while I'm waiting, I'll take a leasehold from the Mission and build a house." The few pounds he would spend on a holding and a house would be the guaranty necessary to convince the islanders he would return. He drew Sunday to him. "I'll build the house for you." If she was suspicious, the house would quiet her.

She kissed him and whispered, "One day our fale will be happy with the laughter of sons and daughters." . . .

In the three months before the arrival of the Dunedin, it was simple to plant the seed. One evening when talking with Thursday, he dropped it on fertile soil. "It seems to me you people are losing considerable money on the goods you ship out."

"How be that?"

"How much stuff did you ship last year?"

"Nigh on to five thousand pounds," Thursday said.

Pat felt the skin twitch on the back of his neck. "How much did you have shipped in from Sydney?"

"Three thousand-odd."

Rapidly Pat calculated. "That's eight hundred pounds you people lost, maybe more. You ship to a commission merchant in Sydney; he charges you ten per cent to sell for you—then he charges ten per cent to buy the stuff you people want shipped back."

The old man puffed on his pipe. "That be so," he agreed.

"It would pay to have someone ride the cargo to Sydney and sell it on the market, and have the same person buy without commission what is wanted here." Pat stirred uneasily under the searching eyes of Sunday. Was she suspicious?

"I will talk to the Council on't."

Pat made it a point not to refer to the subject again. He secured a leasehold and was assigned a plot overlooking Duncombe Bay, scarce a double furlong from the Christian place. Willing hands helped him in raising the house, and he and Sunday set out lemon and orange trees and planted a tecoma hedge, and ground was broken for the fields of guava and sweet potatoes. He worked until he was gaunt and weary and through the long hours Sunday was at his side.

Sometimes the hoe in his hand would hang in mid-air and he would look about him in wonderment. There was no need for all this work, he told himself. Everyone believed he would return to marry Sunday and live out his life here . . . everyone but young Adams that is.

One evening Thursday told him, "The Council would like thee to see to our selling, if it be not too troublesome."

"I'll do it," he said after a calculated interval. He ran his hands along his thighs. It was over five thousand pounds they were handing him. What a swath he would cut in Sydney! He'd buy a gaudy boa for Widow Grimshaw and pay her double, and he'd settle up with Spider Webbe. With the five thousand he could buy passage to Frisco and be Mr. Somebody in a silk vest, and be far, far away before the Dunedin returned with the bad news.

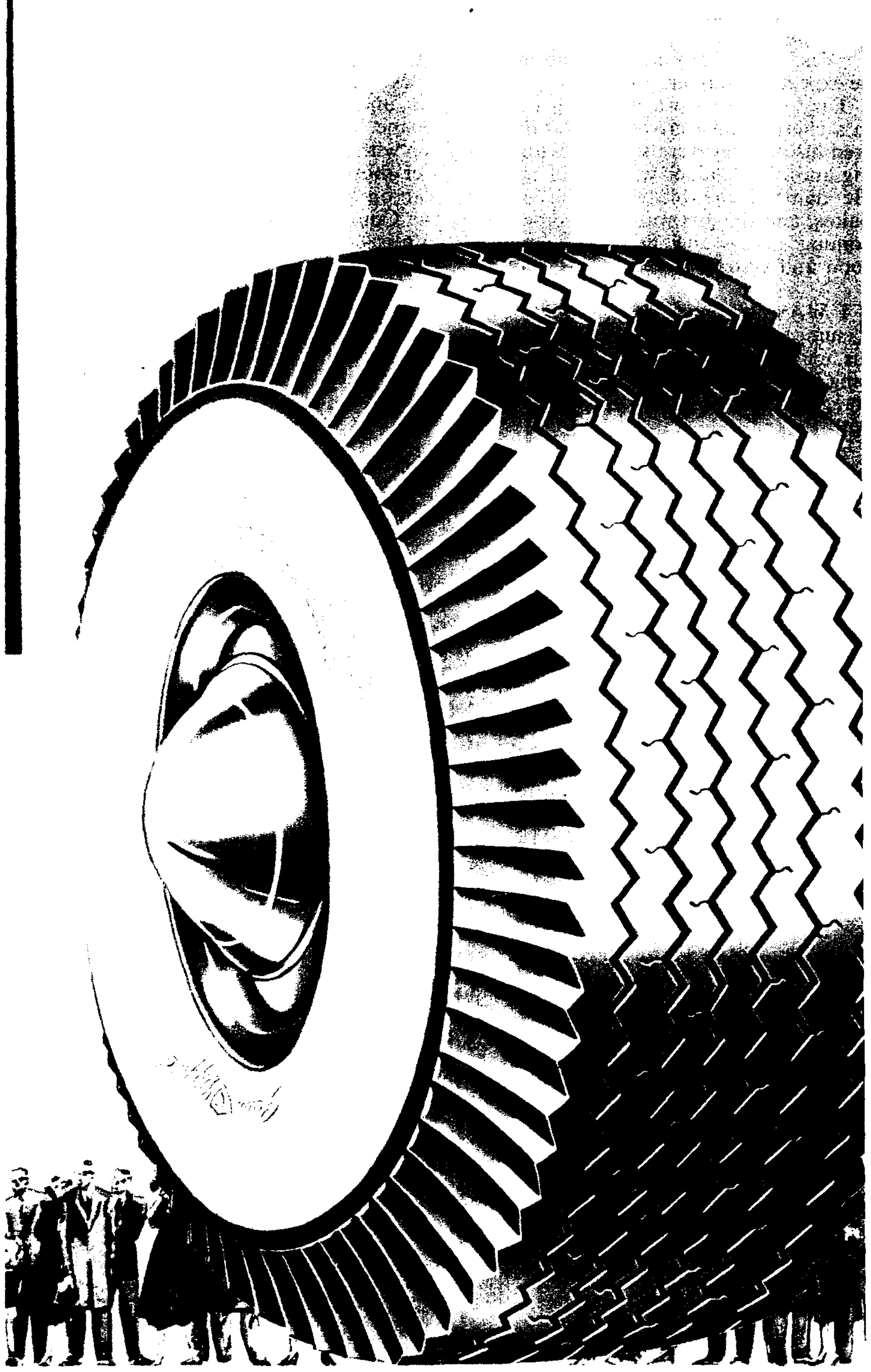
ONE day Pat saw the Dunedin standing in, her skysail a handkerchief on the rim of blue. Before the mainsail was above the horizon, Sunday was at his side.

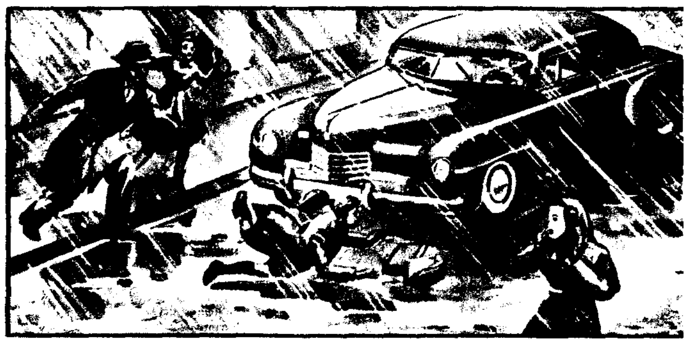
"'Tis here," she whispered, holding tight to his hand and turning her head that he might not see her tears. "When you return, I'll be waiting for thee."

Pat turned on his heel, and, nearly running, hurried down the road toward Kingston; he knew Sunday was standing where he had left her with a worried crinkle between her eyes. He beat his hands together—what a lout he was to let such silliness crop up now! He couldn't have both Sunday and the money—and put five thousand pounds in his pocket and he could forget any girl who lived.

Nearly everyone on the island was down for the sailing. As Pat went about, hand-pumping goodbys, he asked Thursday for the tenth time where Sunday could be and what was keeping her. The old fellow shrugged his shoulders and muttered that young girls be skittish and impulsive.

Pat got a jolt that made his stomach do a flip-flap when he realized young Adams wasn't in the crowd either. So! They couldn't wait until he was out of sight. Still he loitered. He said goodby to everyone, even to the kids, and was on his second time around when the mate bel-





SUPER-SAFETY—Exclusive Firestone Skid-Resistors in
tread and larger area of contact with the road provide
greatest protection against skidding ever built into a ti
Revolutionary new construction principles assure coo
running and greater protection against blowouts.

THE NEW FIRESTON

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HERE'S the newest in tires to match the newest in cars! The new Firestone Super-Balloon is a revolutionary new KIND of tire that gives you a revolutionary new KIND of ride. Yet, the idea back of it was conceived by Firestone a quarter of a century ago.

Back in 1922, Firestone developed the FIRST balloon tire, which set completely new and different standards of safety, comfort and long mileage. Now, Firestone gives the car owners of America a new sensation in riding and driving luxury with the new Firestone Super-Balloon.

PROVED QUALITY and PERFORMANCE

Exhaustive tests prove that you can drive more miles at higher speeds with less fatigue. You can stop more safely on any road in any weather because of the scientifically-designed Skid-Resistors in the tread and more tread area in contact with the road. This remarkable new tire, which holds more air at lower pressure and which incorporates completely new principles of tread design and body construction, absorbs the shock of hitting rocks, bumps and other objects instead of transmitting the shock to you and your car. It provides amazingly greater stability and enables your car to hug the road on curves. It keeps your car young, too . . . you save money on car maintenance because there are fewer trips to the repair shop to get rid of squeaks and rattles.

MORE RIDING COMFORT and SAFETY

The new Firestone Super-Balloon is truly the tire of tomorrow, a wholly new sensation in restful riding, in non-skid safety, in blowout protection and in longer, more comfortable mileage. Many of the most famous automobile manufacturers will feature it on their 1948 models. And soon you will be able to put new Firestone Super-Balloons on your present car. Watch for them at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.

Listen to the Voice of Firestone every Monday evening over NBC

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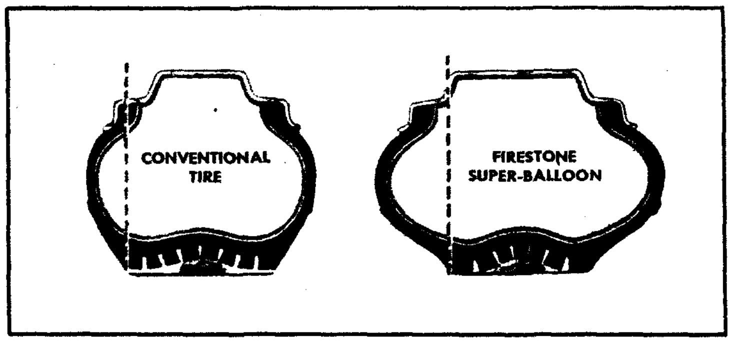
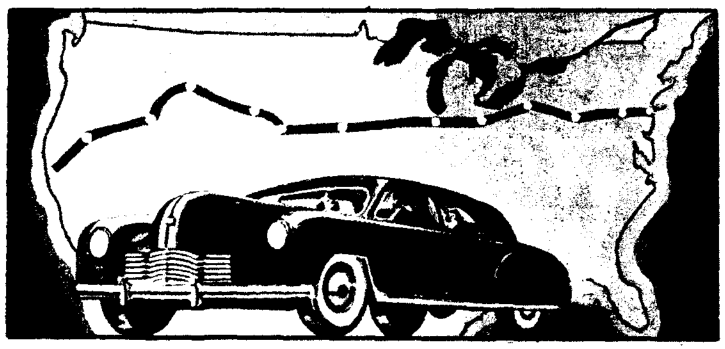


SUPER-COMFORT— Cross-sections show how greater air volume and lower pressure permit greater flexing action when Firestone Super-Balloons go over bumps and rough roads. The tire takes the punishment instead of you or your car. You can drive farther, faster and longer with less fatigue.



SUPER-ECONOMY—In addition to giving you long mileage, this tire saves you money on maintenance. Fewer jolts and jars reach your car, so there are fewer trips to the shop for repairs to get rid of annoying squeaks and rattles. This tire keeps your car young; reduces wear and tear on parts.

SUPER-BALLOON RUNS ON ONLY 24 POUNDS OF AIR

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1 EXTRA YEAR OF BEAUTY

Makes your house keep that "New Look"—longer!

Best buy in home protection for over 80 years... that's Sherwin-Williams SWP House Paint! America's favorite, SWP now brings you a great big extra bonus— *beauty that lasts a full year longer than before!*

In its whiter, brighter whites—or in its cleaner, more beautiful colors—SWP House Paint now gives your home a new, "freshly-painted" look that stays on and on!

The superb quality of SWP has made millions of satisfied users. Today, more than ever, SWP means the most for your house paint money!

Check these 6 great additional advantages:

1 **HONEST-FILM-THICKNESS!** No deep brush marks... no weak spots in the film!

2 **QUICKER-DRYING!** This new SWP dries before heavy dust can collect!

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6 **SAVES MORE MONEY!** SWP does not require repainting for years!

Available at all dealers who display the "Cover-the-Earth" emblem.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS

lowed through a megaphone for him to come aboard if he was coming.

On shipboard he walked to the farthest reach of the fantail where he could look ashore. Dimly he heard the anchor chain rattle in the hawsehole as the sweating crew walked the capstan. With a rattle of blocks and a hauling of ropes the canvas rose and filled and the ship headed westward.

The crowd was breaking up ashore until one lone figure was on the landing . . . old Thursday, occasionally lifting his stringy arm in a wave. Pat paced the fantail. What did it matter that Sunday had given him the go-by? The five thousand was—as good as in his money belt now.

Searing hot, a thought came to Pat and he shuddered under the impact. He sat down on a bitthead and wiped a fine mist of perspiration from his face. Since the arrival of the Dunedin, Sunday had known he would not return, and all she had done about it was to spend most of her time at Aunt Emily Christian's next door to the Adams place.

IN SYDNEY, Pat made a hurried tour of the water front, checking prices. There was no time to waste. He must sell and settle up with Spider Webbe before the police learned of his return. Satisfied that he knew the current market, he handed out manifests to produce merchants and asked for bids on the lot.

He found great joy in haggling with the greedy, sweating filchers. Loftily he dismissed first offers and threatened to rent a stall and sell direct. By midafternoon he had sold the lot to Simms & Croaker for five thousand eight hundred. Pat grinned as he pocketed the roll of notes. Taking a horse cab downtown, he went into a tailor shop where he bought a colorful hand-me-down suit, a flowered vest of silk and a high hat. With a gold chain across his front, and cane in hand, he strolled into Spider Webbe's tavern.

"I believe I owe you sixty quid," he said precisely. With exaggerated care he hauled out the heavy roll and tossed thirteen five-pound notes on the bar. "That's interest for waiting. Good day," he said to the jaw-sprung Webbe.

If possible, Mrs. Grimshaw was more surprised than Webbe had been, and tears gushed to her eyes when he handed her the brilliant boa he had picked up on the way out to King's Cross.

"I won't be sailing for some months, Mrs. Grimshaw, and the taverns in town are noisy. If your parlor room's vacant, I'd like to live here."

"It's open, Patrick," she said moistly. "Good! Here's three months' advance." From the bottom step he waved his cane in a jerky circle. "You better see about painting the house; I'll stand the cost." . . .

Pat found it great fun playing the swell. He bought more clothes and opened a bank account, and the little book became dog-eared from thumbing it. He looked up Squinch Durkan and bought him a suit of clothes and took him to dinner. At the races he found it impossible to lose for winning. By the end of a week he was more than two hundred ahead, with the bookmakers looking cross-eyed at him.

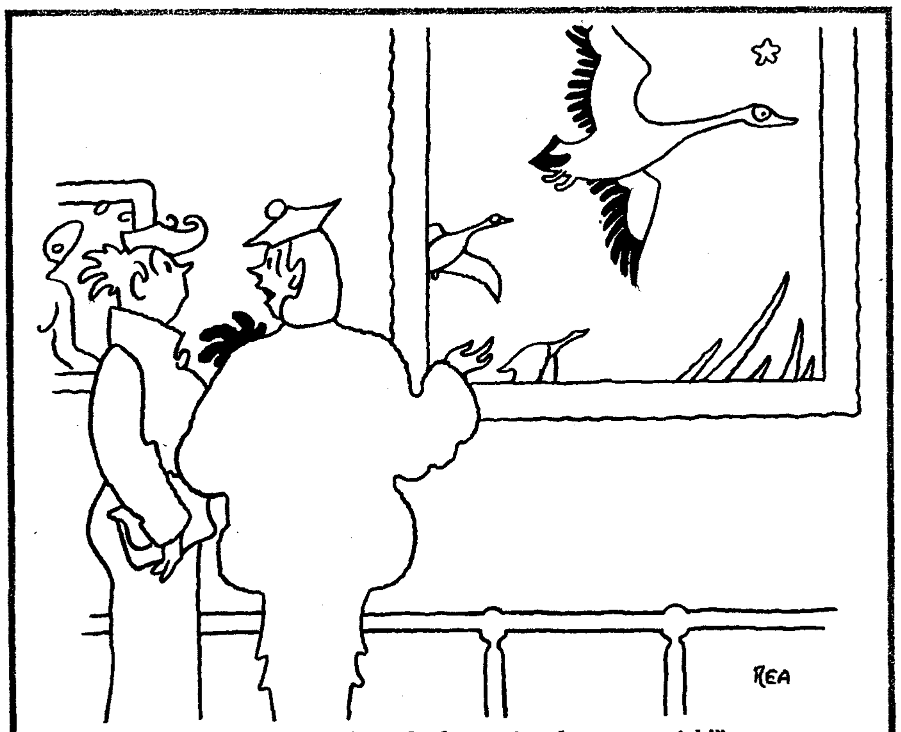
One day The Globe carried an artist's drawing of him. "Prosperous Importer at Races," it said. He wished Sunday could see that! She never had believed that he was in business; he never had quite erased the suspicion in her eyes. Hot resentment flooded him. He'd show her, just like he had shown a lot of people; he was no common grifter. Ask Mrs. Grimshaw! She thought the sun rose and set just for him; ask Spider Webbe, who turned his place upside down every time he went into The Lion.

The excitement of the races began to pall and there were weeks at a time when Pat didn't go near them or make a bet. He spent more and more time at the water front, where he turned a few quick pounds into his pocket by bidding in cargoes coming in from New Zealand and China. He inquired about passage to San Francisco and found there were sailings every six weeks, tide and wind willing. There was plenty time, he told himself . . . it would be four months before the Dunedin sailed again for Norfolk and by then he'd be on the Frisco Gold Coast.

Then he took to dreaming nightly of Sunday—but in his dreams young Adams was always about. Morning after morning he awakened haggard and tired and cursing Adams. It got so he shunned going to bed. One night, as he and Durkan prowled the water front, Squinch told him of visiting Holly Thorn at Darlinghurst. It seemed the government rope mills in the prison were shut down for want of hemp. The information fell into a slot and came out as a plan.

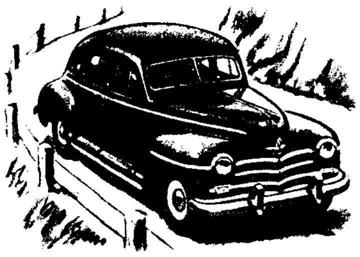
Pat hired a fishing boat and shoved off. Near Middle Head he boarded the Spanish trader Belle Hermine inbound from Manila with a cargo of hemp. When the Belle dropped anchor off Sydney Cove, Pat had an option on the cargo. . . .

Pat was entranced with the large white and red sign over his High Street office. A dozen times the first day he paced the



COLLIER'S "Gee! He must have had to paint that one quick!" GARDNER REA

All cars have TIRES but in the lowest-priced field only PLYMOUTH has SUPER-CUSHION TIRES on SAFETY-RIM WHEELS

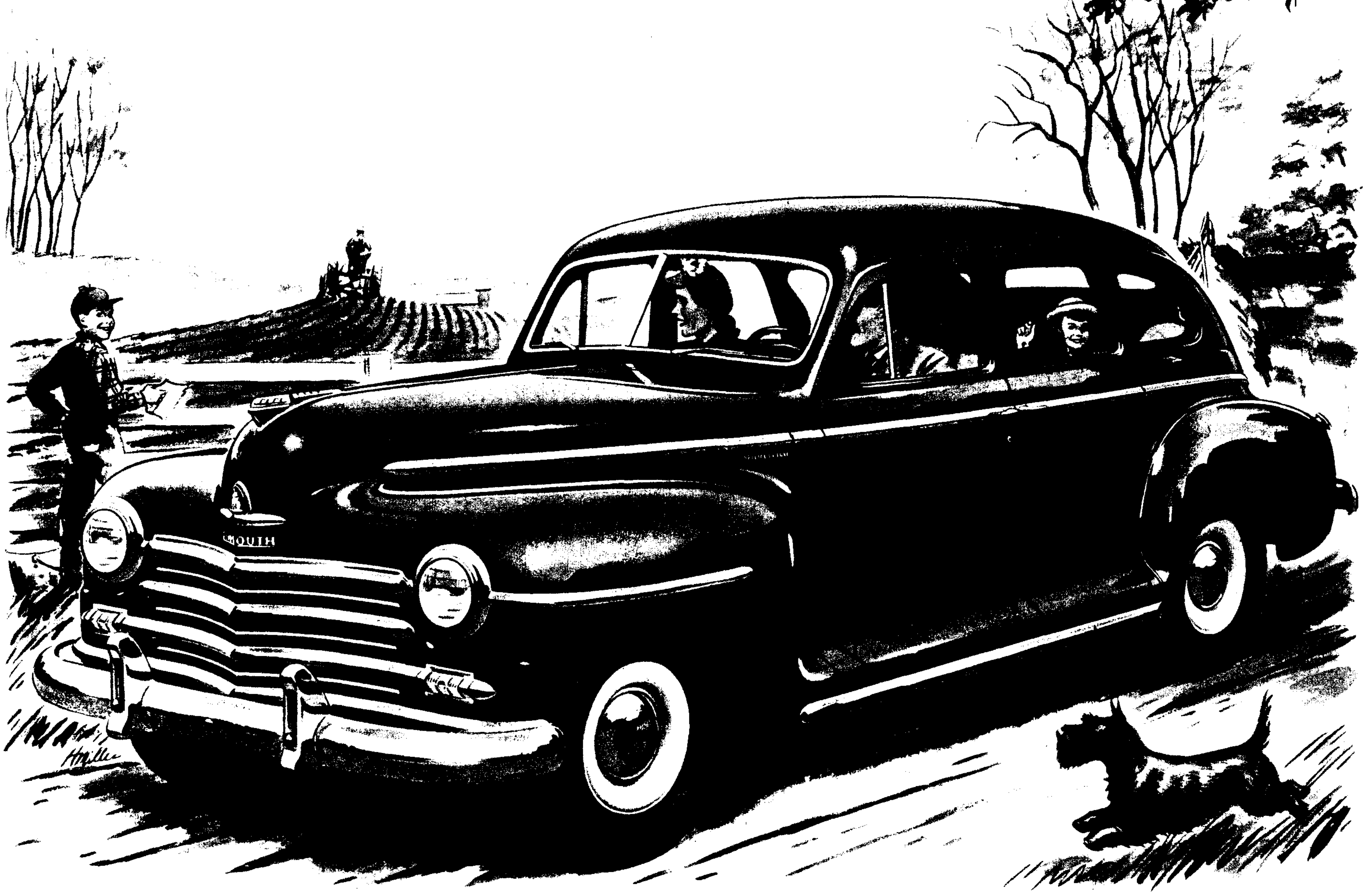


Bigger, softer-riding Super-Cushion Tires are standard equipment with Plymouth. They reduce chances of tire failure but if trouble occurs you have the added protection of Plymouth's new, wider Safety-Rim Wheels.

All cars have SPRINGS but in the lowest-priced field only PLYMOUTH has AMOLA STEEL SPRINGS

You draw extra dividends of continuing comfort with Plymouth's famous high-tensile Amola Steel Springs. They're tough for long life . . . soft-acting always for front and rear riding ease on all types of roads.

It's easy to tell where the Value is!



It's easy to tell that low-priced Plymouth leads the field in reduction of tire-failure hazards and increase of riding ease.

It's just as easy to tell that Plymouth stands out for all-around safety, comfort, top performance and unique economy. A look at the Quality Chart at your Plymouth dealer's will show you that Plymouth has 20 of 21 features common to most high-priced cars.

You can make your own comparison and see for yourself that neither of the other leading low-priced cars has *half* as many of these features. Yes, it's easy to tell where the Value is in the lowest-priced field.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS . . . GOOD SERVICE KEEPS THEM GREAT

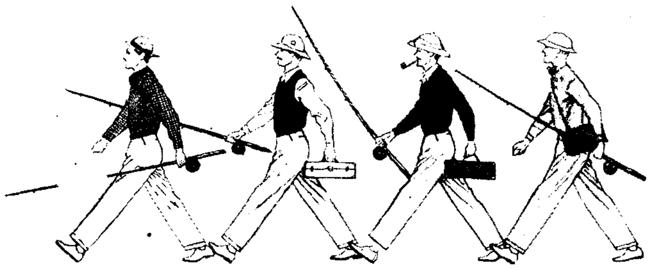
• Your nearby Plymouth dealer will provide the service and factory-engineered parts to keep your present car in good condition while you're waiting for your new Plymouth.

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Mich.

PLYMOUTH
BUILDS GREAT CARS

**If it's VALUE you want—
it's PLYMOUTH you want**

FORECASTING...

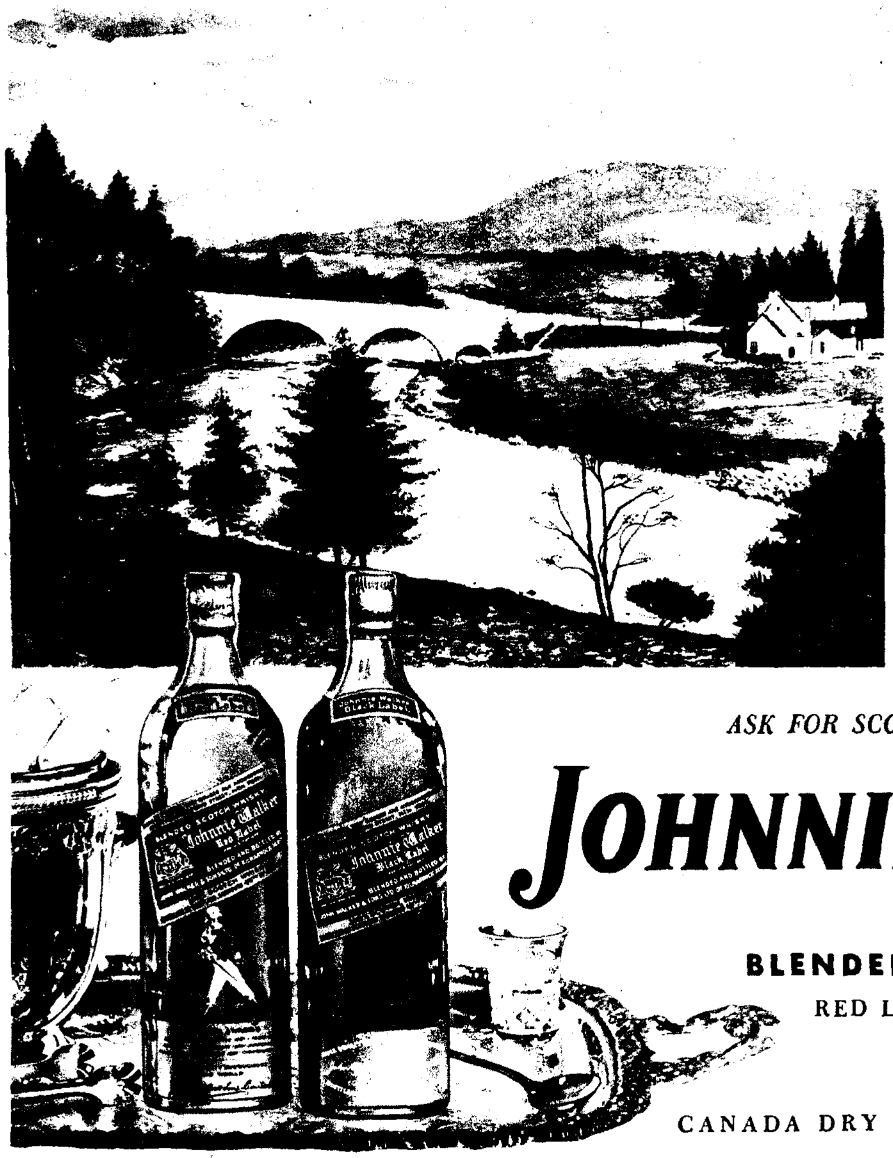


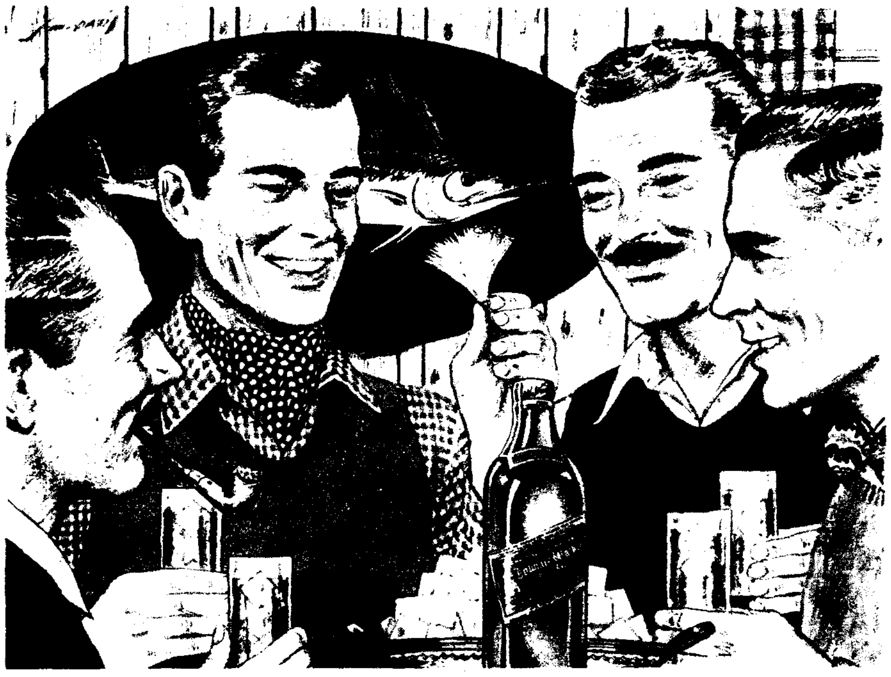
The day's prize catch

FROM THE RIVER SPEY TO BIMINI

Favoured by salmon fishermen is Scotland's foaming River Spey. And favoured the world over is Johnnie Walker. It's Scotch of such unsurpassed richness and mellowness that *only* Scotland's cool mists, bred-in-the-bone distilling skill and clear spring waters can produce it.

Few thrills surpass hooking that big one at Bimini. Except, of course, the thrill of afterwards...with Scotch joyously unsurpassed for bouquet, mellowness and distinctive flavour, all yours to be savoured sip by sip. Name? Why, Johnnie Walker, of course!





ASK FOR SCOTLAND'S FAVOURITE SON—

JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

RED LABEL • BLACK LABEL

Both 86.8 proof

BORN 1820
...still going strong

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N. Y. *Sole Importer* opposite side of the street just to look at it. In celebration he took Mrs. Grimshaw to a music hall and afterward they had dinner. The next day he put Squinch on salary and sent him prowling for gossip and information. Despite his success and the tonic a worried Mrs. Grimshaw forced on him, he was haunted by waking and sleeping dreams of Sunday. His only release was sailing the Heads in all weather to meet incoming traders, and battling for cargo and making money. He stared at the growing figures in the dog-eared bankbook in unbelief.

The day he followed the supplies for Norfolk up the gangplank of the Dunedin, he told himself he was returning for one purpose only—to show Sunday she had been wrong. He would go ashore in one of his London-cut suits and pay off in full, with cargo and balance. He would give young Adams and Sunday the leasehold as a wedding present, letting one and all know he hadn't expected her to wait, and cared not a snap that she hadn't. The trip wouldn't be a dead loss, Pat told himself. He would purchase the entire lot the islands had to ship back, and when he returned to Sydney this time he would be Patrick James Neally, Importer, without a smear to his name.

STERNLY lecturing himself against the queasy feeling in his stomach, Pat strained against the bulwark as the Dunedin slid into anchorage off Kingston. On the beach he could see old Thursday in the forefront of the throng, but there was no sign of Sunday—nor Adams. With white-gloved hands grasping a gold-headed cane, he went over the side into the small boat and was rowed ashore.

Thursday met him at the landing and grasped his hand firmly. "How be thee, Patrick?"

"Fine, Thursday, just fine." Pat scanned the jostling crowd eagerly, and his flourish as he opened his wallet was halfhearted. He had wanted Sunday to see this.

"The cargo came to five thousand, eight hundred. Your supplies, three thousand; the balance, two thousand, eight hundred." He handed the sheaf of notes to Thursday. Why had everything suddenly gone so flat? After shaking hands endlessly, he asked Thursday, casually, "Where is Sunday?"

"At the leasehold."

"Perhaps I should go up there and see how things are." Swinging his cane and swaggering a bit, he strode up the trail to the tableland. Before he reached the top he was warm and perspiring and his new shoes were pinching.

Angrily he loosened his high-winged collar and cravat. The summer sun of February and a half mile more of country road made him shed his coat and growl at the red dust covering his shoes and trouser bottoms. At a bend in the road he paused. There was his house, with curtains at the window, and the land about it as spic as Queen Vic's park. Pat swallowed noisily as he saw Sunday waiting.

Hurriedly he put on his coat, adjusted his collar and cravat, and, wiping the dust from his shoes, strolled slowly toward the girl. He didn't feel nearly so elegant and nonchalant as he had wanted to feel. Why couldn't she have been at the landing?

Breathing heavily, Pat stopped an arm's length from her. "Well," he said gruffly, "I came back."

"Yes, Patrick."

"It didn't matter much to you, did it? You didn't see me away—you didn't see me return." Pat felt all his months of resentment come to a boil. "Why weren't you down to say goodby?" Taking her by the shoulders, he shook her. "Why?" he shouted.

"I didn't want to sway thee," she told him gently. "If you wanted to come back, I wanted thee—if you didn't, I would live alone."

"Then, you didn't marry young Adams?"

"Marry Jonathan Adams?" She smiled through a puzzled frown. "We be cousins. Even if we wanted, we couldn't marry."

"Why not?" Pat asked. "You're all cousins here!"

"But not of the first household." Sunday tossed her head back and laughed. "Oh, Patrick! Patrick! Did thee fret over that?"

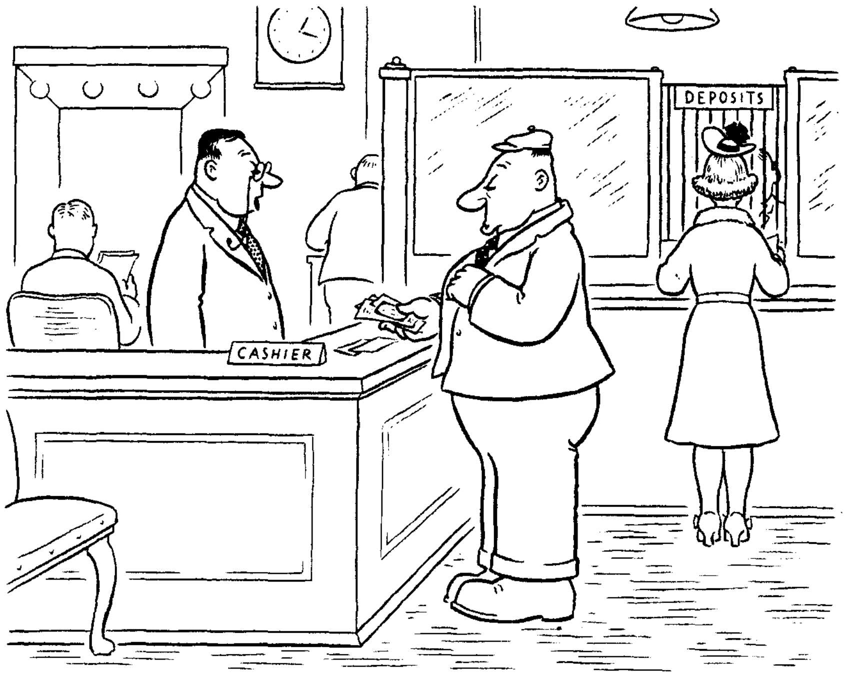
"Some—" Pat admitted grudgingly. Nothing had gone as he had planned, but there was still time to assert himself. "I have a business in Sydney," he said stiffly. "If you marry me, we must live there."

Sunday stood back from him, smiling happily. Turning, she walked slowly down the pathway. She paused and looked back.

"Thursday and the others are waiting at the church—we must hurry, Patrick."

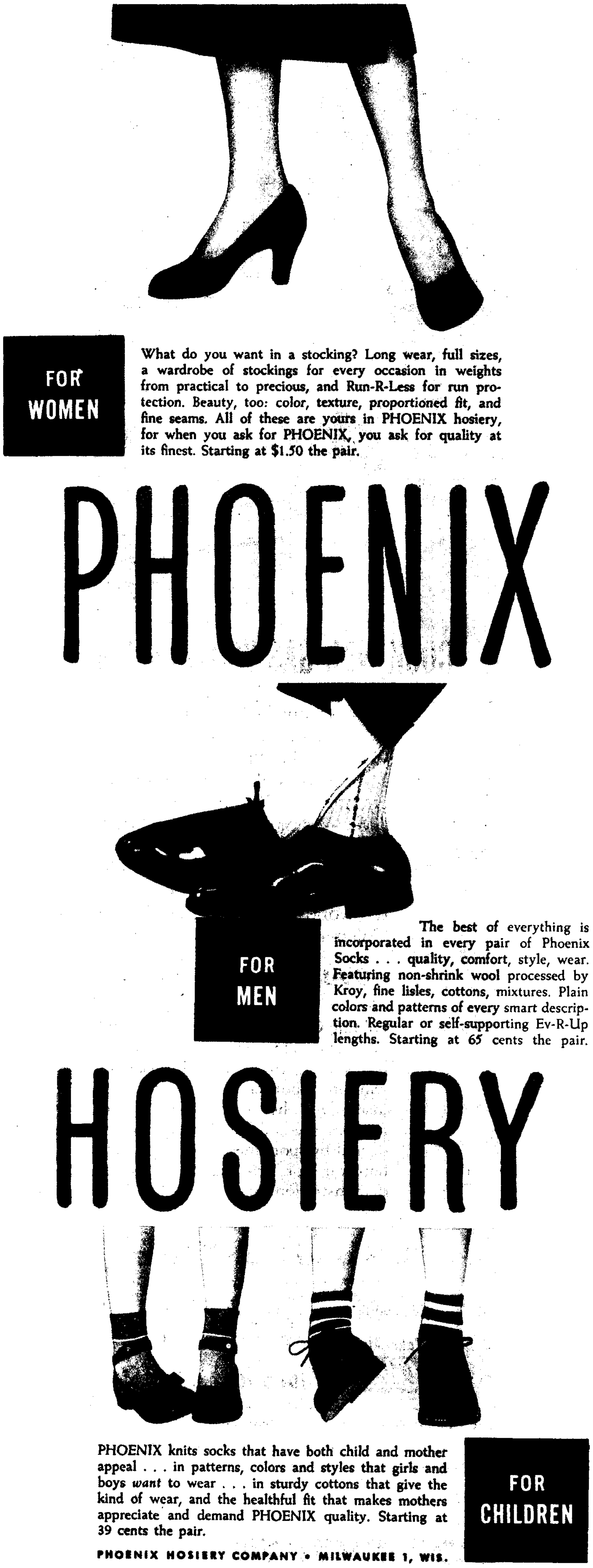
THE END

ALFRED by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



"Just your driver's license and the fact that I've known you from infancy will be sufficient identification, Alfred"

COLLIER'S


FOR WOMEN

What do you want in a stocking? Long wear, full sizes, a wardrobe of stockings for every occasion in weights from practical to precious, and Run-R-Less for run protection. Beauty, too: color, texture, proportioned fit, and fine seams. All of these are yours in PHOENIX hosiery, for when you ask for PHOENIX, you ask for quality at its finest. Starting at $1.50 the pair.

PHOENIX

FOR MEN

The best of everything is incorporated in every pair of Phoenix Socks . . . quality, comfort, style, wear. Featuring non-shrink wool processed by Kroy, fine lisles, cottons, mixtures. Plain colors and patterns of every smart description. Regular or self-supporting Ev-R-Up lengths. Starting at 65 cents the pair.

HOSIERY

PHOENIX knits socks that have both child and mother appeal . . . in patterns, colors and styles that girls and boys *want* to wear . . . in sturdy cottons that give the kind of wear, and the healthful fit that makes mothers appreciate and demand PHOENIX quality. Starting at 39 cents the pair.

FOR CHILDREN

PHOENIX HOSIERY COMPANY • MILWAUKEE 1, WIS.

"I Have More Time for FUN When I COOK OUTDOORS on my Coleman FOLDING CAMP STOVE!" Says Mark Burlingame, widely known outdoorsman

Now COOK with GAS Wherever You Go!

Folds up, carries like a suitcase . . . packs away easily.

Lights instantly—one match and you're cooking.

Cooks like city gas—space for big meals.

• "Take my word for it—try cooking with *gas* on your outing trips, with a Coleman Folding Camp Stove," says Mr. Burlingame, noted hunter and fisherman, writer and managing director of "Salt Water Sportsman." "Include a Coleman Floodlight Lantern, too—for lighting up camp, and plenty of light on the trail after dark and before daylight. It's wonderful—nothing like this fine Coleman Outing Kit, believe me!"

GOOD FOOD . . . In a Hurry

It's just like city-gas cooking—the Coleman Folding Camp Stove! Makes and burns its own gas from clean, unleaded gasoline—bakes, boils, roasts, fries, broils, toasts! Big windproof burners light instantly, regulate instantly . . . heavy sheet steel construction for long use and hard wear! Used and endorsed by sportsmen everywhere. Ask your hardware or sporting goods dealer for a demonstration!

FISH and HUNT Later

Stretch out your good times afield—let a Coleman Floodlight Lantern bring you longer hunting and fishing days, more luck! Floodlights a 100-ft. area—storm-proof, safe. Ask your dealer to demonstrate.

Take Along a Coleman Floodlight LANTERN

FREE MAIL TODAY

The Coleman Company, Inc., Dept. 246-C, Wichita 1, Kansas

Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation, FREE folders on Camp Stove and Lantern.

NAME ______________________

ADDRESS ______________________

Help Prevent Forest Fires — Cook Safely!

Noel Wein, the first bush pilot in central Alaska. Working out of Fairbanks, a few years ago, he had no competition from other bushers. Now he has plenty

BEATING THE ARCTIC BUSH

Alaska's "bush pilots" will carry you by air taxi to any place, anywhere, at any time. Their exploits are the pride of a sector where if you don't fly you don't rate

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

IT WAS such a night that not even *Tekope Waugh-waugh,* the white owl, would fly. Yet one of the airfield roustabouts, part Tlingit, part French, had heard with grim face that a man intended to fly. The half-breed had been ordered to take the fabric engine cover off the little single-motored yellow Norseman sheltered in the lee of one of the American Army's ponderous C-47s.

When *Tekope Waugh-waugh* refused to leave his spruce branches, should a man fly? For three days the weather had been deathly still, the temperature at 60° below. Antifreeze stiffened in the can and grease turned aside a chisel. Then a wind from off the peaks of the Saint Elias, a wind brewed nearly four miles high, had chased the cold and filled the air with snowflakes. It howled across the runways at Whitehorse and Big Delta like *loup-garou,* the werewolf, and the rakish B-17s, bound for the Aleutians, seemed content to burrow in their canvas hoods and cling to the ground.

But 200 miles away, up the sinuous streak of the Alcan Highway, a sergeant of the 18th Engineers had an appendix which at any moment might burst and end his life. Two doctors from the Station Hospital at Whitehorse had volunteered to undertake the jolting journey over the unfinished road—but the regiment was marooned by heaving ice and permafrost which had turned miles of road into saber-toothed barricades no vehicle could pass.

A plane was the only hope, for already a medical corpsman in the wilderness bivouac of the 18th had radioed that the sergeant's fever was 103°, abdominal pain increasing. . . .

American fliers at the airport shook their heads. So did the blue-uniformed pilots of Canada's R.C.A.F. A Russian aviator, waiting to take a P-38 on across Alaska and over the Bering Strait, said not in Siberia, where men flew like hawks, could a

When a busher feels in the mood for wolf-killing, he takes off in his plane, spots a wolf and shoots it from the air. It's grand sport—for crack shots!

plane go aloft on such a night. And where would it come down? There was not even an emergency strip on which to land. Could an airplane descend to earth on a man's outstretched hand?

Out of the hangar into the blizzard, a blizzard which chilled teeth and raked faces with sharp talons, came a chunky man in grease-stained overalls. He put on a caribou parka as he walked. He looked at the two doctors, standing with instrument satchels and anesthetic equipment. "Let's go," he said.

The chunky man turned to the representatives of three of the world's great air forces and issued orders. "Radio the 18th," he said. "Tell them to run every truck they've got down onto the Donjek River and put on the headlights full blast. We'll land on the ice. Tell them we'll be there in three hours or we won't be there at all."

"Okay, Les," replied an American captain.

"Ready, gents?" Les asked the two doctors. They gulped and clambered into the little Norseman. It took off into the maw of the storm while the fliers on the airfield watched in silence. Perhaps three lives would be forfeit to save one.

Two and a half hours later, the Norseman rested on the Donjek River ice, one ski crumpled where it had hit a floe the size of a sofa. In a pyramidal tent the doctors were cutting an incision in the sergeant, who would live to run a bulldozer another day. Citations to award the doctors the Soldiers Medal were on the way to the Pentagon Building from General James A. (Patsy) O'Connor's Alaskan headquarters, and Les Cook was leaning against a cupboard in the mess tent of the 18th Engineers, munching a cheese sandwich and sipping coffee he said was so strong "it'd float a screw driver."

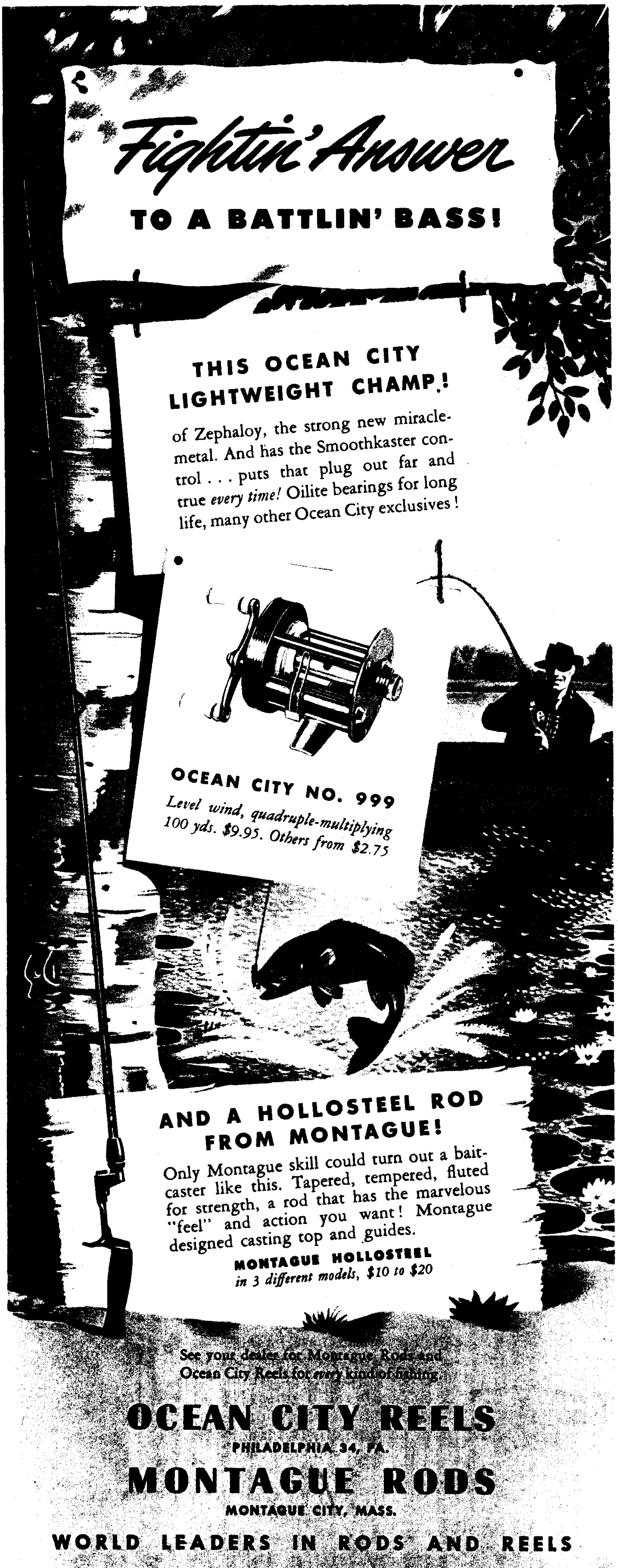
He wondered how soon he could repair the broken ski and get back to Whitehorse and his tall, dark wife. To Les it was all routine, for Les was a bush pilot. It was just another fare. He had saved a man's life at the risk of his own, but this was normal procedure to a bush pilot. The American Army would pay him his fee based on time and mileage. He wouldn't charge extra because of the year's fiercest storm in the upper Yukon Basin. Does a cabdriver hike his meter when city streets are wet or slick?

The bush pilot is the taxicab man of the North Country. From Cape Prince of Wales along the Bering Sea, on across Alaska and the Canadian Arctic for 3,000 miles to Hudson Bay, he provides standard transportation. You either travel with him or you crawl along laboriously by snowshoe, dog sled and canoe. River packets, cutting wood for fuel as they churn along, operate on the Yukon and Mackenzie, but only during the few months of open water from May until the last of September.

No metropolitan fleet of taxis has a greater variety of customers than does the average Alaskan bush pilot. In the morning he may fly a hopeful prospector to diggings so promising that the pilot must swear on a dog-eared Old Testament never to reveal where he has been. That afternoon the bush pilot may rush the pregnant wife of a trapper over in the next valley to a Fairbanks hospital just in time. The following day he may rescue half a dozen beleaguered U.S. Army fliers, as did William Munz and Frank Whaley a few months ago on the bleak tundra north of Nome. Nothing feezes a bush pilot—not

(*Continued on page* 89)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY O. C. SWEET



Fightin' Answer

TO A BATTLIN' BASS!

THIS OCEAN CITY LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMP!

of Zephaloy, the strong new miracle-metal. And has the Smoothkaster control . . . puts that plug out far and true *every time!* Oilite bearings for long life, many other Ocean City exclusives!

OCEAN CITY NO. 999

Level wind, quadruple-multiplying 100 yds. $9.95. Others from $2.75

AND A HOLLOSTEEL ROD FROM MONTAGUE!

Only Montague skill could turn out a bait-caster like this. Tapered, tempered, fluted for strength, a rod that has the marvelous "feel" and action you want! Montague designed casting top and guides.

MONTAGUE HOLLOSTEEL

in 3 different models, $10 to $20

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F.B.I. RADIO DIRECTOR REPORTS:

"EDGEWORTH IS GREAT TOBACCO"

6331 Hollywood Blvd.
Hollywood, California

LARUS & BROTHER COMPANY
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Gentlemen:

As a pipe smoker who has enjoyed Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed tobacco for many years, it seems high time that I showed my appreciation for all the pleasure and contentment your good product has brought me.

Directing and producing the official radio program of the Federal Bureau of Investigation (THIS IS YOUR F.B.I.) is pretty nerve-wracking business—and I find that a pipeful of fragrant Edgeworth, before and after the broadcast, is just what I need to give me a feeling of perfect relaxation.

Thanks for a wonderful tobacco. I'd like to express the opinion that men who smoke pipes usually think straight. And from my experience with criminal case histories, straight-thinkers don't often commit crimes.

Very sincerely yours,
JERRY DEVINE

What is it about Edgeworth that would prompt a busy producer of a top-rating radio show to sit down and write a letter praising its quality. Smoke a pipeful today—and you, too, may learn the secret.

EDGEWORTH
READY-RUBBED
America's Finest Pipe Tobacco

EDGEWORTH IS SOLD IN
A SEAL-PAK POUCH
No pocket bulge!
No cut fingers!
No wasted tobacco!

America's Finest Pipe Tobacco Edgeworth

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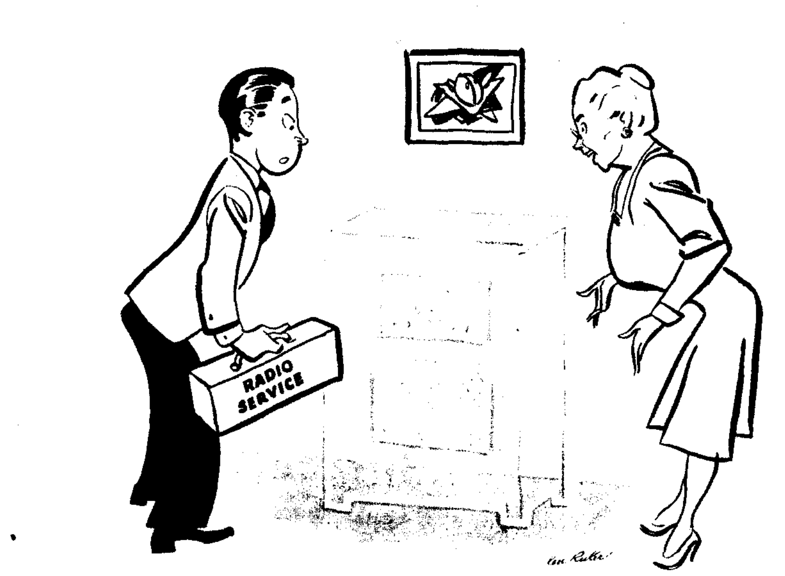

"I'm glad you got here before it faded out completely!"

Do you feel you've tuned in a disappearing act when you turn on your radio? Do favorite programs sound weaker and weaker each time you listen? If so, call the serviceman displaying the Sylvania sign. This friendly expert can put your set to rights in no time. He has Sylvania radio tubes and Sylvania testing equipment to help him do top jobs at moderate cost. It's true your old radio will sound good as new when it's handled with care at the sign of dependable service.

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SYLVANIA RADIO TUBES Authorized Dealer
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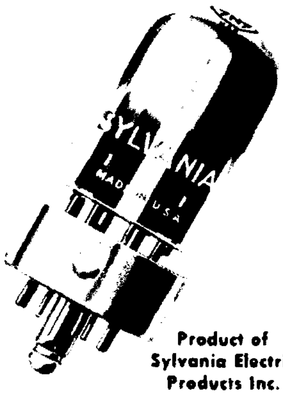


Product of Sylvania Electric Products Inc.

SYLVANIA RADIO TUBES

ESCAPE FROM AUSTERITY

Continued from page 21

dominions have similar restrictions, though they vary considerably. In all the dominions, housing is the great problem.

Canada has no assisted-passage scheme, but it does offer free passage to the wives and dependents of Canadian servicemen. Neither does Canada have an official target for the population of the future, although the figure of 50,000,000 is mentioned frequently in comparison with the present population of some 12,500,000. There are virtually no restrictions put on British subjects; any person of good character and good health and with reasonable funds can emigrate to Canada.

The Union of South Africa is more difficult. Although South Africa urgently *needs immigrants to exploit its untapped* natural resources and to bolster the white population, which is lagging far behind the native population, there is no assisted-passage scheme and would-be immigrants must fit perfectly into whatever job classifications are open.

Help—With Strings Tied to It

New Zealand, on the other hand, does have an assisted-passage arrangement, but assistance is available "only to persons who are suitable for and willing to engage in certain selected occupations, and considered suitable for settlement in New Zealand." Moreover, successful applicants are required to agree to stay continuously for at least two years in the occupations for which they have been selected. Immigrants who bolt their jobs are forced to repay the New Zealand government the full amount of their steamship fare.

From an American point of view, one of the mysteries of British emigration is the comparative trickle going to the United States. The flow of emigrants from England to America is barely half the total quota available, according to the Immigration Department of the American embassy in London.

Part of it, of course, is due to the stiff entry conditions imposed by the United States, particularly those requiring immigrants either to prearrange jobs or prove that they can maintain themselves for as long as it takes to become established in America. For the average Englishman, this is likely to be a large order. Moreover, many Britons are not geared for the hectic pace in America; they are not sure they can make the grade against the competition there.

Just before the Telfers left for Australia, Neil confessed that he had once entertained a fleeting notion of going to America. "I started thinking about it, though," he said, "and I decided there was probably a lot more poverty in the States than they were advertising. So I said to myself, 'They won't get me.' And they didn't. We're going to Australia."

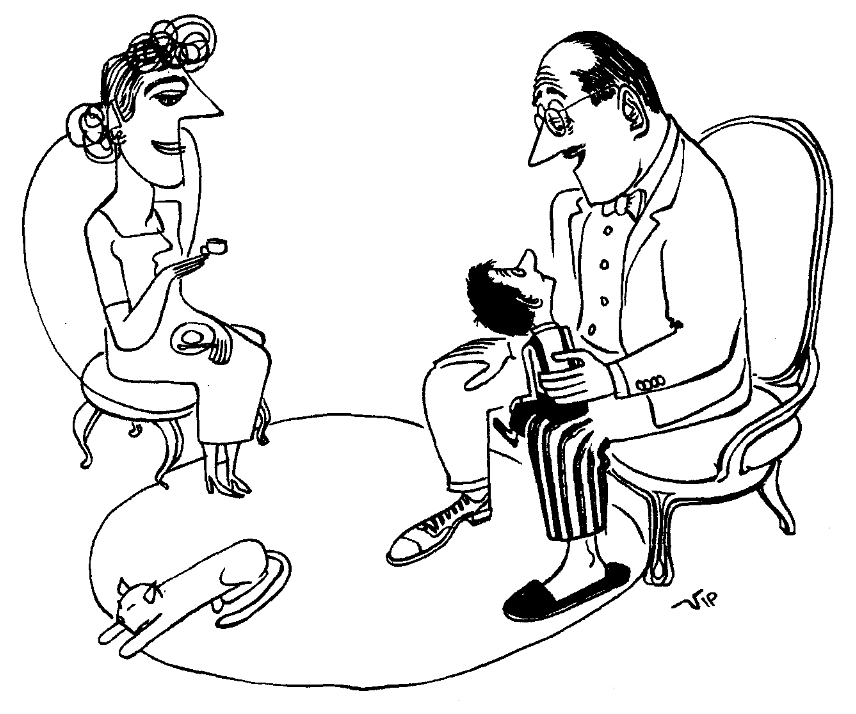
The Telfers, of course, went to Australia the regulation way. They applied, and waited, and waited some more, and finally their patience was rewarded. A number of other emigrants, however, have not been so patient and have, in fact, *gone to extreme lengths to leave England* without waiting for the red tape to be unraveled.

New Zealand, for example, has a vexing problem in British crews who jump ship there. The penalty is a month in jail, after which time they are free to stay in New Zealand because, as British subjects, they cannot be deported. During the past year, more than 400 British seamen deserted their ships in New Zealand ports via this particular loophole and they are still there.

Other emigrants have gone to greater extremes. They are deadly serious people who, in desperation, have risked their lives to emigrate—now. Some have driven across the deserts and through the jungles of Africa in their family automobiles.

So-called "slum ships" sail frequently from England with 15 or 20 persons herded into a single cabin for the entire voyage. The owners of these illicit vessels have made fortunes charging monstrous fares; one elderly woman of seventy, trying to get to South Africa, was signed on a tramp steamer as a blacksmith and was charged $1,600 compared to the regular steamship fare of $480.

The owners of an ex-naval launch, The Dansant, advertised a sailing to South Africa and received 14,000 replies. Several weeks later, The Dansant, after a nightmare voyage with little food and epidemiclike sickness aboard, dumped its cargo of emigrants on the African Gold Coast, unable to go farther. A yacht with 28 women aboard was found almost wrecked on an uninhabited island 200 miles from Aden. Another yacht



"You'd better get down now. Uncle's leg is going to sleep"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

In the *1830's* while Audubon painted his famous "Birds of America"...

Col. James Crow was immortalizing another American "bird"

Neither bright plumage nor bright song distinguish the bird that has become the symbol for James Crow's whiskey. But for more than a hundred years, Old Crow has served to brighten many a gathering and has caused men to sing out the praises of this grand old brand. To-day, its famous symbol is recognized throughout the world as the mark of superb whiskey from Kentucky!

THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

OLD CROW

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT

Bottled in Bond

A TRULY GREAT NAME

Among America's Great Whiskies

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED IN BOND

OLD CROW
OLD CROW
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • 100 Proof • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

Give Your Car That Springtime Smartness

Here's sparkling new springtime beauty for your car! Dress it up with gorgeous new Rankin Seat Covers . . . America's Finest. They're the last word in smartness . . . custom-fitted in rich Lumite woven plastics . . . candy stripes, pastels, exquisite colors and shades . . . added refinements in beautiful tailoring. There's nothing else like them. See them at your dealer's now.

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Got the COLD miseries?

See how Minit-Rub can help you!

Rub MINIT-RUB on chest and back.

1. In a minute, Minit-Rub begins to stimulate circulation, begins to bring a sensation of warmth. That *quickly* helps relieve surface aches and pains.

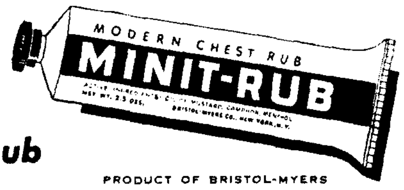
2. In a minute, Minit-Rub's welcome pain-relieving action begins to soothe that raspy local irritation.

3. In a minute, Minit-Rub's *active menthol vapors* begin to ease that nasal stuffiness feeling.

MINIT-RUB also helps soothe pains resulting from neuralgia, sciatica, rheumatism and lumbago. Try it!

MINIT-RUB is wonderful for both children and adults. Greaseless! Stainless! Disappears like vanishing cream! Won't harm linens.

Get a tube of Minit-Rub today!



The Modern Chest Rub

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

carrying emigrants drifted helplessly in an Atlantic gale and was stranded at Las Palmas.

Of the dozens of pitifully equipped overland caravans attempting to negotiate the African deserts and jungles, some have made it and some have not, depending on their luck. The Ward family, of Nottingham, beset by howling sandstorms and a dwindling water supply, turned back after driving a thousand miles across the Sahara, their children driven hysterical by the swirling sand and merciless sun. In the desert, they came across the Mitchell family, of London, who had found too late that they couldn't make it and were turning back. In Algiers, the Wards met a British woman and her son who had paid a man $720 to drive them to the Cape and had then been left stranded without a penny when their benefactor disappeared.

Must Pay Rescue Fee in Advance

The desert and the jungles can be negotiated by elaborately equipped caravans, but few immigrants can afford the necessary equipment. As a result, the British government and various automobile clubs have issued repeated warnings against attempting the 10,000-mile trip without complete preparation. In addition, the various governments through whose territories the caravans must pass are now requiring stiff deposits to cover the cost of sending out planes to search for stranded parties or to meet the expense of providing convoys through particularly difficult terrain. Both the French colonial and Nigerian authorities, for example, now ask a deposit of $280 per person.

Still it goes on, some legal, some illegal. There is always the hope of a better life outside England, and the British emigrant is nothing if he is not determined. The Telfers were positive that Australia was the answer to their problems. "Why, in Melbourne," Bridget said, "we'll be living only tuppence from the beach!" and she said it as though that was all that mattered after Finsbury Park, North London.

All emigrants, of course, do not find what they are looking for, and a certain percentage invariably return to England, a contingency, incidentally, which is provided for in the immutable laws governing migration. In every migratory movement, there is a countermovement of dissatisfied returnees.

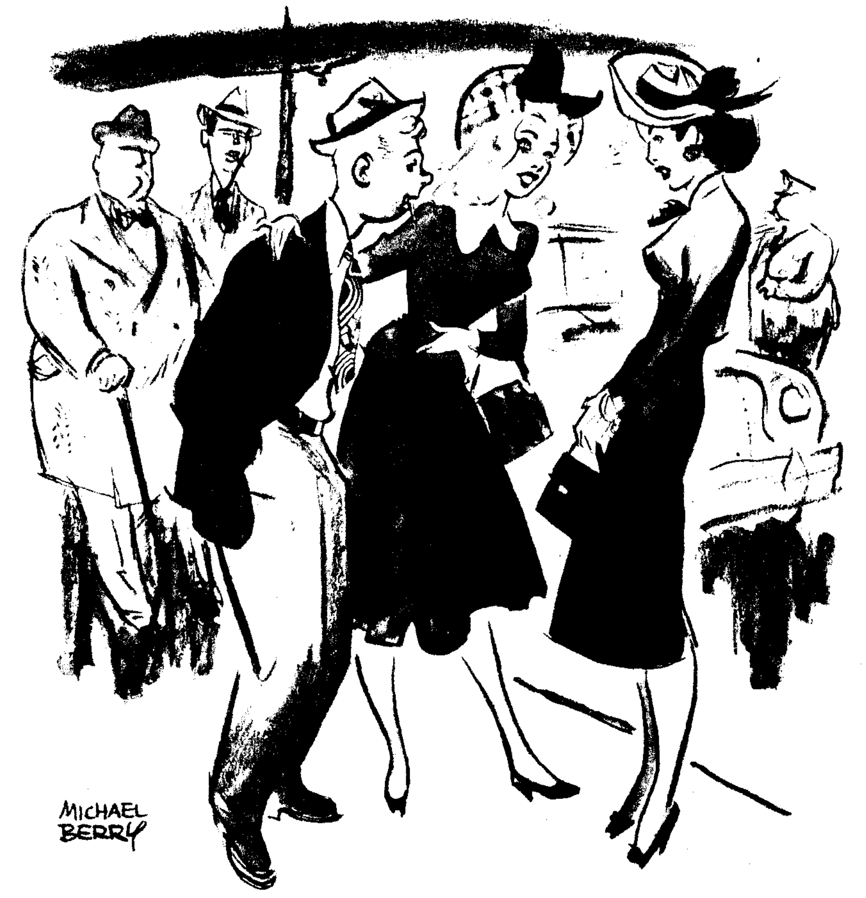
There is a steady stream of disillusioned emigrants returning to England from New Zealand, for example, having encountered unlooked-for high prices, a housing shortage, and a not-too-friendly reception from native New Zealanders. The New Zealand government, on the other hand, points out that many of the emigrants went to New Zealand independently in the first place, despite official warnings, and that they got exactly what was coming to them for not paying stricter attention.

The other dominions are having similar experiences on a somewhat reduced scale. Homesickness takes its toll everywhere. In Australia, the principal complaints concern the housing, trade unions and the inevitable nickname, "Pommy." Actually, however, only one per cent of the British immigrants in Australia have returned to England, and the ubiquitous Mr. Calwell has said he will be satisfied if only 90 per cent stay. South Africa has an even better record: Only .7 per cent have turned out to be misfits. In Canada, the main difficulty confronting the British immigrant seems to be in getting adjusted to the freewheeling ways of the Canadians.

The attitude of His Majesty's government toward emigration from England is difficult to pin down, but it appears to be something akin to sympathetic neutrality. This is a rather difficult and, at times, painful position to maintain, but there are no laws limiting emigration and the government has said repeatedly that it encourages the growth of the dominions with British stock. Lord Addison, speaking in the House of Lords not long ago for the government, reiterated that view, but noted also that "we cannot turn our backs or blind ourselves to our own immediate necessities."

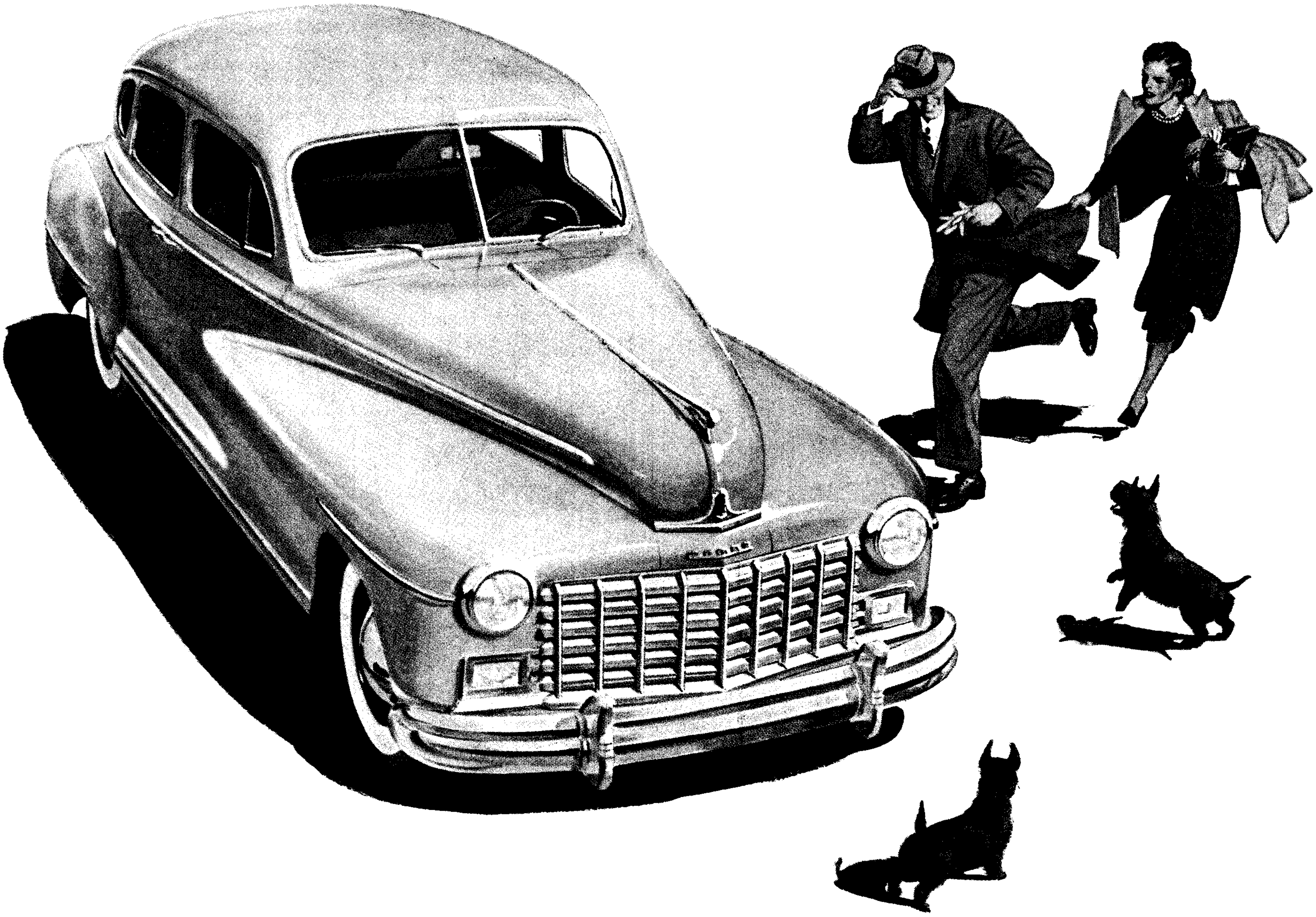
Thus, the final answer is still to be found. Meanwhile, Englishmen by the thousands are off in pursuit of the wonderful dream.

THE END



"This is Howard, but his father owns an awful lot of oil wells"

COLLIER'S MICHAEL BERRY



FAMILY RIFT

There's a rift in many a family.

There are flaws between husbands and wives.

There are brawls among the youngsters. Grandparents are often involved.

What's the reason? Dodge is the reason, and the feuds concern "who gets the car."

Dodge

SMOOTHEST CAR "AFLOAT"

Lowest Priced Car with Fluid Drive

IN THIS CORNER—MARY ANN!

Continued from page 28

to slug the other guy he is close enough to slug you. But his ring experience gave him the prestige to box with Dell under the pretext of teaching him Kid McCoy's famous feint, the Jeffries shift and the Corbett jab. All Gimmick wanted to do was to carom a knuckle-plated fist off Dell's nose with the laudable purpose of flattening it out. But his supposedly educational swings got no closer than a bum's buttons. Dell had reduced the manly art of selfish-defense to the point where it was neither mutual nor boffit-sharing.

ANY manager who has had two world champs wants a third. And Gimmick knew he wasn't going anywhere with a Mr. America who did most of his road work in telephone booths. So he whipped up a hundred schemes to scramble Dell's complexion. Doors were spun and stopped suddenly, a handbag full of doorknobs was swung at him by a drunken dame in a night club, heavy suitcases fell off the racks on sharp curves and there was a taxicab smashup staged in Central Park. But the revolving door cracked Gimmick in back of the hat and knocked him scrambled, the imitation souse was a bad judge of distance and scalloped Gimmick, the suitcases all fell on him, and Dell walked out of the taxi collision as fresh as flapping fish.

"Fighting is business," moaned Gimmick, "in which you got to look like a businessman." So he matched Dell with a sucker in Altoona who was named Kid Moon for this one go. His actual moniker was Thumbs Zabosky, a spoiler from the West Coast who had shellacked the middleweight champ Pete Diggs in gym workouts on the picture lots. Thumbs had instructions to give Dell a working over just short of a stretcher case. But when Dell slapped Thumbs like he was a jammed chewing-gum machine, Gimmick knew he had the makings of a champ. Especially when Dell did the ten-round job without once taking his eyes off Thumbs' dame in the front row of seats. She was yelling, "Moida tha' bum!" for three rounds in a cultivated voice that sounded like she was grating horseradish on her back teeth. After that, she was Dell's for better or for worse and a more than even chance she would get both. And she did. But not before she busted Dell's nose. . . .

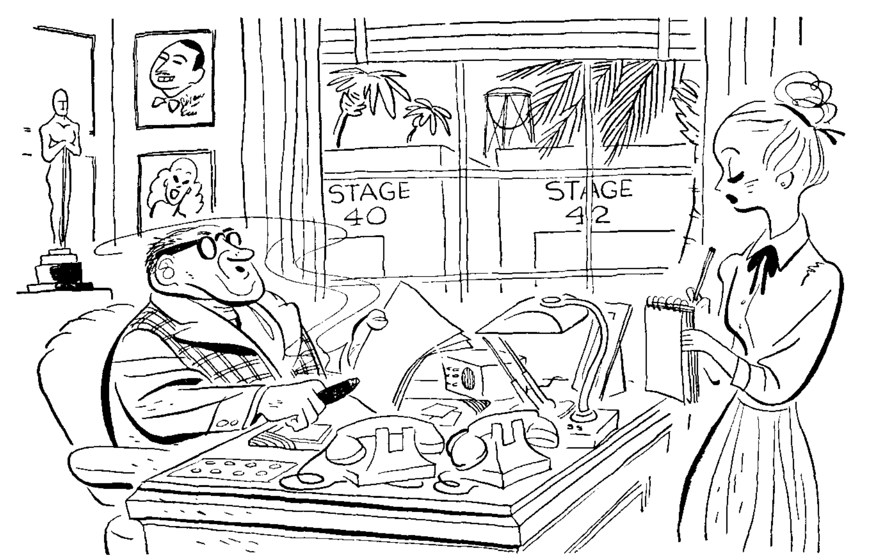
She got into the ring with him in Madison Square Garden and beat him to a pulp in front of the biggest crowd in indoor fight history. Dell was sure astonished to see her there after he had dropped her in New Orleans. He had gone there with Gimmick to fight the champ's policeman Enzo Martinez for a chance to meet Diggs later in the year. Dell got by Enzo and was hotter than a baker's shovel. In the ninth round he is smiling over Enzo's shoulder at Enzo's sweet stuff. In the tenth and the decider he is smiling over both their shoulders at the promoter's wife, who meets him in New York thirty days later like a promissory note signed with a wink.

The New Orleans promoter didn't mind so much, because he was stuck on Enzo's girl. But it takes plenty of nerve to buzz some of those mob molls, and Gimmick realized Dell had it, nose or no nose. That mug got so slick in the ring he could have balanced an aquarium on his head, and the goldfish would never have known it was in a fight. . . .

While Dell is going better than hot coffee in a lumber camp, Thumbs is back on the Coast working at his trade as a spoiler. He's got a good rep too, for nobody knows he has been smacked around in Altoona under the name of Moon. It was just a little job he tried to do for Gimmick for a price and naturally Gimmick isn't spilling. But nobody sees Thumbs with his girl any more and even his best friends forget her name which was Mary Ann something. But Thumbs never gets another girl so I guess he must have been leveling with her. . . .

The public gets to like Dell's style which is more suds than soap. The slick way he picks off punches, foots it around the ring, smiles over his opponent's shoulder, never has his hair mussed and finishes every round in his own corner, catches on. But the smart operators get hepped and either leave their girls home or have their ringsides switched back ten rows or so.

Gimmick packs Dell around the country picking up ten grand here, eleven there, fifteen there and it's almost as soft as printing your own money. Dell stays in shape by fighting every week or so. Of course, that time in Cincinnati is off the record. They go out there to knock off an apple for a guarantee of seventy-five hundred. It's a sweeter touch than a license to steal. But the mug works on Dell's ribs and has him down for a couple of counts in the third and eleventh.



"I'm going to throw Van Horn out of my office this afternoon. Better get a stunt man. . . . Wouldn't want to hurt a valuable man like Van Horn"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

The way that happened was they are driving from the depot around three in the afternoon when Dell says to stop the taxi because he wants to buy a toothbrush in that drugstore on the corner.

Gimmick says okay because it is a perfectly innocent-looking drugstore and he knows Dell has never been in Cincinnati in all his life. After about five minutes Dell don't show so Gimmick goes in to hustle him up. No Dell. The drug clerk said nobody comes in for a toothbrush but a good-looking fellow comes in to telephone. So Gimmick ganders the six booths and they are empty as dented hats. Gimmick insists Dell hasn't come out of the store until the clerk points the other way and there is an exit on the other street. It is one of those stores shaped like an L.

"Now, what I don't hep," said Gimmick, "is how Straight Nose knew it. I know he has never been in Cincinnati in his life. He doesn't show up until an hour before the fight and you know what almost happened. Sure. He phoned a dame."

Gimmick explains that one away easy to the boxing writers, and Dell is so terrific in his next Garden go they forget it. That fight is with the Swedish mauler Sven Arndt who is middleweight duke of Europe and a real tough cookie. Sven comes over to fight Diggs but the champ is making a picture again. He says for Sven to fight Martinez and get a rep but the Garden has had enough of the champ's policeman. So Gimmick works in and nails the match for Dell. Now, with Sven out of the way Dell is sitting as pretty as a nurse's cap. But in all his fights there is something lacking. He never lets the thing go to where both guys are fighting at the same time. When the other guy wants to go Dell is on the clutch. When the other guy gets tired Dell smacks him to a point. It is as scientific as a Rochester instrument factory but it just misses the boat.

I catch Gimmick eying Dell's beak every so often like he was wishing it wasn't so even and his hair wasn't parted exactly down the middle like he was getting ready to walk a tight rope. But the guy is a gold mine the way he is so why wreck it with improvements?

You know how a year or two goes by in the fight racket. By this time the champ knows if he ever climbs into the ring with Gimmick's man Dell he will get himself a bad case of leather rash. So he stalls like a sixteen-mule stable because he is making plenty of money with the title just being champ. One thing Gimmick can do and that is telephone the boxing writers until they are foaming at the mouthpiece. They don't want anymore of that policeman stuff and finally Diggs weighs in with a proposition. There is a guy named Thumbs Zabosky who is licking everybody on the West Coast. If Dell meets him in an elimination tournament, then the champ will put the title on the line.

"Well," says Gimmick, "we will take that guy like Grant took Richmond. I never saw so many handles on a loving cup before. We have already knocked off Thumbs in Altoona under the moniker of Kid Moon. I know the champ isn't wise to that, and Thumbs isn't cracking. It's a scutch on his blotter and he's keeping mum." He grabbed Dell and me and we did an Indian war dance.

"The title is in the sack," he whooped, "and all we need is the check for the bag. It's like Jonah kicking the whale from the inside. We can't miss."

That's the way it looked from the dollar seats when the match was made for the Garden. Thumbs comes on to train at Madame Bey's while Dell goes to Lake Corum in The Blades. There's the usual press-agent stuff from both camps with most of the interest on Thumbs because he's fresh stuff. Nobody knows about Kid Moon of Altoona.

Thumbs shapes up fine in training. He's a run-of-the-mill fighter. Only thing unusual about him is he fights all the time in a jersey with long sleeves down to his wrists. Well, it's chilly at Madame Bey's so that's as natural as humming at the opera.

The night of the fight they climb into the ring in fancy bathrobes. The referee is Honest John Garry who counts his money in front of a mirror because he doesn't trust himself. He features himself on the microphone giving instructions that belonged on a package of breakfast food. The fighters went to their corners and looked each other over while their handlers pulled off the bathrobes. Dell was sure a handsome hunk of man and you could hear the women gasp. He had slapped Thumbs around once before and he is as confident as a magician with a rabbit by the ears.

Thumbs sheds his robe at the gong and moves out every bit as well built as Dell except his face went through the wringer with his laundry.

They touch leather, and . . . wappo! Thumbs clips Dell and he's down. He gets up at nine while the crowd goes nuts. That first round was longer than soda-water straws in the giraffe country. We have plenty to do on Dell during the minute rest. It is the first time he has ever been really whammed with a right to the whiskers.

In the second round the guy Dell whipped at Altoona is not acting like a stop on a milk route. He is chasing Dell around the ring swinging that right. When they get into a clinch in our corner I see there is a girl's picture tattooed on the inside of Thumbs' right arm. It must have been done by a corking artist for I can see it is the dame Dell stole from Thumbs in Altoona. And just in case of a tie, it says Mary Ann under it.

AND that's how Mary Ann got into the Garden ring with Dell. Every time that right hand rises and falls she is there all right even though she took the gas pipe in New Orleans after Dell ditched her for a couple of other dames.

Dell seems mesmerized by Mary Ann. And she kissed him plenty for fifteen rounds. No, he doesn't get knocked out. But he absorbs a beating that would soften up trunk leather.

Wallop! Zamm! Bopp! Mary Ann swings in a murderous arc that lands two out of three. Dell's schnozzola is spread over his puss like it was massage cream. During each intermission Baldy Bimstock fixes him up for the next three-minute hamburgering. And nine seconds before the end of the fight Mary Ann lands one that knocks Dell colder than an oyster bed.

That's why Dell wasn't counted out. That's how the most famous punch in fight history became known as Mary Ann.

Everything about Dell recovers from that beating except his nose. Instead of Greek it is now Roman. It's roamin' all over his face. And here's the snapper on the business. Do you think that Thumbs got the fight with the champ? Nope. Diggs remembers what Thumbs did to him in the rehearsals of his famous picture, Gloves Aglow.

So he fights Dell instead, figuring The Profile is still as fancy as your grandma's Sunday shawl. Instead, Gimmick was right. With his nose busted Dell becomes a slugger and knocks the champ loose from his appetite in three rounds.

That makes Dell middleweight champ. And where is Mary Ann's revenge?

Well, the champ can't hold a dame. The straight-nosed preliminary punks steal all of them from the guy with the busted beezer.

THE END

Get better pictures this week!

It's easy to improve your pictures!

One important way is to buy the film experts use . . . *wide-latitude* Ansco Film.

"Latitude" is a word experts use to describe the ability of a film to yield *good* pictures even when the exposure isn't exactly right.

And when we say Ansco Film has *wide latitude,* we mean that it has a *superior* ability to give you good pictures from questionable exposures.

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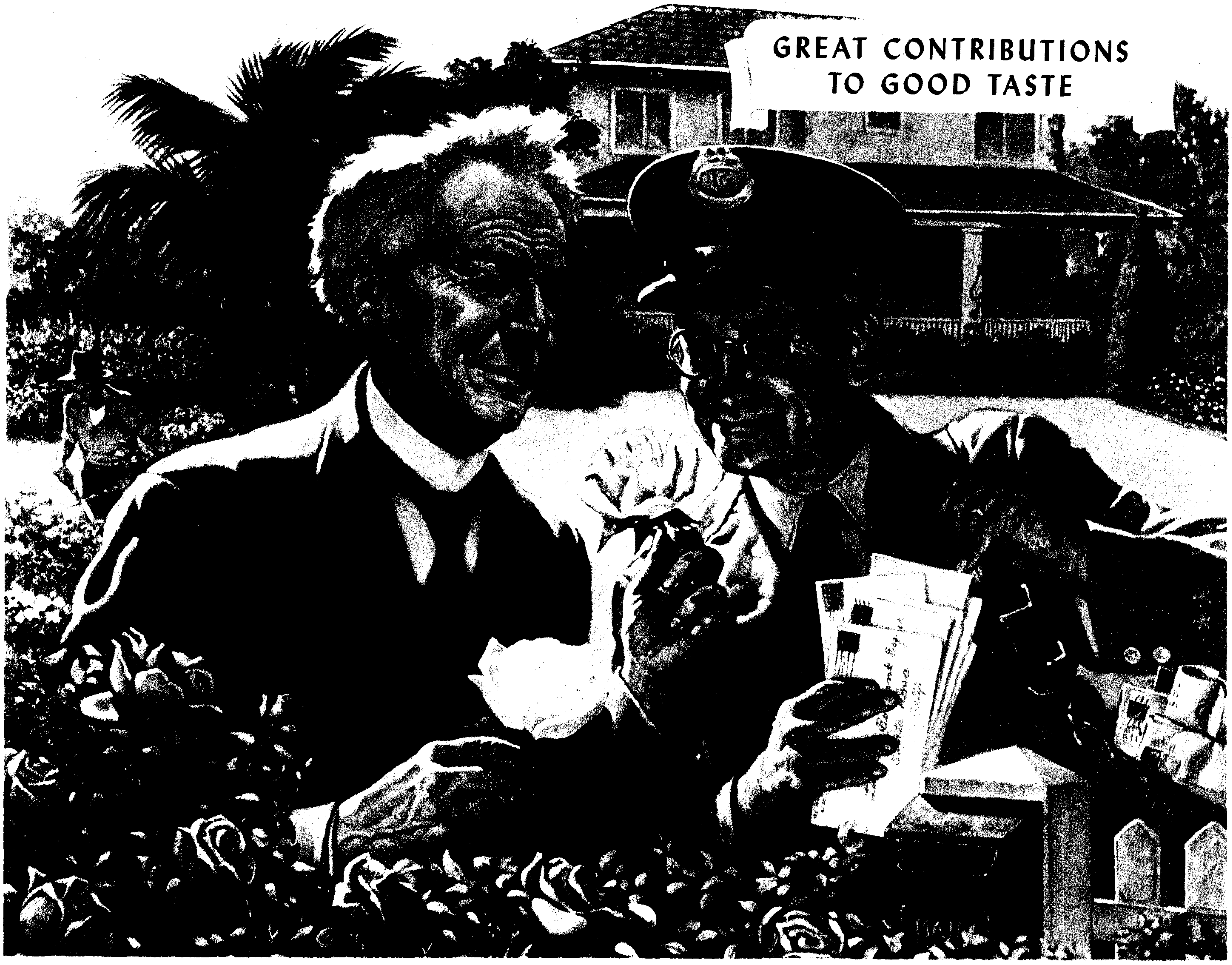


He gave Nature 100,000 New Ideas

Most of the fruits, flowers, grains, vegetables and nuts that come to your table today are superior to those that grew before Luther Burbank's time. Most people know of his fame, but few know that his genius in cross-breeding plants produced more than a hundred thousand new varieties. His California home was a mecca for Nature lovers and each mail brought him letters and rare specimens of plants and flowers from admirers the world over.

But before Burbank, Anheuser-Busch in 1876 had made a great contribution to the American table—the distinctive taste of Budweiser. It quickly won national and then international fame as a complement to fine food and a compliment to good company.

Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

It lives with good taste
everywhere

ANHEUSER-BUSCH · · · SAINT LOUIS

MEN, MIKES AND MONEY

Continued from page 15

twater Kent, the Smith Brothers, and pana Toothpaste were among its outtanding bank-rollers. But we needed ore sponsors—many more.

Never did we lose sight of this. Indeed, ow could we? For during our first year, e lost around $800,000. We carried on ith the $3,000,000 General Electric and Vestinghouse had put up to tide us over.

No wonder there was exuberant reicing when I succeeded in selling time o the Cities Service Company. Its proram went on the air February 18, 1927, *nd is still running, the oldest sponsored* etwork show in radio.

To underline the importance of the ccasion, we staged the *première* in arnegie Hall before a full-dress audince. The attraction was a 60-piece conert band conducted by Dr. Edwin ranko Goldman, whose summer musiales on the Mall in Central Park are still mong the joys of New York.

That opening night, incidentally, gave ne one of the most uncomfortable evenings of my life. There was a *faux pas* nvolving our sponsor, Henry L. Doherty, resident of Cities Service. He was in emple Hospital, Philadelphia, at the ime; so I had sent him a receiving set on hich to tune in his first program.

Announcer Pulls a Boner

Understandably enough, one of Mr. oherty's most ardent dislikes was Edard L. Doheny, who had been on the ront pages in connection with the Teapot ome scandal. Much to Doherty's charin, people were constantly confusing heir names. And it did not help matters hen our announcer, Ralph Wentworth, nformed listeners that this broadcast was oming to them through "the courtesy of dward L. Doheny!"

At that very moment, I saw W. Alton ones, a Cities Service official, now its resident, leave his seat and tiptoe from he auditorium. With spots dancing beore my eyes, I also left and rushed backtage. I instructed Wentworth to insert s many ad-lib announcements into the rogram as he could. "And be sure to mphasize in each one of them the name f *Henry L. Doherty!*" I ordered.

It was not until five years later that I earned from my friend Jones that he had gone immediately to a telephone and alled Doherty.

"For God's sake, what's happening?" he latter had demanded. "Why did they ay Doheny is presenting this program?"

Quick-witted Jones had a ready answer.

"Doggone it!" he laughed. "I just knew that Deac Aylesworth had sent you a no-good set! Boss, that announcer didn't say Doheny. He said Doherty."

The old man, not at all convinced, agreed to listen further. At the conclusion of the broadcast, Jones phoned his chief again. This time, there was a smile in Doherty's voice.

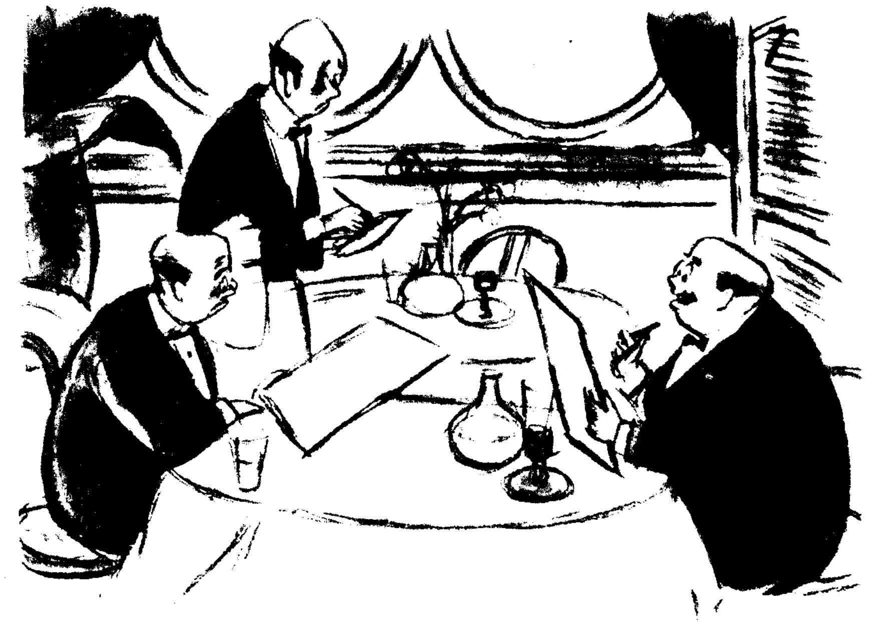
"Jones," he chuckled, "Deac's set didn't work very well at the beginning of the program; but it certainly improved later on. Yes, sir, it was Doherty, all right—not Doheny!"

Another outstanding program we brought to listeners during this period was one sponsored by Collier's. Tom Beck, head of the Crowell-Collier Company, which publishes Collier's, The American Magazine and Woman's Home Companion, was the first publisher in the country to see the possibilities of radio as a medium of exploitation.

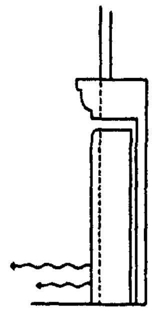
The Collier's Hour had its *première* in 1927. It was known as the National Weekly Radio Review, with John B. Kennedy as master of ceremonies. Kennedy was then managing editor of Collier's; he later became a well-known news commentator. The program featured interviews, dramatizations of stories, comedy and music by Ernest LaPrade's orchestra. Staged at the New Amsterdam Roof, it proved so popular that we were forced to issue tickets to those who wanted to witness performances. At that time our engineers feared the effect of a visible audience with its applause and laughter, so a huge soundproof glass curtain was installed. Today such an audience is encouraged to make its reactions audible.

Sharing musical honors with Cities Service on our wave lengths was the Atwater Kent Hour. It featured stars of the opera and gave opportunities to many promising singers through its annual radio auditions. These competitions created tremendous interest among the youngsters of the land. A goodly number of them, unfamiliar as yet with the mysteries of radio, at one time actually believed that in order to tune in these programs one had to have an Atwater Kent set. Naturally enough, the manufacturer did nothing to disprove this legend.

Atwater Kent, a pioneer of the radio industry, was one of the colorful figures of that day. For some time, he and



COLLIER'S "While I'm in town I think I'll try that $12 dinner you always put on your expense account" THURSTON GENTRY



Here's Big Heating News....

NEW *Beauty* FOR YOUR HOME
NEW *Comfort* FOR YOUR FAMILY

with TRANE *Convector-radiators*

Here is a new kind of heating that makes it possible for you to decorate your home exactly as you like! No bulky radiators to clutter your room or dictate your furniture arrangement. Now, sleek, compact units hide almost unseen in your walls.

Trane In-the-Wall Heating Fills Your Home with June-Like Comfort

Now you can revel in the wonderful, live feeling of a June day no matter how cold it is outside. This nearly invisible system combines gently heated currents of convected air with just enough radiant heat to keep you feeling fresh, sparkling, alive!

This new kind of heating costs less to install than any other steam or hot water system. Fuel costs are less, too. Write today for a natural color booklet showing Trane installations in striking new interiors.

TRANE
HEATING and AIR CONDITIONING Systems
the world's most complete line

SEND FOR THIS NEW *FREE* BOOKLET

THE TRANE COMPANY
La Crosse, Wisconsin
—or Trane Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto (C2)

Please send me your free booklet, "How to Live in June All Winter".

Name...

Address..........................City......Zone....State.......

Let's go shopping with
STYRON
DOW'S FAMOUS PLASTIC

Take a trip through your favorite department store. Wherever you look, you'll find new designs for modern living in products made of Styron (Dow Polystyrene). Colorful, smooth, amazingly durable despite its light weight, Styron is the *right* plastic in a host of housewares that will add ease to your daily tasks . . . beauty to your home. Dow has instituted this "Shopping Service" to help you identify these important new products that are made *right* . . . "made of Styron."

Tossed salads look deliciously inviting in this Styron salad bowl. In a choice of beautiful colors with matching fork and spoon. By Columbia Protektosite Co., Inc.

For that single cup of coffee, try this "Olde Thompson" Little Drip Coffee Maker with colorful Styron cup and cover. By B. W. Molded Plastics for The George S. Thompson Corporation.

Gay accent for any table is this Hostesset. Sugar bowl, creamer and salt and pepper shakers on matching tray are smooth Styron. By Federal Tool Corp.

SUIT BY PAULINE TRIGERE
HAT BY LILLY DACHE

The egg and you get along perfectly when these Styron egg trays are used for safe egg storage. By Columbus Plastic Products, Inc.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

MADE OF STYRON
DOW

PLASTICS DIVISION, DEPT. HW-7
THE DOW CHEMICAL COMPANY • MIDLAND, MICHIGAN

David Sarnoff battled over royalties owed on RCA patents. Under these Kent had been licensed to manufacture receiving sets, but the two men could never agree on the amount due. In 1931, however, Sarnoff summoned Kent to his office and warned, "If you're going to continue making radios, you've simply got to pay us!"

To this Kent remarked casually. "Oh, I've laid aside the proper amount."

"I have it all figured out, down to the last penny," Dave said. "It's not a cent more or less than $10,000,000."

Kent was not bothered at all. "Is that so?" he said.

Thereupon, he nonchalantly reached into his pocket and handed Sarnoff an already-signed check for exactly—$10,000,000. They both burst into laughter.

Among our early sponsors was the late George Washington Hill, president of the American Tobacco Company. After NBC moved to its second home, at 711 Fifth Avenue in June, 1927, Mr. Hill actually caused me to dance for my supper.

By that time I had become deeply concerned with that most difficult of all the radio sciences—the snaring of sponsors.

The capture of the Lucky Strike account involved me in some of the most fantastic episodes I have ever experienced. It also gave me almost daily contact with that fabulous figure of the American business world—George Washington Hill.

More stories, some of them true, some utterly fictitious, have been circulated about this tobacco tycoon than about any other sponsor since the beginning of radio. Some of my dealings with him were turbulent and, to indulge in an understatement, at times unusual; but for the most part, I found him to be pleasant, and certainly always interesting.

Sponsors Shunned Saturday Night

Since taking charge at NBC in November, 1926, I had been trying futilely to sell Saturday-night hours to sponsors. Most of them refused to succumb to my blandishments, on the ground that the majority of listeners were undoubtedly away from their homes on that evening.

However, at last I got a break. One day, Hill phoned and announced that he wanted to broadcast a dance music program every Saturday night at ten.

"I'm going to direct the music toward the youngsters and the country-club set," he explained. "Sure, I know there are many people who don't go to country clubs. Well, they can dance to my music in their living rooms."

We not only sold him this Saturday night hour, but later persuaded Hill to increase the number of his broadcasts to three a week. Each featured a 65-piece orchestra directed by a nearly 300-pound trumpet soloist, Ben A. Rolfe.

Financially, Lucky Strike was our most important account at the time. It was so important, in fact, that for years I thought of NBC as a happy giant prospering contentedly behind a beautiful veil of fragrant cigarette smoke.

Hill's welcome program had been on the air but a brief time when into my life came the Lucky Strike Billboard Girl. One of the most publicized glamor maidens of her day, she was the product of G.W.'s flair for the unconventional in advertising and exploitation. Until he had plastered her fair countenance on thousands of roadsides, cigarette manufacturers had not dared to use a woman's picture on an outdoor sign. To encourage female indulgence in the weed was regarded as against public policy.

The Lady of the Billboards appeared at the NBC headquarters one day—and existence became infinitely more complicated from that moment on. If she had come alone, I probably should have welcomed her merely as a charming visitor. But, as she entered my office, George Washington Hill was beside her.

"Deac," he announced gingerly, "I'm paying you people a lot of money to give our listeners good dance music. Now what do I mean by 'good dance music'? It's music that people can dance to."

Naturally, I agreed that this was a perfect definition.

"Very well, then," Hill continued. "How can anyone tell whether Rolfe's music is really danceable? Only by dancing to it. That's why I'm here, Deac."

Then and there, Hill demanded that I place at his disposal a private room into which would be piped the music of Rolfe's orchestra, which at that moment was rehearsing in a studio on the floor below.

"Your board room has a good loud-speaker," he added enthusiastically. "That would be just the place!"

I agreed heartily that it would. As I was about to lead Hill and the Billboard Girl to the sedate paneled chamber where our august board of directors held forth, he touched my arm.

"Of course, you'll join us," he said.

I started to mention the many important documents on my desk awaiting the presidential signature, when G.W. had another inspiration.

"You can't dance alone, Deac. Send for Bertha Brainard."

So I summoned Bertha, an exceptionally talented girl and an able executive who was in charge of our programs. Into the board room we marched, the four of us; I switched on the loud-speaker and the dignified chamber rocked with the loud, staccato music of the Rolfe orchestra. There, with the door locked against all intruders, the millionaire tobacco magnate, the gorgeous Billboard Girl, the charming lady of the program department and the president of NBC danced round and round the board table. Minute after minute, for more than an hour we pranced, trotted and swayed to B.A.'s sharp rhythms and rapid-fire melodies.

At the end of the session, Hill was beaming like a boy scout who had just succeeded for the first time in lighting fire without matches. He liked it, for he announced, "We'll be back next Saturday."

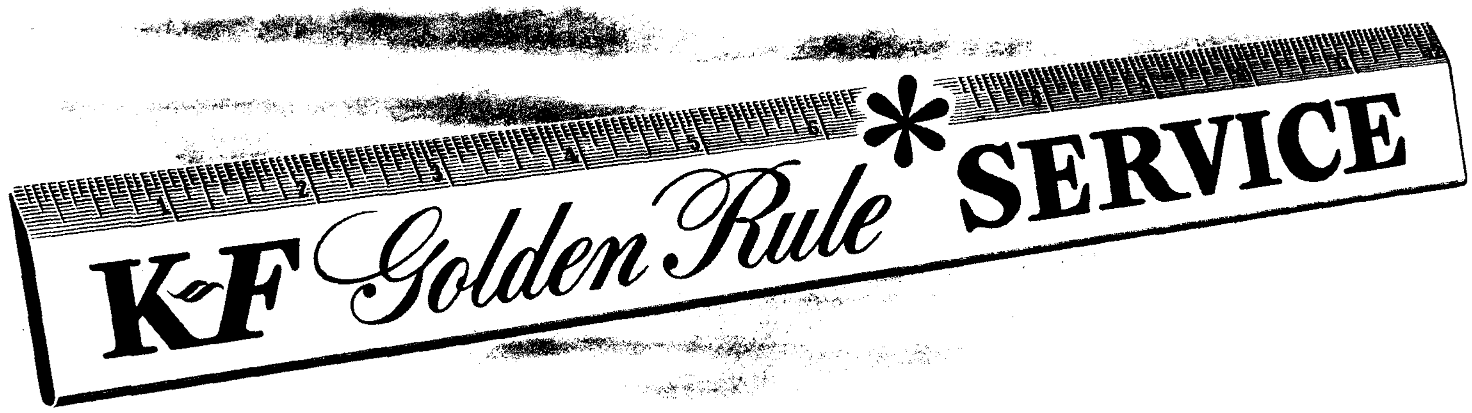
And they were, for many weeks. Each time Bertha and I joined them, dancing like mad around that glistening table. Sometimes I was in no mood for this frenzied exercise. But that Lucky Strike account could not be jeopardized. George Washington Hill wanted to dance and, as he was paying the piper, that's all there was to it.

Much to my sorrow, however, these terpsichorean sessions did not always run as smoothly as I desired. One day, while we were circling the board room,

**CARTE DU JOUR,
YOUNGER SET**

**East, west,
North, south,
Everything goes
In Baby's mouth.
Teething rings,
Fingers, feet,
Bonnet strings,
Rubber sheet,
Ball, bib,
Mother's veil,
Paint off its crib,
The kitten's tail
Are chewed with glee.
If not nutritious,
They seem e-
Qually delicious!**

—Ethel Jacobson


K-F Golden Rule* SERVICE

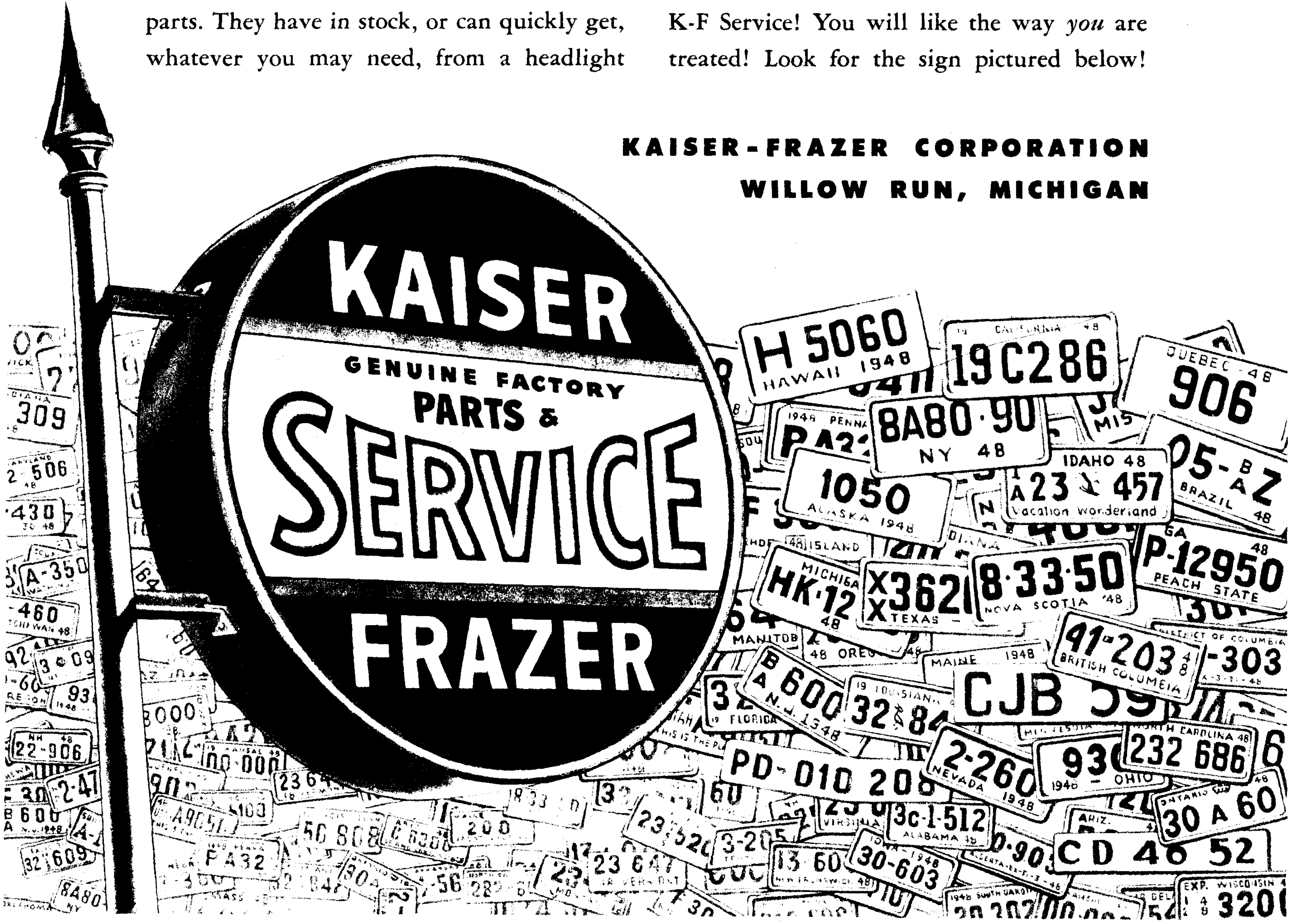
Wherever you go!

Wherever motor cars wear license plates—and even in those remote places where the numbers are merely painted on—you'll find Kaiser-Frazer *Golden Rule* Service.

Over 4,000 distributors and dealers in the 48 states and in 60 foreign countries are equipped to serve you with genuine factory parts. They have in stock, or can quickly get, whatever you may need, from a headlight cable grommet to a new 6-tube radio. And their expert servicemen have been trained by standards of the Willow Run Service School.

We call it *Golden Rule** Service because *we treat our customers the way* ***we*** *like to be treated when* ***we*** *are customers.* Wherever you go, no matter what make car you drive, try K-F Service! You will like the way *you* are treated! Look for the sign pictured below!

KAISER-FRAZER CORPORATION
WILLOW RUN, MICHIGAN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8A80-90 NY 48
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MANITOBA
48 OREGON
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LOUISIANA 32 84
FLORIDA
PD-010 208
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CD 46 52
30-603 1948
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309
2 506
430
A-350
460 HAWAII 48
3 09
93
22-906
2-47
B 600
32 609
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HOW
IS
THE
STATE
OF
THE
UNION?....
IT'S
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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER and
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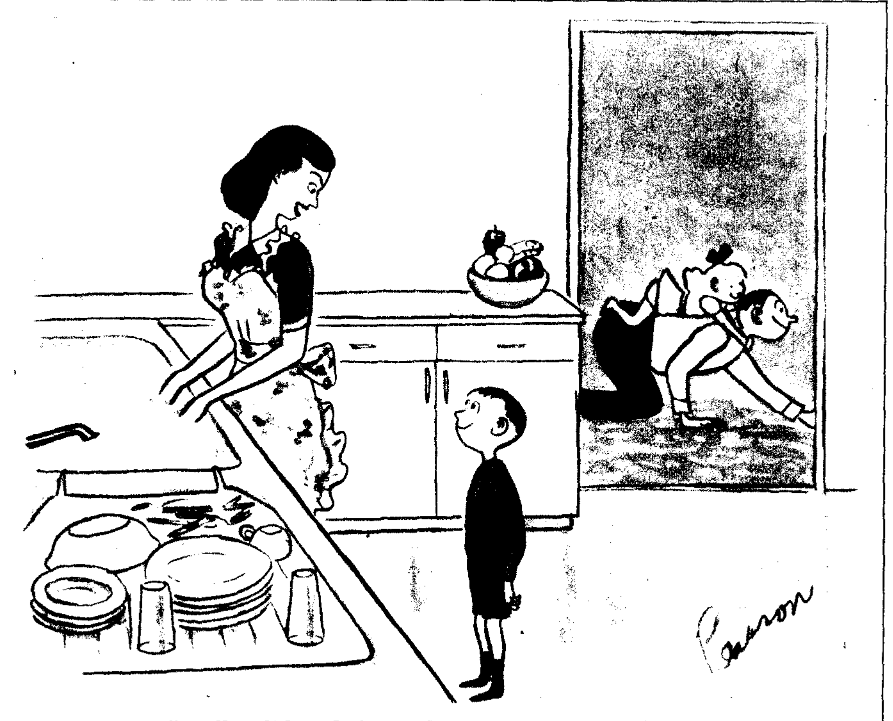
SPENCER TRACY
KATHARINE HEPBURN
VAN JOHNSON
Angela LANSBURY Adolphe MENJOU Lewis STONE
in FRANK CAPRA'S
STATE OF THE UNION
Based on the Play by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse
Screen Play by Anthony Veiller and Myles Connolly
Associate Producer Anthony Veiller
Produced and Directed by FRANK CAPRA
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



COLLIER'S "Well, tell him he's one horse who can dry dishes" CHARLES PEARSON

during a rehearsal session, Hill suddenly broke away from his partner.

"I'm going to fire Rolfe," he announced indignantly. "He hasn't enough bass and his tempo is bad."

I tried to conciliate him, but G.W. thundered: "Send for Rolfe!"

I did. Then I eased myself into the corridor to warn the likable and ponderous orchestra leader as he stepped from the elevator. I took his arm and, as soothingly as possible, explained that Hill was a bit dissatisfied.

B. A., who at that time was making a great deal of money, seemed to be far more disgusted than worried. For some weeks he had been increasingly irked by the arduous routine of leading his band through three long rehearsals in addition to three performances every seven days.

"I'm through," he sputtered.

"Now, B.A., don't take it this way," I said. "After all, remember that Mr. Hill is a genius. Be a good fellow, listen to him and call him 'Chief.' "

Needling a Dance-Band Maestro

We entered the board room and Hill, who by now had calmed down, greeted Rolfe in a friendly manner and in a matter-of-fact way told him what he did not like about his music.

Rolfe listened respectfully, saying nothing. At last, he uttered a mere "Okay, Chief!"

I accompanied him to the elevator, with B.A. repeating again and again, "I resign!"

"You can't do that!" I told him. "This is a crisis. I'll tell you what to do: Just go down to your studio and play that number again, just as you did before."

That's exactly what Rolfe did. He played it without the minutest change, as the four of us danced around the table. At its conclusion, Hill turned to me triumphantly and said, "See what I mean? Deac, this fellow is a great musician!"

One night after I had taken some guests to the Lucky Strike broadcast, a page boy led me to a studio telephone. Hill was on the line. As usual, he had been listening to his program at home.

"Deac," he ordered, "I want you to fire immediately Graham McNamee or whoever it was who coughed right after the announcement, 'Luckies are kind to your throat.' "

Fortunately, I was ready for G.W.

"The man who coughed," I told him, "was your vice-president."

Hill changed the subject, and I heard no more about that.

In the days that followed, just as before, the Hill-Rolfe relations continued in their uncertain, feverish state. Cataclysmic commotions were succeeded by calm moments of reconciliation. The two men might have gone on in this manner for many more years if one fateful night Mrs. Rolfe had not intruded into the fantastic scenario.

Hill, one of those early-hour addicts, was roused from his slumber shortly after midnight one night by the ringing of his bedside telephone. He was in no mood for conversation. But that did not matter to Mrs. Rolfe.

"You are ruining my husband's life!" she shouted loudly enough to be heard without Mr. Bell's invention. "He can't sleep any more! I would rather have him quit than go through this torture!"

Hill listened patiently for a minute. Then he ended the conversation with one sentence: "I pay Mr. Rolfe—not you; and he is fired!"

The news hit me the next morning like one of those "thunderbolts" I've read about. Regardless of what had happened, NBC could not afford to lose the Lucky Strike account. But the exit of Rolfe meant that I should have to produce immediately a satisfactory leader for this essential program.

That afternoon, the problem still unsolved, I was in the elevator on my way to the office, when I noticed two young men standing beside me. One of them, wearing slacks and tennis shoes, I recognized as Andy Sanella, a steel-guitar player of great prominence, who was a member of the Lucky Strike Orchestra.

Indicating his companion, he said to me, "Chief, I want you to meet my pilot. Anytime you want it, I'll put my plane at your disposal."

Just as I was about to acknowledge this display of generosity, he broke in: "I'm making $3,000 a week now. You're just president of NBC; so I know you don't get that kind of dough. Anyway, I think a man like you is entitled to fly."

I shook hands with the pilot and thanked Sanella. Then suddenly, I said: "Andy, how would you like to lead the Lucky Strike Orchestra?"

He stared at me incredulously. "I—I'd like it," he said.

And that is how a guitar player became the conductor for George Washington Hill of one of the most famous, and, certainly, one of the most hectic commercial hours of radio.

(Next week Mr. Aylesworth discusses Amos 'n' Andy, Herbert Hoover, Leopold Stokowski and the unpromising start of Radio City.)

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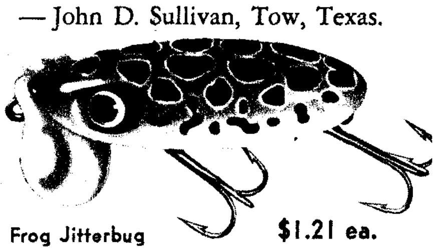

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HUNSECKER FIGHTS THE WORLD

Continued from page 17

"New York is even hotter," I said to the river quietly.

"You *know* how much I count on you for little things like that!" Hunsecker's voice rose to a scream. "You were just standing there like a damned tree. The least you could've done—"

"I'm sure she didn't mind," I said. "I'm sure she didn't even notice it."

"I'm not *worried* about that!" he cried above the throb of the wheels. "But all those people on the campus standing around watching me—what will they *think?*"

I turned from the window to say, "They will think that you are an egotistical boor," but all I said was, "I'm sorry, Harvey."

"I don't ask much of you, Sidney."

True, I had never emptied my veins for him.

"I don't ask you to—"

"Harvey, I'm sorry!" I held on tightly to the edge of my nerves.

"You're sorry," he muttered, picking up the magazine again and slapping through its pages.

I'm terribly sorry, I said wordlessly to the blur of telephone poles and the swiftly moving trees. I failed to remind Harvey Hunsecker to kiss his sister on a crowded campus so that a handful of his forty million readers might get the impression that he is thoughtful and good and a family man with decent affection for someone other than himself.

The situation called for a burnt offering. "You feel like some gin rummy, Harvey?"

HE GRUNTED approval, and the soft petulance around his mouth tightened into firmness, so I knew it was all right to ring for the porter and order a couple of decks of cards. When they arrived, I moved over to Harvey's side and sat down next to him. "The usual? I got a feeling I'm going to beat your brains out."

He put the magazine down with a self-confident sneer. "You mean you'd like to."

He played cards the way he did everything else, as though something personally significant hinged on the outcome, something beyond mere money. His small figure seemed to expand menacingly and he concentrated on the deck as though his will could turn the cards to his bidding. But this time, as usual, the cards had a will of their own and I had to break up three kings several times to get him started on a triple Schneider and even by throwing him aces and deuces when he needed them most, I could lose only fifty-seven dollars on the first round.

But it was enough to start the blood flowing in his veins again and I could let myself relax under the slow hypnosis of the clacking train wheels and the insistent monotone of his ego, and tell myself that everything was going to be all right.

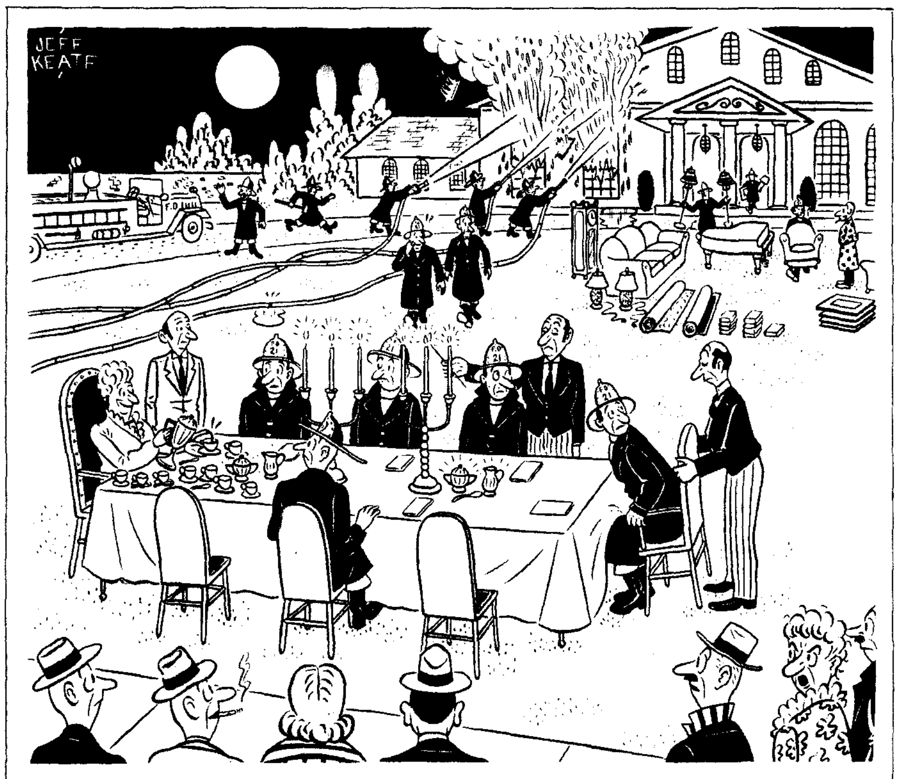
". . . Eating out of my hand. The trouble with radio, you can't see them eating out of your hand and it's such a beautiful sight. Go ahead, it's your pick. Maybe you think Eisenhower or Baruch could have tossed off a better speech to those fillies? The hell they could! I suppose I should give you credit for having a hand in the writing. . . ."

"Thanks," I said.

". . . But the trouble with ever saying a nice word to a press agent is that he twists it around so that it sounds as though he's being taken advantage of, isn't that right, Sidney? I just said thanks, baby, so go ahead now and hit me. You don't need that ten. You're romancing, you son of a sneak. I wonder if the other girls were jealous of Susan? Guess being Hunsecker's sister makes her something of a special case wherever she is. And not everyone likes Hunsecker, do they, Sidney? Ha. He gets under their skin. But about the speech today—I think I'll cut the lead and use the tag up front. It'll make a nice pious column for Tuesday and you press agents will call me filthy names because you won't find any of your crumby clients in it. Boy, what a wolf pack! Four any good? What would they do if I dropped dead or gave up the column? Morgan Wright. Ha. Or maybe Oscar Peck. Parasites, gnawing their way into newsprint. . . . Sidney, you're not listening!"

"Twenty-eight," I said. "Deal."

"And don't think I couldn't give up the column any time I wanted. Cassidy would leave the door open and I could pick it up where I left off like *that.* I'd like to see Casto's face when I walked out on the floor of the Senate. The gutter rat, eh? Only now the gutter rat



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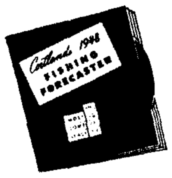

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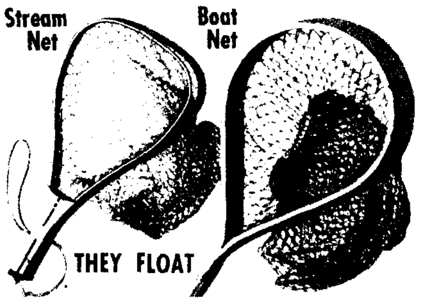

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would be Senator Hunsecker. I don't want the eight. Go ahead. I'd have Congressional immunity and then I'd tell that slob what no one has ever dared to tell him. What's the matter, baby? You don't think I could get the nomination? You heard me up there today. First time on an open-air platform. That's why I went—to give it a try. I'd make a hell of a campaigner. What's wrong, baby?"

My hands must have been trembling. It was the first time I had ever heard him talk of going into politics. Hunsecker, of the people, for the people, by the people. I picked up a jack I didn't need.

". . . The senator from New York. Ha. The Commies would love that, wouldn't they? Washington is hot in summer but what's left for me after the Pulitzer prize? More income tax, that's all. Just let Hunsecker try to pull any of that capital gains stuff like your pal, Grannick, out there in Hollywood. It's no wonder I'm tired. No wonder I get sick. Hunsecker fights the world. What was that you just picked? Have Molly check with the station that carried the speech today to see if they made a recording of it. There's always room for improvement. Said Morgan Wright to himself as he tried to make his column sound more and more like Hunsecker's. Is gin any good? And give me an accounting. I don't like those hieroglyphics of yours. . . ."

THE hour slipped by fast. When I was down over a hundred dollars I started pulling in the reins a little, and by the time he was ready for dinner I had lost only seventy-eight, which was par for the course.

I walked ahead of him to the dining car like a Geiger counter, and when I informed the steward who the little man was in back of me, I knew from the quick arch of brows and the gleaming eyes that I was in the presence of one of the forty million. He by-passed me with an obsequious bow.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Hunsecker, and how are you this evening? Just one moment, Mr. Hunsecker, and I'll have a table for you."

Harvey wasn't even listening to him. He must have seen the girl the same moment I had. His nostrils were pulsating faintly and his small eyes had narrowed astigmatically as he stared at her. She was sitting alone facing us at a table for four, and if ever there was such a thing as melancholy beauty, she had it.

I said to the steward, "Mr. Hunsecker prefers a table for two. We'll wait until you have one."

But Harvey stepped in front of me and nodded in the direction of the girl's table. "That one'll do."

"Yes, Mr. Hunsecker."

"And keep the fourth seat empty," Harvey muttered, folding a bill into the man's palm as he strutted to the table past staring eyes. "You have no imagination, baby," he said to me.

He took the seat opposite the girl, next to the window, and motioned for me to sit on the aisle, next to him. She was already into her entree and merely glanced briefly at us. Harvey's eyes flickered over her finely molded features and her well-tailored suit.

"A New Yorker," he said to me loudly. "Nowhere else on earth do women achieve that . . . what shall I say?"

"I think I'll have the sweetbreads," I said to the menu. The girl hadn't looked up but a slight flush was creeping into her pale cheeks. "How about you, Harvey?"

"Sleek . . . chic . . . and a kind of handsome sublimity. That's it." He rapped on the table. "Sidney, get the boss man."

I waved for the steward. He came running.

Hunsecker turned his pale eyes on him. "Luigi, if I order a steak rare, will I get it rare?"

The steward's face took on a sickly pallor. "I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Hunsecker, but we don't have any steak at all."

"No steak?" Harvey surveyed the man's anxious face for a moment and then suddenly he barked, "What's your name?"

"I'm awfully sorry we—"

"What's your name?"

"Edwin Cambrio, Mr. Hunsecker. I—"

"How do you do, Mr. Cambrio? My junior partner here and I will have the lobster." He chuckled at the man's ashen face. He felt a lot better now because out of the corner of his eye he had caught the sudden upward glance of the girl at the mention of his name. He turned to her as she stared down at her plate again, and he said, "I didn't want steak anyway. I think steak is an unimaginative dish, don't you? Most people like steak because it's an expensive item, but give me pheasant under glass any time. Ha. You're from New York, aren't you? Tell me, honey, who's your favorite Broadway columnist?"

She looked up at him coolly. "Walter Lippmann. Who's yours?"

He gave a nasty, mirthless cackle. "You I like," he said. "You I like even better than tootsie here." He jerked his head in my direction. "When I ask tootsie who his favorite columnist is, the answer is always the same. It's like death and taxes and night following day. It never fails. Watch." He turned to me. "Sidney, tell the lady who your favorite columnist is."

I broke a roll in half.

"Come on, Sidney."

The girl said quickly, "I heard your broadcast last week, Mr. Hunsecker."

"Sidney's a big boy. He can take care of himself." His eyes narrowed as he turned to her. "He's a rag doll. All press agents are rag dolls. Press them and they say Harvey Hunsecker instead of mama. Sidney, say mama for the lady. What's your name, honey?" He buttered a piece of bread as he talked.

She glanced at me with embarrassment and I saw that it was the dark, deep-set eyes that gave her beauty its quality of sadness.

"Lorna Hale," she said, still looking at me.

"Stage? Radio? Movies? . . ." Hunsecker stuffed the bread into his mouth.

"I hope to do some modeling."

"Of course, you shall. Take down the name, Sidney."

She looked at him sharply. "What for?"

"The column, honey. Because I like you. People pay Sidney good money to get their names in my column. They have to pay. They're not beautiful. Take down the name, tootsie."

"I'd rather you didn't," she addressed it to me quietly.

HARVEY glanced at me and when he saw that I hadn't taken out my notebook he looked back at the girl. "Why not?"

"I'd just rather you didn't," she replied, meeting his gaze.

He stared at her and chuckled, his face straining to hold its smile. "You and I are going to have a wonderful time in New York. I'm getting a little tired of press agents, like Sidney here. Sometimes they don't hear well. But you I like. Sidney, say something to the lady. Say mama. Say Westbrook Pegler. Say—"

"Your dinner is getting cold," I said.

Several times I looked up to find the girl's eyes on me and each time I looked away quickly. My food stuck in my throat.

When she had finished her coffee, she lighted a cigarette.

Hunsecker wiped his full lips with his napkin. "Sidney, you eat too slowly. You eat the way you play cards. Do you play gin, honey? You are sitting diagonally opposite the most unfortunate gin player in America. He was caught with Hunsecker on a slow train to New York. Tell the lady who won seventy-eight dollars from whom, tootsie. But he can af-

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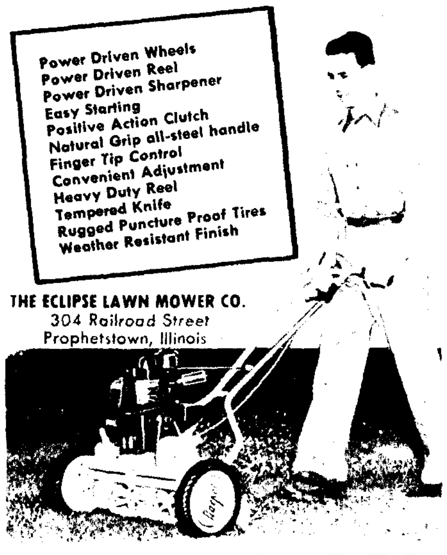

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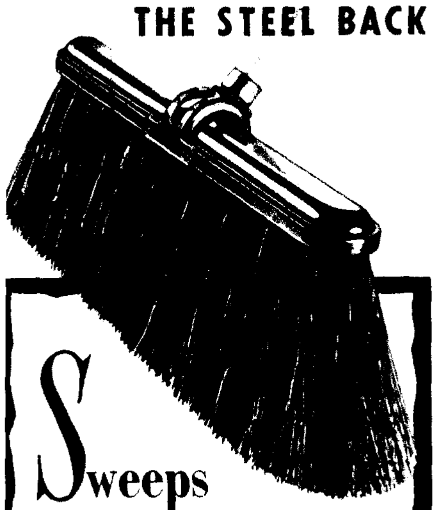

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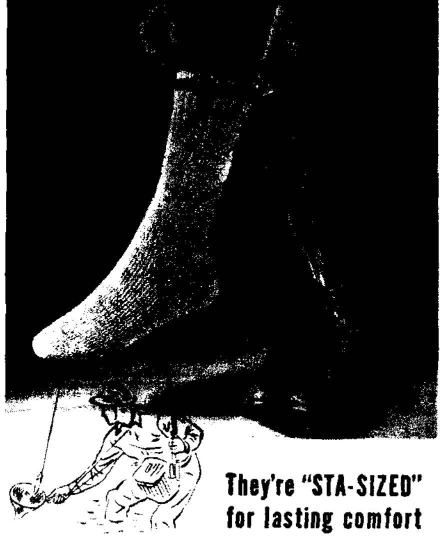

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ford it. Look at that suit—and that tie. He must know the right people. It's spelled with an H. Right, Sidney? Give me a cigarette." He held out his hand without looking at me and when he had placed the cigarette between his lips he waited for me to get out my lighter and bring the flame to the tip. "Doesn't he do that nicely?"

The girl slapped some money down on her check and got up. She was taller than I had expected, almost as tall as I was.

"Wait a minute, honey," Harvey said.

She was looking over at me. "We haven't been introduced."

"Lasker," I said quickly. "Sidney Lasker."

She nodded. "It's going to be a long night. I could go for some gin rummy myself—"

"Swell," Harvey said. "Why don't—"

"—So if you get a chance, Mr. Lasker, I'm in the sixth car, compartment C."

And she was walking away before I could say anything.

I shot a glance at Harvey. He wasn't smiling now and he was staring after her with narrowing eyes as she left the car. "Her I like," he muttered in a hard voice. Then he turned to me. "Take her name down, Sidney."

I returned his gaze without making a move, watching the faint dilation of his nostrils.

"Take her name down."

My hands slowly took out the pad and wrote Lorna Hale in it. Harvey ground his cigarette into an empty coffee cup, paid the check and got up. I followed.

The steward asked for it. "Everything all right, Mr. Hunsecker?"

Harvey didn't even look at him. "Mr. Cambrio, your dinner stank."

By the time we reached our compartment, I knew that I wasn't going to go in. "I'm going to walk it off, Harvey," I said.

He went inside without answering me. I headed for the lounge car, because that wasn't where I wanted to go, and when I saw that it was crowded, I turned around and walked forward to the sixth car and stood in front of compartment C for at least a minute before I decided to knock.

She was sitting by the window, and in the dim light she was all the lovely women I had ever seen in passing cabs or at distant tables in night clubs.

"I didn't think you'd come, Mr. Lasker."

"Suckers can't wait." I flashed a smile. "But I never play cards with women who call me Mister."

"Sit down, won't you?"

I sat. "The lamb is ready for the slaughter."

I STARTED to examine everything else in the compartment because I wanted to look only at her.

"What is it?" she asked uncertainly. "Something you want?"

"The cards," I said.

"Oh, the cards." She looked away. "I suppose I should have told you. I don't have any."

I got up. "Think nothing of it. I've got a couple of decks in our compartment."

"Why not ring for the porter?"

I said, "But we're only a car away."

She didn't answer right away. "You might not come back."

"Why?" I began to laugh, and then stopped. "You mean he might not let me? He might not give me permission?" I tried to laugh again but it wouldn't come.

"It does sound funny, doesn't it—now that you put it into words?"

"You just wait here." I started for the door.

"I guess there's something else I ought to tell you," she said quickly. "I don't know how to play gin rummy."

I turned sharply. "Then why did you—?" Her face was to the window.

"I had to do it, that's all," she said in a muffled voice. "I had to slap his face—any way I could. I had no idea you'd come."

"I see." I held on to the door handle as the train took a curve and there was a bitter, empty taste in my mouth. "Then if it's all right with you, can I go now?"

"No, please don't." She looked up at me. "I'm awfully sorry. I didn't mean . . . I—well, we *can* talk, can't we?"

I just stood there for a moment, and

COLLIER'S "I keep a raincoat and extra stockings there" JARO FABRY

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hen I shrugged and sat down. "Go ahead."

"Don't be angry."

"Angry?" I ground my heel into the carpet. "Hadn't you heard? I never get angry."

She lighted a cigarette and stared at me for a while in silence. "Sidney, tell me—s he always that way?"

I started to say I didn't know what she meant—but she was still looking at me. "Yes."

"And you?"

I was looking at the tips of my forty-dollar shoes. I needed a shine.

"He goes Marie Antoinette one better," she said, "doesn't he? Let them eat dirt." She exhaled a stream of smoke. "New York is full of men and women who think it's worth it. Tell me, Sidney, are monogrammed shirts worth it?"

I got up. "Look, maybe I better go."

"You remind me of someone I know," she went on. "Her name is Lorna Hale."

I didn't say anything—but I didn't go.

"For five years I stayed married to a man I didn't love, because he gave me power and luxury and more money than I could use." I glanced at her hand. She shook her head. "No. No ring. I threw it down the well at Reno three days ago. It wasn't worth it. Nothing was worth that. The trouble is, you never find out except for yourself, and it's usually too late." She turned her face to the window, to the darkness beyond, and suddenly her voice seemed tired. "I wish I had found out sooner. I wish all of us could. And I wish we could go on feeling sure that we're right."

My mouth was dry and I stood there wanting to say something but not knowing what it was that I wanted to say, and I had an idea it was something simple, like, "Thank you," and then all at once I was on the seat beside her and holding her hand in mine and saying, "Look, we *can* talk. We've *got* to talk. I want to hear all about it. Will you tell me?"

She turned to me. "Of course, I will."

I stood up. Somewhere inside of me doors were opening, dams were bursting. "I'll be right back. I'm going to get the cards."

"But—"

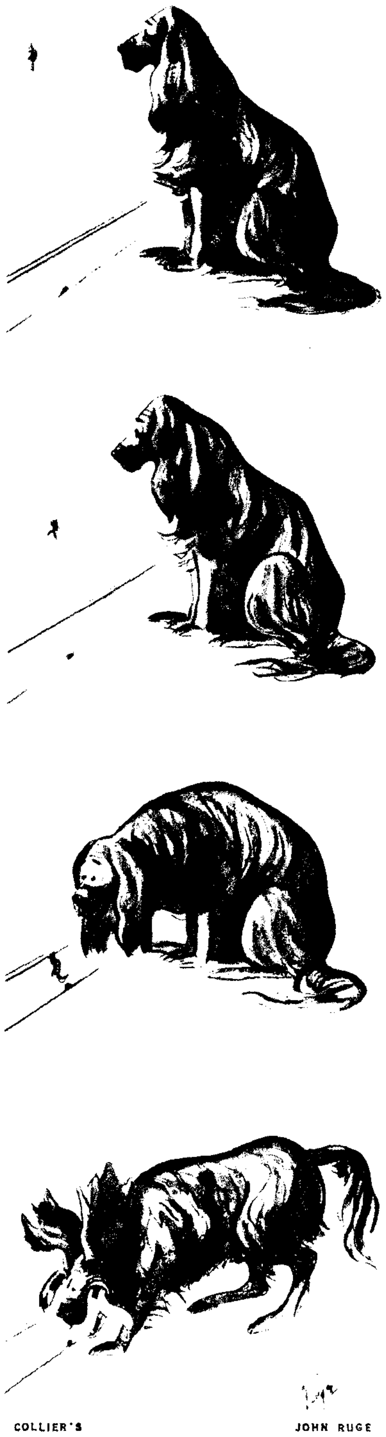
"It's—it's something I want to do," I explained hastily. "And maybe I can teach you how to play gin rummy before we reach New York. Perhaps we can both learn something from each other."

She smiled. "Perhaps."

"And if not by the time we reach New York . . ."

"Yes," she said. That was all. I left.

BUG



HUNSECKER was sulking at the window, his soft chin cupped in his hand. He didn't even glance at me as I came in. I went to the mirror and straightened my tie with cold, fumbling hands.

"Well," he snapped, "what did she say about me?"

"Nothing significant," I said.

He grunted. "I'll *bet* not."

I started to gather up the cards that were strewn on the seat beside him, and his face brightened as he looked up. "Oh, you feel like some more—?"

"I'm taking these back with me," I said evenly. "She doesn't have any cards."

"Did it ever occur to you that it might get to be boring sitting here by myself?"

"I hadn't thought of it," I answered, as I sorted the cards.

For a moment there was only the sound of the throbbing wheels and then he said, "You know, I've got a hell of a gimmick for a new twist on the Friday roundup column. I think we'll toss some ideas back and forth while it's still hot."

"Not tonight."

"I think maybe we better, tootsie."

"No, not tonight," I said thickly, putting the decks in my pocket.

He ran his tongue over his lips. "Why don't you ask her to come in here? We could make it three-handed."

"I don't think she'd care for that."

He mimicked my voice. "You don't think she'd care for that. Why not?"

I turned to meet his gaze. "I don't think she likes you, Harvey."

His lips were bloodless and his left cheek began to twitch. "She doesn't like Hunsecker," he cackled. "Ha. That's good. Send that to me, will you, baby? I can use that for a lead. Hunsecker fights the world. Don't let me forget that, tootsie. Call Molly and tell her to remind me. The little tramp with the dark hair doesn't like Hunsecker. Ha. She collects rag dolls. Wonderful. Well?" His voice rose to a shout. "What are you standing there for?"

"You're sitting on the score pad," I said quietly.

The train had hit top speed now. Up front the whistle was shrieking its warning and the wheels were pounding beneath my feet as I hurried through the lurching corridor to the next car. I knew it wasn't just to another compartment in another car, to a lovely girl with deep, dark eyes that I was hurrying. It was the direction that was important, a new direction from which there could be no turning back. And I was hurrying desperately because I was afraid I was too late—a couple of years too late—and I didn't want it to be too late, for either of us.

THE END

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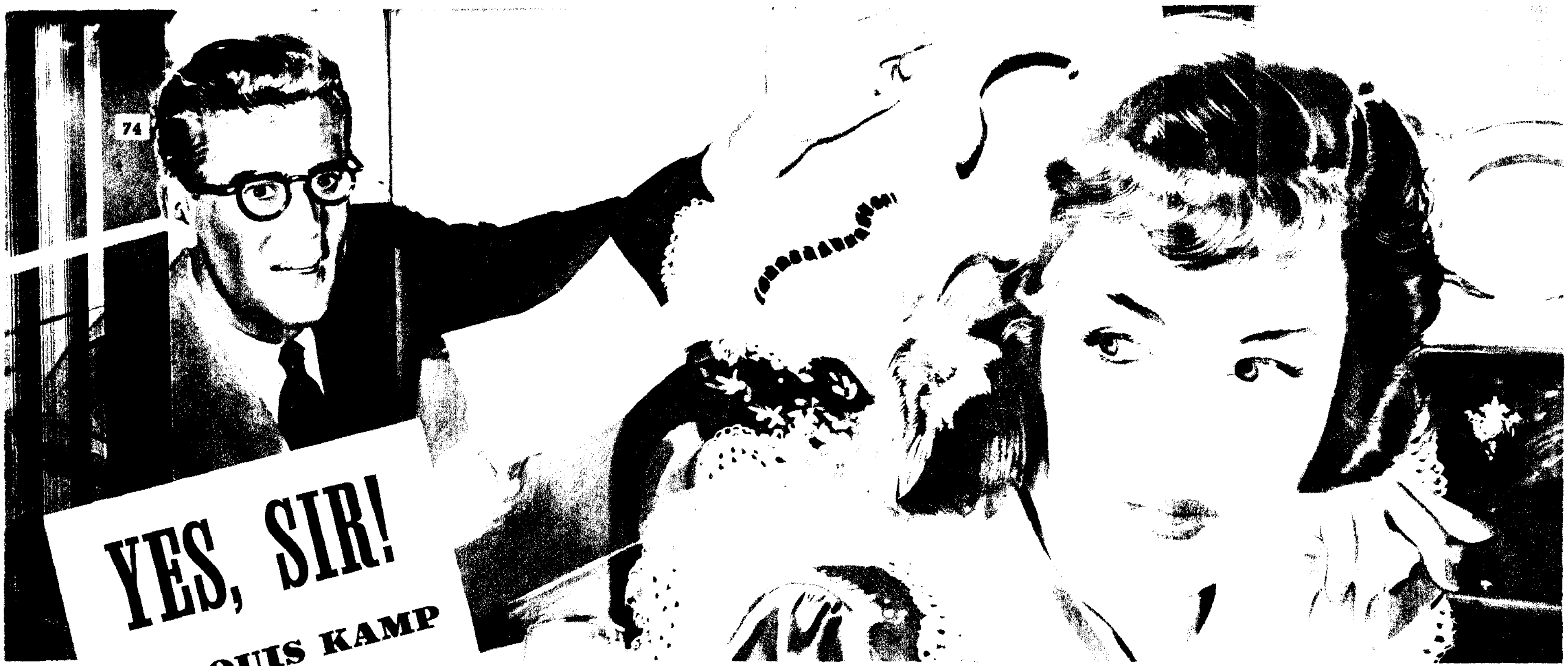

YES, SIR!

BY LOUIS KAMP

It was supposed to be a little joke. But Margaret ran for the kitchen, her cap flying off behind her

AT FORTY, George Hazlitt Hillsbury was an important American scientist, so important that his eccentric, irascible personality was readily accepted by all who knew him. And it amused him to indulge and even exaggerate these characteristics, though actually he was a very softhearted man.

To most people he seemed austere and aloof. But there were times when he permitted a great roar to shake his voice, a ferocious frown to entangle his bushy eyebrows. However, such times were all part of a great fake. His wife Ellen had known this. But she had been dead for two years. It occurred to him now, as he stood horrified, listening to Margaret's sobs, that somehow he had expected her to know this, too.

George Hillsbury couldn't stand the sight or sound of a woman crying. Standing at the kitchen door, watching Margaret, listening to her, he was bewildered and unhappy. The last thing in the world he had intended was to make her cry.

Margaret was his own age, perhaps a year younger. But beneath the neat gray dress and the starched white apron with its ruffles like angel's wings, was the lithe figure of a young woman. Watching her straight, slender shoulders now, George could remember the day Margaret had applied for the job of cook and general housekeeper. He had made Ellen follow him into the next room and he had shut the door.

"She's the one we want," he had told Ellen in a subdued roar, "she looks like Amelia Earhart. I like women with freckles."

"But, George—" Ellen had said.

"Amelia Earhart was a great woman," he had insisted stubbornly, "and that's good enough for me."

"It's rather an odd way to determine the qualifications of a cook," Ellen had said in her placid way, "but if you want Margaret that badly, we'll certainly have to have her, George."

So Margaret, who was a Scot and who did look quite a bit like Amelia Earhart, had come to work for George and Ellen. She proved to be a real wonder, and she ran the house as conscientiously as though it were her own.

After Ellen died and George awoke from the stunned loneliness into which he had plunged at her death, he came to realize more than ever how fortunate he was to have Margaret. She took care of him in her quiet, efficient way and seemed to know his habits and accept them as Ellen had. Margaret and his house became almost synonymous to George. And the day he realized that, he began to worry about losing Margaret. She might marry and leave him.

"How do you spend your days off, Margaret?" he had begun.

"I don't take days off, sir."

"Dammit," George had shouted, "Ellen always gave you Thursdays and Sundays off. Don't talk nonsense."

"That was true then, sir," Margaret had said gravely, "but now—it's different. You can't cook, you know, and someone has to stay and look after you every day."

GEORGE had stared at her, really appalled at the way he had taken her daily presence so much for granted. "I can eat in a restaurant, can't I?" he had roared.

"No, sir," Margaret had said, a smile twitching at the corners of her firm, sweet mouth, "you've always said that restaurants are so noisy they upset your digestion . . ."

"That's not *your* worry!" George had said. "And from now on, I absolutely forbid you . . ."

"Please, sir," Margaret had said quietly, "there's no one I care to see outside of . . ." She'd stopped and then gone on, "I mean, I haven't any place I want to go. I don't care for movies much. I'd rather stay home and read. You have a very fine library, sir."

"Dammit," George had roared, "why didn't you tell me you were trying to read that heavy stuff? I'll get you a charge account at Brentano's . . ."

"But I *like* your books," Margaret had insisted. "I'm reading the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire now. It's very interesting."

"Is it now?" George had burst out laughing. "*I've* never been able to read it without falling asleep. Margaret, you absolutely amaze me."

And so, life in his house had continued to be rich and good, and Margaret had continued to work as much as she seemed to want to, and nothing had come up to disturb their placid life until this morning.

It was the letter that did it. The letter telling him that the foundation was approving the million-dollar appropriation for George's department. It had been too good to hold inside of himself. He had to roar about it. He took a great gulp of Margaret's really delicious coffee.

"Margaret," he'd roared.

"Yes, sir," she answered from the kitchen. She came running in like a schoolgirl, anxiety in her pleasant voice, on her pretty, freckled face. Now her gray eyes which matched the gray dress were troubled and her nervous hand trembled against the tiny cap on her light, curly hair.

"Yes, sir," she said again.

She was so attractive that he wanted to smile at her, but it would have spoiled his fun.

"This stuff!" he'd gone on roaring, motioning toward the coffee. "This stuff you brewed may be fit for an ordinary man, but it's not fit for me, my girl. I want it black, black, do you hear? Take it away and don't bring it back until you can float a silver dollar in it, do you hear?"

"Yes, sir," Margaret said breathlessly, "except it's the same coffee I've made every morning for . . ."

"But I'm not the same man!" George yelled. "I've got a million dollars. It just came in the mail. I want my coffee thick enough for a Turkish pasha, and I want you to sit down here with me and help me drink it."

That was supposed to be his little joke. Only Margaret broke and ran before his voice, her cap flying off behind her, and it seemed to the startled George that he heard a sob.

He got up and picked up the neat little cap and went to the kitchen door and that was when he saw Margaret leaning against the refrigerator, her eyes tight shut, her shoulders shaking. She was crying.

George crossed the kitchen to her and put his hand on her shoulder.

"Stop it!" he said gruffly. "Stop it! Do you hear me, Margaret?"

"Yes, sir," Margaret said, but she went right on crying.

"You ought to know I was only joking, Margaret. Your coffee is always wonderful. I love your coffee . . . dammit!"

But Margaret's shoulders continued to tremble under his hand.

"It was that letter," he said, embarrassed, "the letter came this morning. My appropriation has been okayed. It was just my way of telling you that I got a million dollars."

"Yes, I know, sir," Margaret said. She took a wisp of white handkerchief out of her pocket and blew her nose gently. "I am very happy for you."

"Then what the devil are you crying for?"

"Because you yelled at me . . ."

"I've *always* yelled at you!"

"No, sir," Margaret said quietly, "you only began yelling at me about a year ago. Before that, you only raised your voice a little."

"Good God!" George had bellowed, then lowered his voice. "I mean, I wouldn't yell at you unless I liked you, Margaret." Then he smiled suddenly. "Why, you remember, I used to yell at my wife all the time and I loved my wife. Would I have yelled at her if . . ." George's voice faltered and he stared at Margaret, a strange, startled look in his eyes, "if . . . I hadn't loved . . . her?"

"No, sir," Margaret said. She was staring at George now, her lower lip caught between her teeth. She seemed to be holding her breath.

THEY stood like that, fixed, while George's scientific mind raced the dizzy course of reason. Then he pulled Margaret to him and kissed her. Then he held her away and stared at her.

"My God," he said with awe, "I've been a great fool."

"Yes, sir," Margaret said.

"Dammit," George said loudly, "you've been in love with me for a whole year and you knew I was in love with you too, didn't you?"

Margaret's eyes were sparkling with more than tears.

"Yes, sir," she said, "ever since you started yelling at me."

"But you knew that was why I yelled at you. You knew it *this morning* . . ."

"Yes, sir."

"Then why the devil did you cry?"

"Because *you* didn't know it," Margaret said simply, "and I thought you'd *never* find out, sir."

"Sir?" bellowed George. "My God, are you going to keep on calling me sir, after we're married?"

"No, sir," Margaret said in a small voice. "I'm going to call you George." Then she burst into tears again.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

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IT'S A
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DR

I'M A STRANGER IN TOWN MYSELF

Continued from page 23

big settlement, and let me tell you, the little woman gets what she goes after. It was a pretty smart frame."

"Pretty obvious, I'd say," said Martin. "It would be easy to prove it was a frame."

"Would it? I don't think so. That gag about the girl in your room was only taking a bath is stale. It's been used too often, and if my wife went to court with pictures of me and the little French girl, just in from Paris, I wouldn't have a prayer. And if I try to bring pressure on the girl, she can play innocent as hell. That's why I didn't call the house dick in. She can claim that she had too much to drink and *was* taking a bath. And the guy with the camera—I suppose he's a private eye—he can claim he was hired to tail me and saw the girl go in my room and sneaked in and took a picture, and that's all he knows about it. Yeah, you saved my neck this time. I suppose they were watching for me to get my room key, knowing I was coming in from the Coast, and when you stepped up and asked for the key they thought you were me." He inspected Martin. "We got the same build. Yeah, you know, we look alike, except I part my hair in the middle."

"And we dress differently," Martin said.

"Yeah," said Driscoll. "I never wore a tie like that."

"What's wrong with this tie?" Martin fingered the knot of the plain gray tie.

"Well, you know, it's too timid. I like a tie with confidence. Something that will catch the eye."

"Still, we do look something alike," Martin said. "Are you in the movies?"

"I'm a producer," Driscoll said stiffly.

"I wouldn't mind looking like a movie star," Martin said thoughtfully. "I don't know about a producer."

DRISCOLL grinned. "You're okay," he said. "But what have you got against the movies?"

"Nothing," Martin said. "I'm a teacher in a boys' school, and I don't get out of Porthaven much."

"Porthaven? Do I know that school?"

"America's Harrow," Martin said.

"What's a harrow?"

"It's an English school."

"Like Eton?"

"That's right."

"Your kids wear funny hats and suits?"

"No."

"Could do a picture on a boys' school," Barney Driscoll said. "Hasn't been done lately. I might use that idea." He turned his head indolently. "Tell you what, maybe I can get you out there as technical adviser. What's the name of that school again?"

"Porthaven."

"Getting back to that girl," Driscoll said. "You suppose she's really got a room downstairs?"

"She told me this afternoon she was staying in the hotel."

"I'm wondering," Driscoll said thoughtfully. "Maybe she's on the level. Maybe we ought to find out."

He picked up the telephone and asked for room 1110. After a brief conversation he hung up with a shrug and said, "So it was a frame. She was registered, all right. Miss Madeleine Petit, from Paris, France. But she's checked out."

"Checked out?" Martin said, and his eyes brightened. "Maybe I can get her room!"

He telephoned the room clerk, and the room was his. He arranged for a bellboy to be sent up to 1207 for his suitcase, while he went down to register, and as he left the room he picked up from a table the manuscript he had prepared for the Historical Verification Association, which he had left behind when he went down to make the speech. Barney Driscoll slapped his shoulder at the door and said, "You did me a favor. I appreciate it. Come and see me sometime."

"You bet," Martin said.

"On the Coast," said Barney Driscoll. "Be glad to see you any time."

In room 1110, Martin put the manuscript in the drawer of the small writing table, opened the suitcase and removed his pajamas, and somewhat unsteadily prepared for bed. With his borrowed suit hanging in the closet, the Latin instructor's Malacca stick and the new hat and gloves laid carefully atop the bureau, he was stripped of the false personality they had given him for a little time. He sat on the edge of the bed, in his pajamas, and he was himself again—a nervous, shy, young schoolmaster completely out of his element and in a state of tipsiness that was certainly no example to youth. But at least he had four walls around him. He had a room of his own, and his name was officially inscribed on the hotel records. The thought gave him a comforting sense of identity. He was himself again, not a man in a borrowed suit in a borrowed room. He let his head fall to the pillow and he was relaxed for the first time that day.

THE telephone rang the next morning in room 1110, and Martin stirred in uneasy sleep. At the second ring he returned to the complexities of consciousness. He sat upright and blinked in morning sunlight at the telephone, then reached for the instrument, not yet fully awake.

"Vincent," a crisp voice said, "is that you?"

"Yes. Who's calling?"

"Dr. Fisher."

Martin clutched the receiver. Now he was wide awake, and it all came back. He was not prepared for a chat with the headmaster of the school.

"Hello, hello," the voice said, rising impatiently. "Vincent, are you still there?"

"Yes, Dr. Fisher," Martin said numbly.

"Good heavens, man, aren't you awake yet?"

"Yes, I'm awake."

"Then on your toes, Vincent! How did things go? You made your speech, didn't you?"

"Yes," Martin said.

"How did it go over?"

"All right," Martin said.

"All right?" said Dr. Fisher. "Well, I suppose all right is the best I could expect. I want to talk it over with you, Vincent. Suppose I come right up."

"Up?" said Martin.

"Yes. Room 1110, isn't it?"

"Dr. Fisher," Martin said weakly, "aren't you in Porthaven?"

"I'm downstairs," the headmaster said. "I flew in from Porthaven this morning. I'll be right up, Vincent."

Martin let the receiver fall onto the cradle and pushed himself to his feet. He felt panicky. It was too early in the morning to face this issue. He shuffled into the bathroom, and he was still shaving when Dr. Fisher knocked on the door. The headmaster bustled in and slammed the door vigorously behind him.

"Let's hear about it," he said. "I want a full report, Vincent." The headmaster's eyes were bright and probing, as he sat down on the edge of a chair and gazed at Martin.

Martin said, "I thought you were in Porthaven, Dr. Fisher."

"I had unexpected business in New York, Vincent, and I thought it would be a good idea if I came up and stood by," Dr. Fisher said. "Maybe I can take a little of the load off your shoulders."

"Yes, sir," Martin said hollowly.

"Now let's hear the story. Did Mr. Duff like the speech?"

Martin had been often enough on the carpet in the headmaster's office at Porthaven, but the look in Dr. Fisher's protruding eyes on those occasions had never been so disturbing as the eager glint that Martin saw there now. Martin did some urgent thinking. He could not tell the headmaster all that had happened; he had to stall for time. After all, he thought, Mr. Duff *had* liked the speech. Martin had made a good impression on Mr. Duff and had been off to a flying start before the mix-up in Barney Driscoll's room. If he could find some way to appease Mr. Duff, and if he could meanwhile keep the headmaster from communicating with Mr. Duff, there was a chance, an outside chance.

"Dr. Fisher," he said firmly, "the speech went over better than I expected."

"Indeed?" There was a greedy shine in Dr. Fisher's eyes. "Did you work in the material I sent over to you?"

"Why—yes, I had it in my speech," Martin said.

"It was thoroughly researched," said Dr. Fisher. "I thought it might appeal to Barton. Did you have a talk with him, Vincent?"

"Well," Martin said hesitantly, "not yet."

The headmaster gave his head a shake. "I had hoped you'd follow up that speech at once, Vincent, while the iron was hot."

"We were interrupted, Dr. Fisher," Martin said, and remembered the appointment he had made with Mr. Duff. "But we're having a talk today."

"Good. Where?"

"At his house," Martin said.

"He asked you to his house, did he? I'd say that augurs well, wouldn't you?"

"I couldn't say, Dr. Fisher."

The headmaster slapped his palm on the arm of the chair. "By George, I'm going to call up Oliver Pratt. He's the chairman of the Porthaven trustees, you know. I'm going to ask him to lunch, Vincent, and let him know what we're up to. Yes, sir, I'll call him up."

Martin said nervously, "Don't you think that would be premature, Dr. Fisher?"

"I have matters to discuss with Oliver, anyhow," said the headmaster. "What time is your appointment with Mr. Duff?"

"Eleven o'clock."

Dr. Fisher glanced at his watch. "Heavens, man, it's ten thirty now. You'll have to hurry. Look, you've only shaved one side of your face!"

Martin returned to the bathroom, and the headmaster followed him to the door. "You know, Vincent, I'm wondering if I should go with you this morning."

Martin swung about. "Oh, no!"

"You think not!"

"I think it would look like too much pressure," Martin said. "After all, Mr. Duff laughed when he got your letter offering me as a speaker."

Dr. Fisher winced. "He laughed?"

"Yes. His secretary told me he had no doubts why you had sent me up here."

"So he laughed," Dr. Fisher said, then turned sudden irritation on Martin. "You picked a damned poor morning to sleep late. Now get on your toes. Mr. Duff has strong views about punctuality."

"Yes, I know," Martin said.

"You have to watch your step with Barton Duff," the headmaster said. "I know the man well. We were First Boys at Porthaven, as you know, and I can assure you that if you once get on his bad side . . ." Dr. Fisher's voice trailed off.

MARTIN parted his hair on the side, brushed it, and hurriedly put on his shirt. Dr. Fisher followed him from bureau to closet and back again as Martin dressed.

"I couldn't get accommodations," he said. "If you don't mind, Vincent, I'll make my headquarters here in your room for the day."

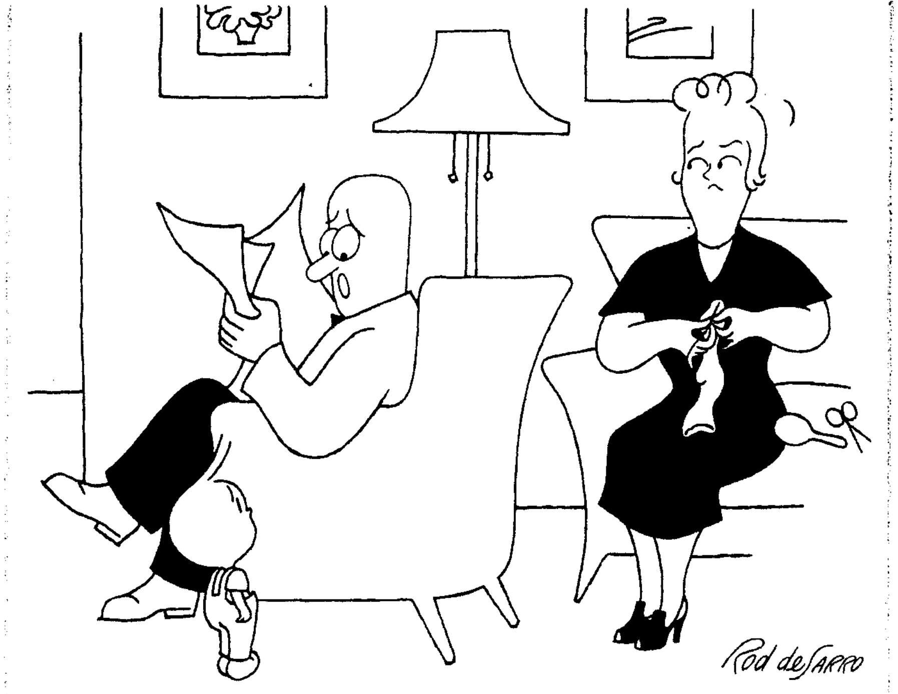
"Of course," Martin said.

"I'll expect a call as soon as you have news," Dr. Fisher said. "I'll be waiting here."

Martin nodded unhappily, and picked up his gloves and stick. The headmaster said, "And one more thing, Vincent. I'm leaving it to you to handle this, but if things go well, shoot high." He slapped Martin's shoulder hard. "Shoot for a million!"

Martin escaped along the corridor. It was depressing to start out before breakfast on such a mission, and as he went down in the elevator his hunger reminded him that he had passed up dinner the night before. He found a cab at the hack stand in front of the hotel and gave the address of the Duff home on Fifth Avenue.

It was an austere limestone mansion, facing Central Park. The lower windows were barred, and he remembered un-



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comfortably that the bars had been installed as a safeguard against reporters and cameramen, particularly cameramen. He went up the steps and pushed a brass bell button. The door was opened by a butler, and Martin's nervousness increased. He said, "I want to see Mr. Duff."

"Do you have an appointment, sir?"

"I think so," Martin said. "I'm Mr. Vincent."

"You're expected," the butler said. "This way, please." He led Martin to a door to the left of the entrance and opened it. "Wait in there."

It was a small office, with a window overlooking the park. Martin dropped into a leather chair next to a desk, and lighted a cigarette.

HE HAD smoked it to a butt before the door was opened again and Mary Edmonds entered. He rose and smiled, but received no answering smile from her. She went around behind the desk, laid her palms on top of it, and looked at him coldly.

"What's the price?" she said.

"What's what price?"

"Please don't fence with me, Mr. Vincent, or whoever you are. Suppose you tell me what you want out of this?"

"I came up here to explain the whole thing," he said. "I think I can make Mr. Duff see that it was all an innocent error, if he'll only see me. He left last night before the facts were known."

"All that interests Mr. Duff is that photograph," Miss Edmonds said. "And the negative, of course. He wants that photograph."

"*I* don't have the photograph," Martin began, but the telephone on Miss Edmonds' desk interrupted. She reached for it and he dropped again into his chair.

"Yes," she said. "Yes, I'm ready for the Porthaven call." She looked thoughtfully at Martin as she waited, the receiver at her ear. "Hello, Dr. Fisher? . . . No, I don't want the acting headmaster. I want Dr. Fisher. . . . Oh, he's out of town. This is Miss Edmonds, secretary to Barton Duff . . . Yes, I wanted to ask Dr. Fisher about Mr. Vincent . . . Oh, yes, he showed up, all right. Will you describe him, please." She listened, and Martin could follow the description as her eyes followed his anatomy, point by point. "Yes," she said, "it seems to fit. Thank you." She hung up, and said to Martin, "So you *are* Mr. Vincent."

"If you let me talk to Mr. Duff," he said, "I can clear this up."

"If Mr. Duff wants to talk to you, he'll let me know," Miss Edmonds said crisply. "Then I'll let *you* know."

Martin drew in a long breath, clenched his fists. He said angrily, "You're a flint-hearted woman, Miss Edmonds."

"That's my job."

"Do you arrange your personality to suit your job?" He shook his head. "I don't think so. I think you enjoy it. I think you like to make the most of your secondhand power. You get some kind of satisfaction out of it."

"Oh, my God!" said Mary Edmonds.

"Well, look," Martin said. "Why don't you give me a chance to explain? All this isn't my fault. I didn't ask for this assignment. See here, I'm just a teacher. All I want is to be let alone so that I can finish up a book I'm working on. I didn't want to come up here to see Mr. Duff, but somebody had to come, because unless something is done for Porthaven the school will fold up. They picked me because I know something about history, so they dressed me up and sent me to New York."

"They dressed you up?" A look of interest came into the calm blue eyes.

"I never went in for clothes," he said. "I mean I usually wear tweeds and smoke a pipe, and I parted my hair in the middle until yesterday."

"Is that bad—parting your hair in the middle?"

"I have a cowlick," he explained. "It doesn't show when it's parted on the side. And I never wore a starched collar or carried a stick until yesterday, but they said I had to be sober and industrious and neat, so I did the best I could."

"Did you say sober?" Mary Edmonds smiled.

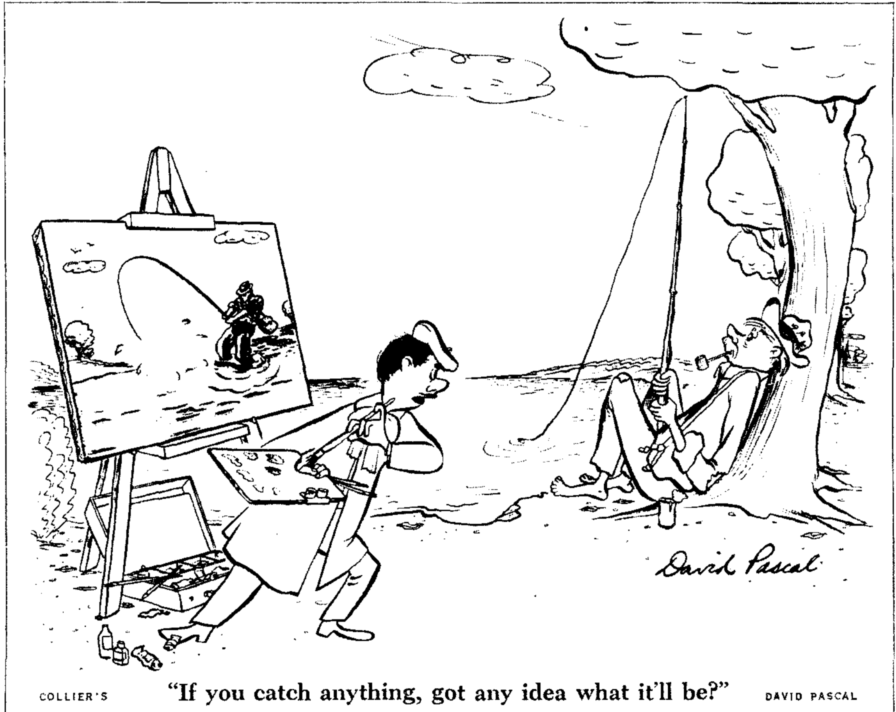
"I know I had a couple too many," he said, and shrugged. "I told them I'd make a mess of it, and I did, but it shouldn't be held against Porthaven. I think it's only fair to give me a chance to explain the facts to Mr. Duff."

"That's a fine, straightforward statement," said Mary Edmonds. There was irony in her tone, but she avoided his eyes. She gazed out the window and tapped a pencil against her teeth.

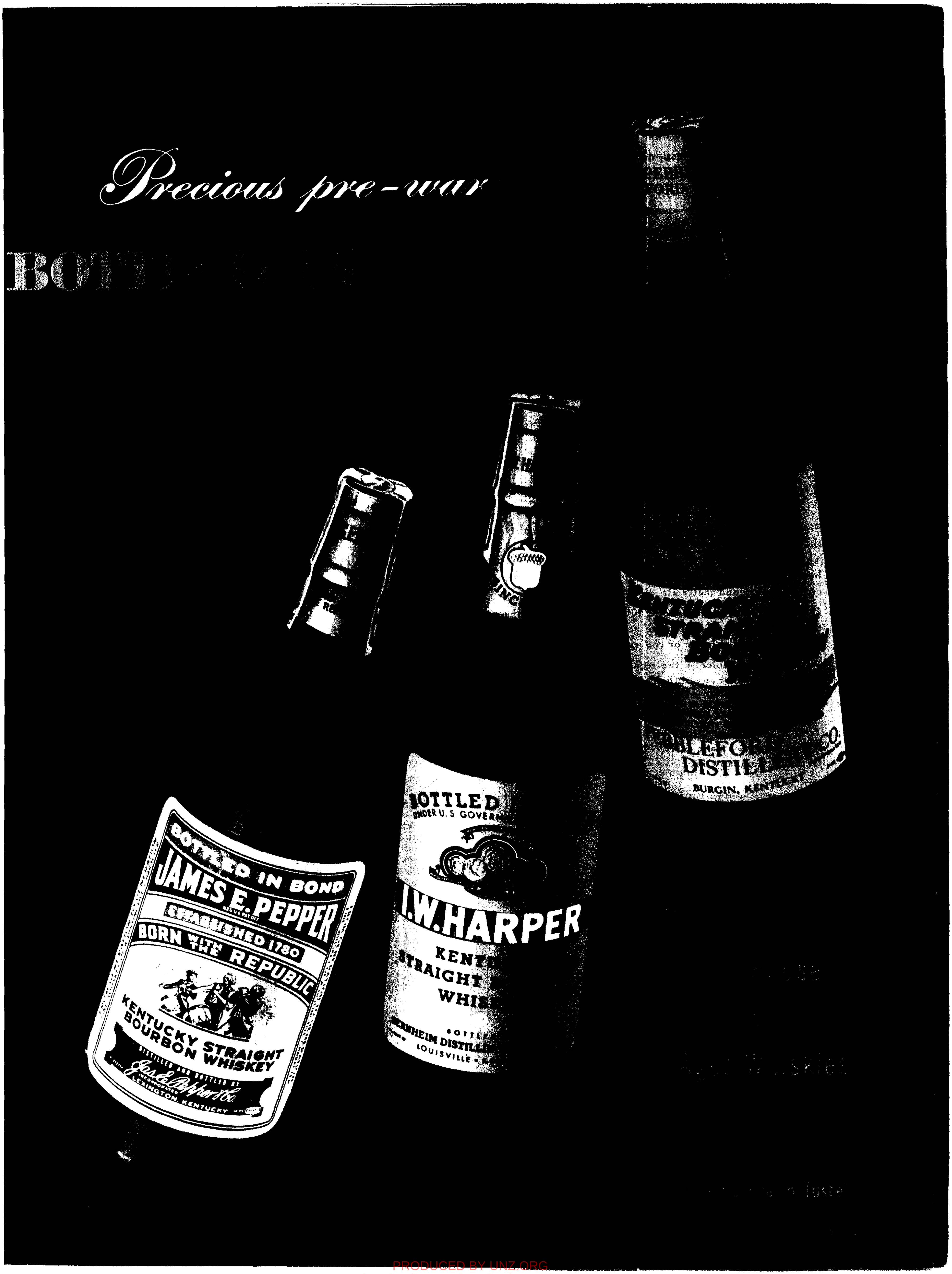
"Oh, the hell with it!" She turned suddenly. "All right, I'll see what I can do. I don't like being called flinthearted. I don't like that at all." She rose to her feet. "Come on. We'll try to catch him before the show starts. It's already time for the morning movie."

He followed her out the door and they walked side by side up a wide flight of stairs. Miss Edmonds used a nice perfume and she had a casual, graceful way of walking. Perhaps, he thought, if you ever cracked through that exterior, you would find an unexpected sort of egg.

As Mary put her hand on the doorknob at the head of the stairs, a voice



COLLIER'S "If you catch anything, got any idea what it'll be?" DAVID PASCAL



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called from the floor above, "Have you settled it, Mary?"

Martin looked up, saw Barton Duff coming heavy-footed down the stairs. The broad planes of his face were set in a scowl. Martin said, "Mr. Duff, I can explain all this to you."

"Never mind your explanations," Barton Duff said forcefully. "Just hand over that photograph."

"I don't have it, Mr. Duff," Martin said. "I don't know who does. But I can explain how it happened. It was a plot by Mr. Driscoll's wife to frame him for a divorce. That's why the girl was in the room, taking a bath, and that's why the man was there with a camera. He was a private detective. They mistook me for Mr. Driscoll, because we look something alike."

"And who are *you?*" said Barton Duff.

MARY EDMONDS said softly, "He really is Mr. Vincent of the Porthaven School. I got my call through."

"Is that so?" said Mr. Duff. "Well, I must say I'm sorry to see a Porthaven boy mixed up in it."

"Mixed up in what, Mr. Duff?" Martin said helplessly.

"I think I know the price of that photograph," said Mr. Duff. "The idea is to close up the Historical Verification Association, isn't it? That's the price of the photograph, isn't it?" He gave Martin a keen glance. "Well, you can go back and tell Mr. Driscoll and all the rest of the cabal that it won't work. The H.V.A. will continue." He glared at Martin. "It's a clever plan. I concede that. Discredit Barton Duff and you discredit the H.V.A. Which newspaper is going to run that photograph, young man?"

"Why, Mr. Duff," Martin said. "No newspaper would print that photograph."

"They refused, did they?"

"I mean they just wouldn't print it," Martin said. "The newspapers don't do that kind of thing."

"The papers are always trying to steal my photograph," said Mr. Duff. "Some papers would pay well for that picture." His eyes were half closed. "As a matter of fact, I'll pay a reasonable price myself, if that's what you're after."

"Mr. Duff, believe me, I never saw Barney Driscoll until last night," Martin said. "I never even heard of him. I got into his room by mistake. It's no plot."

Mr. Duff held up his hand. "Young man, I find it somewhat coincidental that you obtained access to Mr. Driscoll's room, that you found an excuse to send me up there alone, that a young girl was waiting in a state of undress, that a man with a camera was hiding there and that Driscoll himself walked in to climax the scene." He shrugged his shoulders. "Possibly I'm unduly suspicious. I don't know. But I would not be surprised to see the motion-picture industry go all out to stop me, and I think this is an attempt. I will continue to think so until I have that photograph, and the negative, in my hand. If you have anything further to say to me, bring me that photograph and I'll listen."

The butler opened the door behind Martin and said, "I am ready with the film, Mr. Duff."

"Good," said Barton Duff. "When the picture is over, I want you to get all the afternoon papers. Tell the newsstand to deliver all editions as they come up." He passed through the doorway and slammed the door hard.

Mary Edmonds said softly, "I told you there was no use talking to him."

"Does he really think it's a plot by the motion-picture industry to discredit him? That's absurd."

"The movies have done crazier things," she said, and smiled. "And Mr. Duff sees a lot of movies. And see here, if this alleged private detective was shadowing Mr. Driscoll, why did he take a photograph of Barton Duff? Do *they* look alike, too?"

"No," Martin said glumly.

"So," said Mary Edmonds, "the picture *was* taken, and whether Barney Driscol has it or not, it's dynamite so far as Mr Duff is concerned. Several newspapers would be delighted to print it. As you know, Mr. Duff never allows his photograph to be taken. Not since he lost his hair. Once we caught a cameraman on the roof next door, waiting to get a sho of Mr. Duff in his shorts, jumping rope."

"Jumping rope?" Martin said.

She flushed. "For exercise, of course That time the butler broke the man's camera."

"Whatever the facts may be," Martin said, "I suppose I'll never get anywhere with Barton Duff, will I?"

"What do you think, Mr. Vincent?"

"Or with you," Martin said.

She had started down the stairs, but quickly turned. "What do you mean by that?" Her tone was chilly.

"I mean I'll never get you on my side You're still against me, aren't you?"

"I never take sides, Mr. Vincent," she said quietly, and moved on down the stairs.

Martin followed, but at the foot of the stairs she turned toward her office without a backward glance, saying, "You can let yourself out, can't you?" He watched the door close behind her, then went on out to the sunlight of Fifth Avenue.

He crossed at the corner and dropped onto a bench set against the stone wall enclosing Central Park. He reached for his pipe, and sighed as he remembered once more that he had left it in Porthaven. He took out a cigarette and lighted it. As he put out the match he noticed the book of matches in his hand contained an advertisement for the Club Pigalle—no cover charge, two shows nightly. The thing for him to do, he thought, was to get pleasantly pickled that evening, take in a night club, do the town. After all, it would be his last chance for some time. He was practically out of a job.

He thought of Dr. James G. Fisher waiting for his call in the Hotel Westbrook, and decided that he was in no hurry to return to the hotel. Dr. Fisher could wait. He would put off the reckoning as long as possible, but eventually he would have to tell the whole story and admit that he had withheld pertinent facts from the headmaster. He was pretty sure how Dr. Fisher would react.

MARTIN threw his cigarette to the ground and stamped on it. He had been doing his work, minding his business. It was unfair to send him on this mission. It was unfair to blame him for his failure, but he was sure that he would be blamed. Dr. Fisher would have sound grounds for dismissing him, and even if he were lucky enough to find another post he would not find it easy to obtain a recommendation from the headmaster. He'd have to let his book on education go, for the time being. He'd have to find some sort of job.

A low voice said, "What are you going to accomplish sitting on a park bench, Mr. Vincent?"

He looked up into Mary Edmonds' mocking blue eyes. He got to his feet. "What is there to accomplish?'

"You don't mean you've given up?" Her eyes shone. "Is this the true Porthaven spirit?"

Martin shrugged. "You said yourself it was hopeless."

"Still, aren't you giving up pretty easily?"

There was color in her cheeks, and the enigmatic smile was there again, compressed at the corners of her lips, as if suppressing impish laughter. Martin frowned and said, "You seem to get a lot of fun out of needling me. What could I possibly do?"

"I'd say get that photograph. That's what Mr. Duff wants."

"I haven't the least idea where it is or

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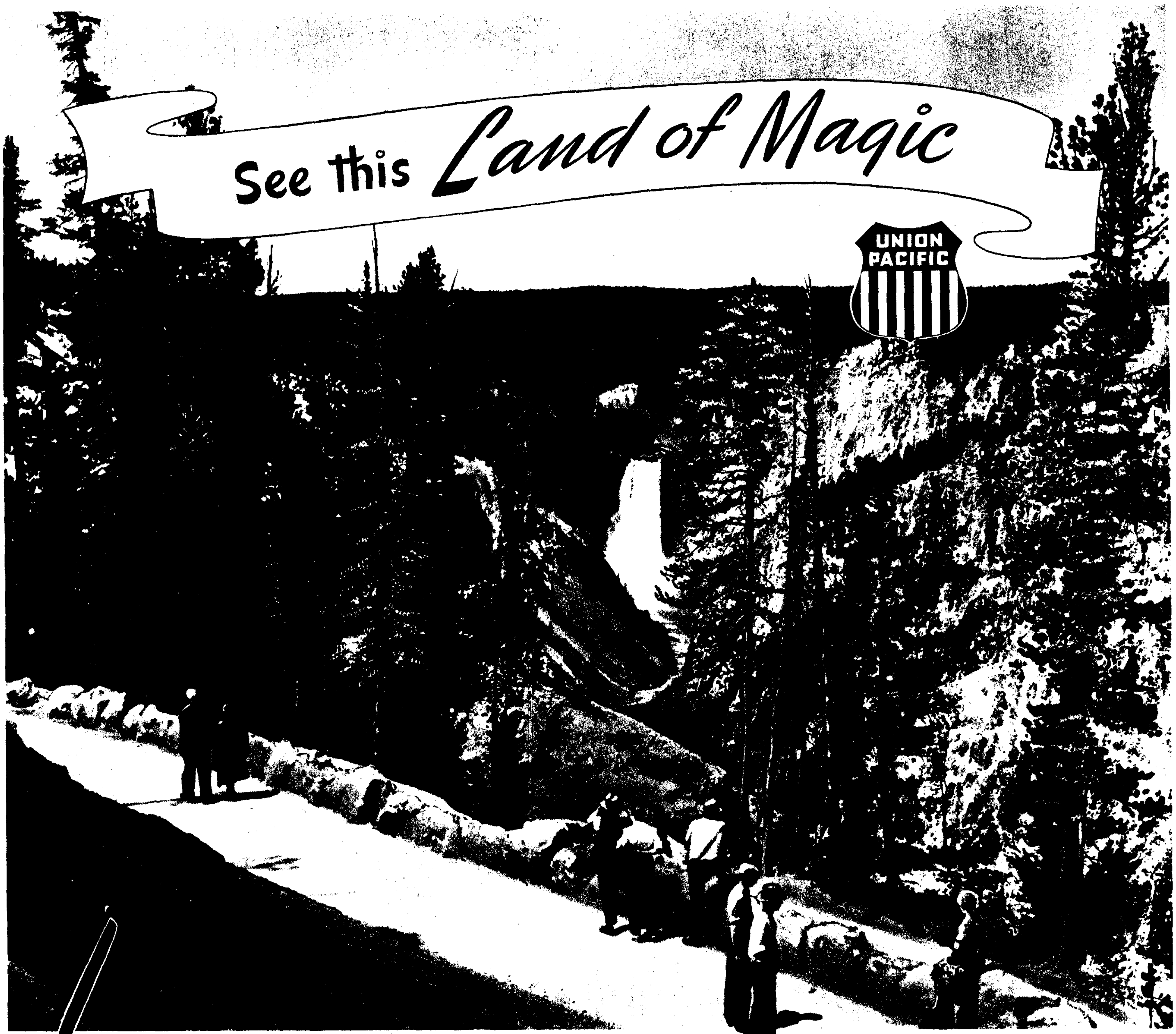

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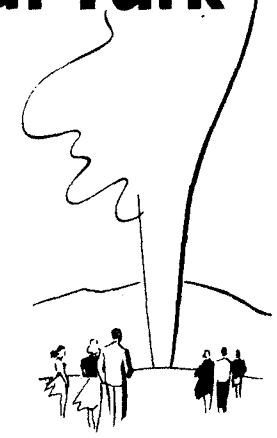

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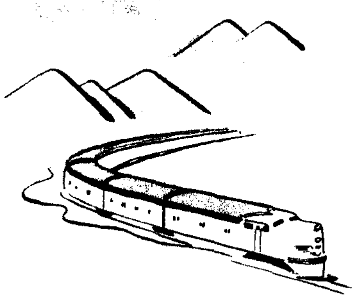

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iow to get it," Martin said. "And even f I did, I haven't time."

"Why haven't you time? You don't eem to be doing anything but taking it asy on a park bench."

Martin felt a prickle of irritation. She vas still smiling, and he did not like that mile. They were standing close together, neeting each other's eyes, and his impulse vas to catch her by the shoulders and hake her—to grab her and kiss that lamned irritating smile off her face. The mpulse disturbed him and he sat down igain on the bench.

She put one hand contritely on his arm. 'You know, I came out here because you ooked so downcast, all alone on the ench. But don't you think it's all pretty unny? You came here to make a big mpression on Mr. Duff, all slicked up ind your hair parted on the side, and you ictually did make an impression, then ou tangled yourself up in the most errible mess. Don't you see the funny ide of it at all?"

"No," he said. "I'll tell you why. Dr. isher is in town. He's waiting now in ny hotel room for news from me. The eason I haven't time is that Dr. Fisher vill find out the whole story before I ould possibly get the photograph, and hat will be the finish of me."

"He doesn't know?"

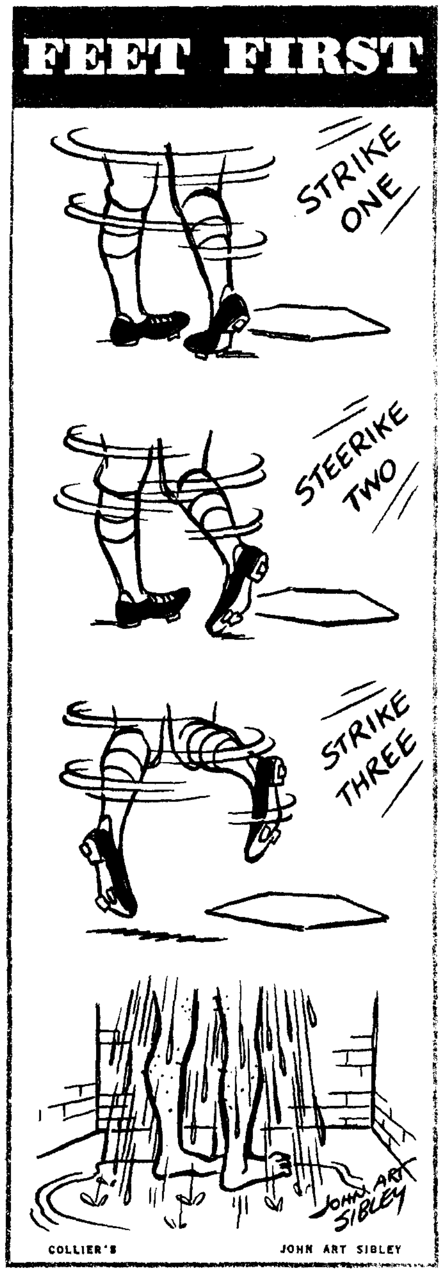
"No," Martin said. "He doesn't now."

"But won't he understand, if you explain it all to him?

"He wouldn't try to understand," Martin said. "To tell you the truth, Miss dmonds, he's looking for an excuse to get rid of me. He's not satisfied with my vork as it is."

"Aren't you a good teacher?"

Martin shrugged. "I think I'm a good eacher, but Dr. Fisher thinks I'm too lax. He believes in discipline, and he'll blame the whole situation on what he calls my laxness."



"I wonder," Mary Edmonds said softly, looking down at Martin. "Is he jealous of you?"

"Jealous? Why should he be?"

"I'll bet you're a good teacher," Mary said. "You're so serious, and, I gather from our conversation yesterday, you're a little bit of an idealist. And I'll bet the kids like you, too."

"Yes, I get on with the kids, all right."

"I bet he's jealous, all right," Mary said. "From the way Mr. Duff speaks of him, he's the kind of man who wouldn't like an ambitious young teacher under him writing a book."

"He's strict, at least," Martin said. "My contract won't be renewed after this. I'm sure of that."

"You know what I do when I feel the way you look? I take a walk in the park and watch the kids sail their boats."

"What can I accomplish," Martin said shortly, "taking a walk in the park?"

"Come on. It will do you good."

HE GOT up and walked with her toward the park entrance a block away. His hands were deep in the pockets of his coat and he moved slowly, kicking at a stone on the walk. From time to time she glanced at his face, and at last she said, "Is your job so important to you?"

"It's not just my job."

"Oh, I see. It's your book."

"It's not just the book, either."

"Then my goodness, what is it?"

"Well, I'm interested in education," Martin said. "That's my career. I like it. But this mess is going to make it hard for me. I'll never get a decent recommendation out of Dr. Fisher. This story will spread, and Dr. Fisher will give it a little extra push. It will spread how this quiet young teacher in a boys' school went to New York and was caught with an undressed French girl in his room. It will just about finish me in education."

They were on a gently curving walk, above the boat pond. Her fingers gently pressed his arm and she said, "Then why don't you do something?"

"I told you why. There isn't time."

"Look, Mr. Duff is seeing the morning movie. He won't be disturbed until it's over at a quarter to one. I can see to it that no calls come through for him after that, so how can Dr. Fisher find out? That will give you time."

Martin stopped short and looked down at her. "Miss Edmonds, I can't quite figure you out."

"No?" Her voice sharpened. "Is it necessary to figure me out?"

"I mean sometimes I think you want to give me a break, and sometimes I think you like to pull the wings off butterflies."

"I'm simply a flinthearted secretary," said Mary. "But I'm not inhuman. How about it? You've got time. You shouldn't waste it."

"I won't," Martin said, and squared his shoulders. "I think my best chance is to ask Barney Driscoll to get the name of that detective from his wife. That's the one lead I have. The girl disappeared. She checked out of her room last night. As a matter of fact, it's my room now."

Mary Edmonds grinned and said, "Better keep the door locked."

"Yes," he said sourly.

"Incidentally," she said, "what happened to your gloves and stick?"

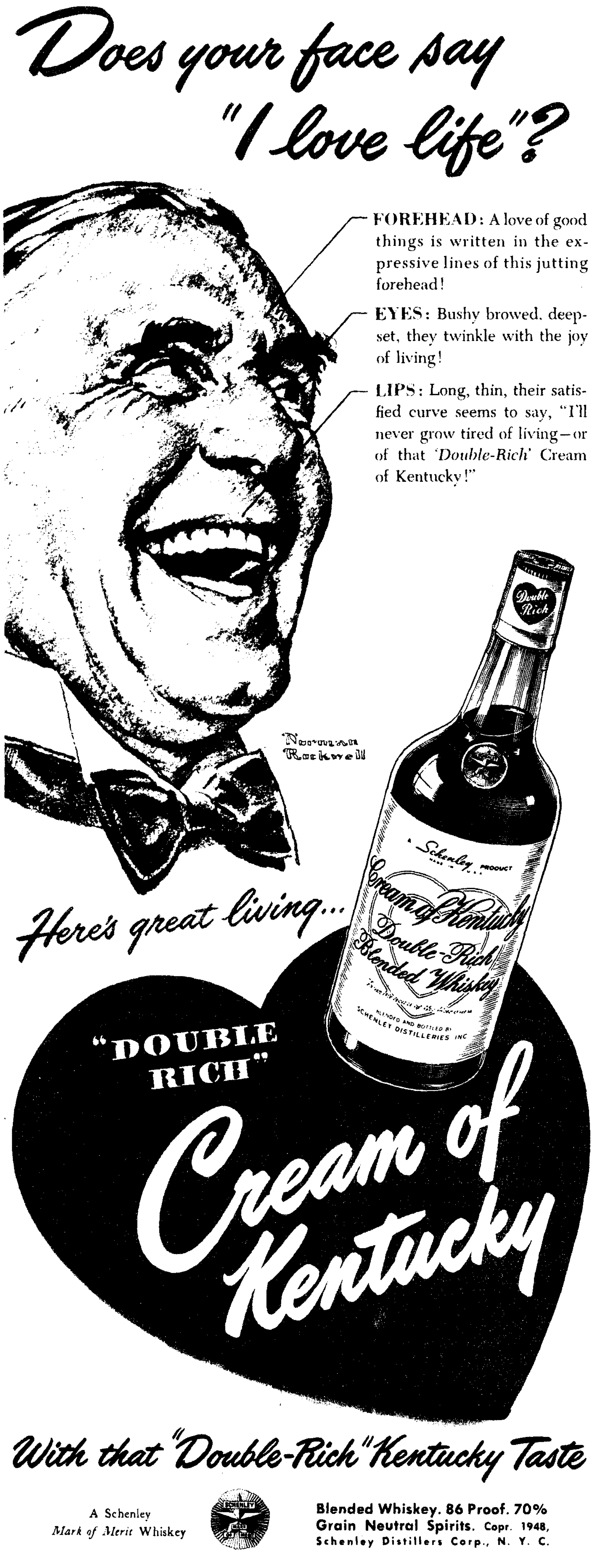
He looked down at his hands. "I must have left them in your office. I'll need that stick. I borrowed it from the Latin instructor at Porthaven."

"You look better without it," she said. "A little more believable."

"I borrowed this suit, too."

She looked at his earnest face and suddenly began to laugh. He frowned. "What's so funny?"

"You should have worn your nice old tweeds," she said. "And smoked your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pipe. And left your hair parted in the middle, cowlick and all. That would have made a better impression on Mr. Duff."

"It seems I did everything wrong," he said gloomily. "Not that it will surprise anybody."

"Are you getting back into that mood again?" She gestured impatiently.

"No," Martin said. He hailed a cruising cab. As he turned to say goodby, she said, "I'm wondering if I ought to go along. As the representative of Mr. Duff, I mean."

Martin frowned. "I see. Mr. Duff sent you out here to talk to me, didn't he?"

"No, he didn't. But he wants that photograph, and I think it's my duty to go along and lend a hand. Don't you?"

"And to check up," Martin said.

She grinned. "That's right. To check up."

Martin liked her smile a little better. He said, "Let's go," and opened the door.

AS THE cab moved away, he murmured, "I'm glad you're coming. You know, Miss Edmonds, you're good for my morale." That, he thought, was true; she was exceedingly good for his morale. He told the driver to go to the Hotel Westbrook, and brought out cigarettes. As he held a light for her, she noticed the oversize book of paper matches, and her eyebrows went up.

"The Club Pigalle?" she said. "Only in town since yesterday, but you've been around, haven't you?"

"I've never been there," he said. "I suppose they came with the cigarettes." He shook his head. "Except I bought the cigarettes in Porthaven. I haven't bought any in New York." He dropped the matches back into his pocket, nodded. "I remember. I picked them up last night in Driscoll's room."

The taxi was moving south on Madison Avenue. Mary said softly, "You know, you're a strange guy."

"Why?"

"Well, you sit there smoking cigarettes, but you don't like cigarettes, do you?"

"I prefer my pipe."

"Then why don't you smoke a pipe?"

"I left my pipe in Porthaven," he said. "You see, I . . ."

"You wanted to make an impression," she broke in. The irritating smile was in evidence again.

"Not exactly. You see, the fellow who owns this suit didn't want me packing a pipe around in it."

"*You intend to have it cleaned and* pressed before you return it, don't you?"

"Of course."

"Then for God's sake, Mr. Vincent, buy yourself a pipe!" She leaned forward. "Driver, stop somewhere so the man can buy a pipe." She sank back again beside Martin. "Do you always do precisely what's expected of you?"

Martin shrugged. "I never gave it much thought."

"You gave plenty of thought to *not* having a pipe."

The cab drew up to the curb and the driver said, "Here you are, sir."

"Go ahead," said Mary. "Buy one."

Martin bought pipe and tobacco pouch. He filled the pipe and lighted it, and returned to the cab, carrying the pouch in his hand. As the taxicab moved on, Mary said, "Go on, stick it in your pocket."

He looked at the tobacco pouch, grinned, and put it away. Sucking in the sharp tobacco from the new pipe, he felt much better. He felt that he could think more clearly, and the problems which had seemed so sprawling and fuzzy a short time ago were in a little better focus.

"On second thought," he said as the cab stopped at the Hotel Westbrook, "I'd better go up and see Driscoll alone. I think you'd better not come up."

"In that case," she said. "I just came along for the ride."

"For a drink," Martin said. They went into the hotel and Mary walked slowly, her lips pursed in thought. "Maybe for lunch," he said. "It's nearly noon. Will you have lunch with me?"

She hesitated only an instant. "All right." She gave him an angled glance. "So you don't want me to see Driscoll?"

Martin was offended. "If you're still suspicious, come ahead."

"Oh, all right," said Mary. "You see Driscoll. I'll wait here in the lobby."

As Martin was steering her to a chair, a voice called his name. He turned. From the direction of the cigar counter the squat, paunchy figure of Dr. Fisher was bearing down on them. There was a smile on his face, and he actually stuck out his hand as he approached.

"Well, well, how did it go?"

"Dr. Fisher," Martin said, "this young lady is Mr. Duff's secretary. Miss Edmonds—Dr. Fisher."

"Oh, I see," the headmaster said, giving Martin a conspirator's glance. "How do you do, Miss Edmonds." His hand enveloped hers, and he came near winking at Martin over her head.

"If you'll excuse us," Martin said hastily, "Miss Edmonds and I are having lunch together."

"Oh, but you have an errand," Mary said. "Why don't I stay here and chat with Dr. Fisher? That is, if he has time."

"All the time in the world," the headmaster said. "But if you'll excuse us, Miss Edmonds, I'd like a word with Mr. Vincent."

He drew Martin aside, whispered, "Is it settled, Vincent?"

Martin pulled away from Dr. Fisher's eager hand on his elbow. "Give me time. *Nothing is settled yet.*"

Dr. Fisher glanced over his shoulder at Mary. "A very sound procedure, taking the young lady out to lunch. Very sound, Vincent. Keep plugging away."

"Yes," Martin said and tried to move on, but the headmaster's hand detained him.

"I'm waiting for Oliver Pratt," he said. "He's on his way, Martin."

"You called him up?"

"That's right. We're having lunch here at the hotel."

Martin escaped to the elevator, and Dr. Fisher walked back to join Mary. Martin was thankful that Mary had chosen to keep the headmaster occupied, but he wondered if her motive wasn't also to check thoroughly on him. Under the present circumstances, he was confident that Dr. Fisher would give a good report.

MARTIN got off at the twelfth floor and knocked on the door of room 1207. A voice called, "Who is it?"

"Martin Vincent."

"Who?"

"Don't you remember me, Mr. Driscoll? Last night."

"Sure," said Barney Driscoll. He opened the door. "Come in. I want to talk to you." He waved to a chair. "Sit down. A drink?"

"No, thanks," Martin said.

Driscoll went to the mirror to resume knotting a necktie that was far from timid. He said over his shoulder, "Tell *you what I want. I want an outline of* that story idea of yours."

"What idea?"

"The boys'-school idea you were talking about last night. Work me up an outline. A couple of paragraphs."

Martin blinked. "Mr. Driscoll, that was *your* idea. It wasn't mine. Right now I want to get the name of that detective your wife hired."

"How should I know who he is?"

"Your wife could tell you."

Driscoll grinned. "What you want me to do, call her up and say, 'Sweetie-pie, give me the name of that private eye you got trying to frame me?' "

"I guess not," Martin said. "But maybe if I talked to her I could get the name. Where can I get in touch with her?"

"You could call the Coast," Barney Driscoll said. "That is, if you knew where to call."

Martin groaned. "She's out in California?"

"That's right. She's there somewhere. I don't know just where. Santa Monica, last I heard."

Martin hesitated an instant. Somehow Barney Driscoll's attitudes and gestures seemed a little overdone, not quite believable. He said, "Maybe you hired that detective yourself, Mr. Driscoll."

"Me? Huh? What do you mean?"

"I had a talk this morning with Barton Duff," Martin said. "He thinks maybe you hired the guy to take pictures. He thinks you're part of a plot to discredit him and break up the Historical Verification Association."

Barney Driscoll's mouth opened wide, then settled into a grin. "Is he nuts?"

"I wouldn't say so," Martin said. "Did you do it, Mr. Driscoll?"

"For God's sake," Driscoll said. *"I'm* not nuts. I wouldn't want to buck Barton Duff. That guy's too big. He could break *me;* I couldn't break him. I tell you, I'd like to have him working with us, not against us. I got nothing against the H.V.A. Matter of fact, it's not a bad idea. What the industry ought to do is take it over. That's the way pictures got where they are, by absorbing their critics."

"Then you don't have that photograph?"

"Hell, no. Look here, I don't want Barton Duff thinking I'm laying for him. You tell him if I can help in any way, call on me. Maybe I'd better call him."

"Maybe not," Martin said. "Not unless we get that picture."

"I see. Can't you find that dame was here last night?"

"I don't know how," Martin said. He moved slowly toward the door, turned with his hand on the knob. "By the way, where's a good place to take a girl for lunch? I'm a stranger in town."

"You like French food? Try the Écrevisse, on Fiftieth Street. Matter of fact, I'm having lunch there myself."

"Okay," Martin said. "Thanks."

Going down in the elevator, Martin thought that it was very nearly impossible to find Madeleine Petit, but the problem did not have his full attention. He thought instead of luncheon at the Écrevisse with Mary Edmonds. Definitely, that girl was good for his morale. He took out his pipe and filled it, and the bowl was glowing when he stepped out of the elevator into the lobby.

Mary and Dr. Fisher were not where he had left them. He circled the lobby, then tried the bar. They were at a table near the windows, and with them was a heavy man with yellowish skin and loose, full lips. Dr. Fisher got to his feet as Martin approached, and was ready with a hearty handshake. The loose-lipped man gave him a keen glance of appraisal.

"My boy, I want you to meet Oliver Pratt, the chairman of the trustees," said Dr. Fisher. "Oliver, this is the young teacher we've been talking about."

MR. PRATT gave Martin's hand a firm shake, then withdrew his own hand immediately and transferred it to a Manhattan. "I've heard a good report of you, Mr. Vincent," he said. "I was already informed as to your record at the school. Sit down. The cocktails are on the board of trustees today. What will it be?"

"I'll have a Manhattan, too," Martin said, and sat down.

"Vincent, Miss Edmonds has been telling us that you made a very fine speech last night," said Dr. Fisher. "Mr. Duff had some nice things to say about you, and I believe you have a friend at court." He beamed at Mary. "Am I right, Miss Edmonds?"

"Quite right," Mary said. "I like to see a Porthaven boy make good."

"Oliver," said Dr. Fisher leaning across the small table. "What do you say we call old Pudd'n up?"

"Call who?" said Mr. Pratt.

"Mr. Duff. Pudd'n, we used to call him at Porthaven."

Mary said hastily, "I'm afraid Mr. Duff won't be available, Dr. Fisher. This is a busy day for him."

"And I think you'd better wait," Martin said nervously. "Give me a little more time."

"Mr. Vincent is the man in the field," Oliver Pratt said. "Let's listen to Mr. Vincent."

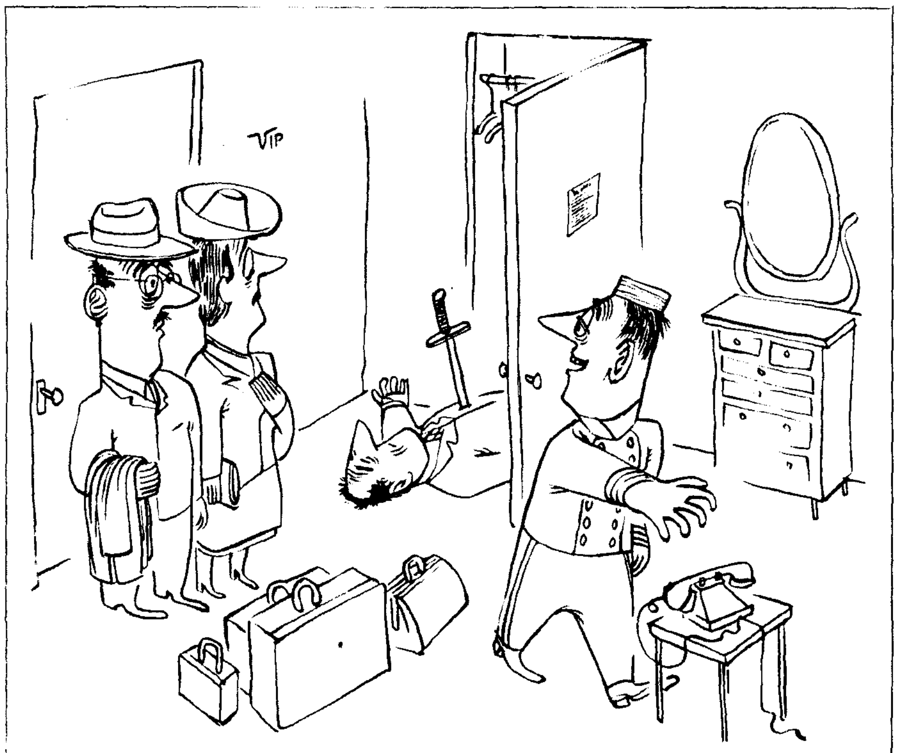
Martin gulped his Manhattan as soon as the waiter placed the glass in front of him. Mary gave him a meaningful glance and said, "Maybe I'd better make that telephone call now, Mr. Vincent."

"Telephone call?" Martin said blankly.

"The telephone call to end all telephone calls," Mary said, with a significant smile.

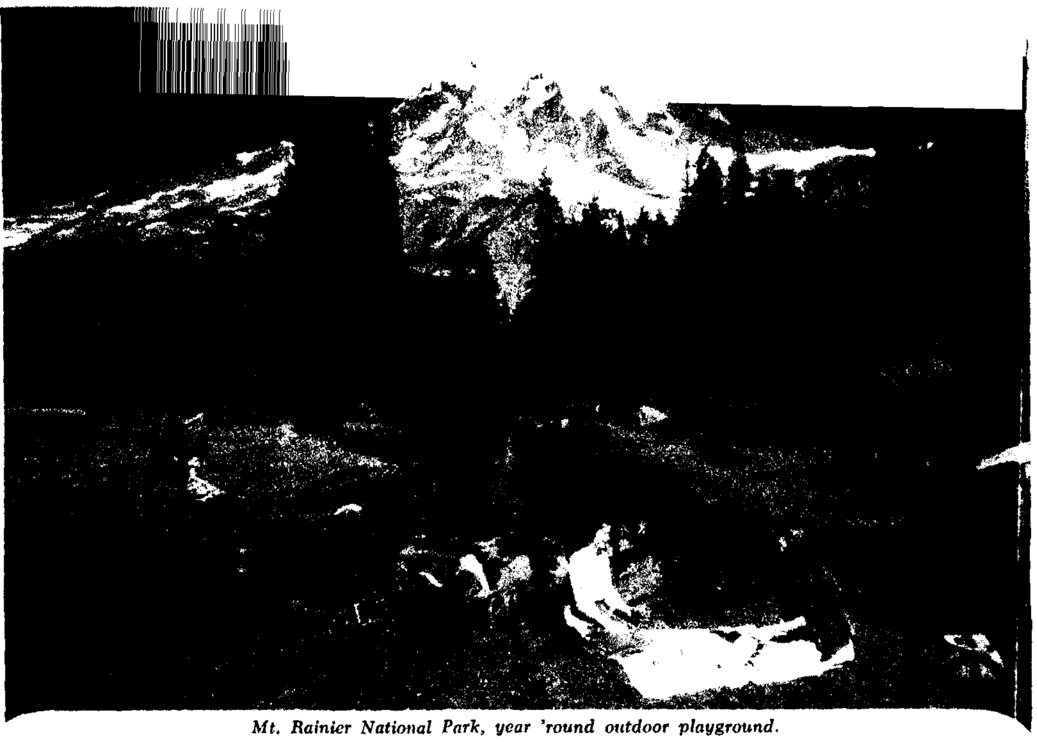
Martin understood and said, "You bet."

She went to the telephone booth, and



"Oh, it's quite all right. We'll just have him switched to another room"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH



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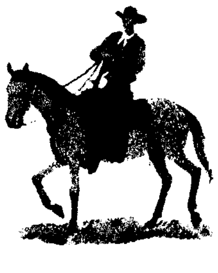

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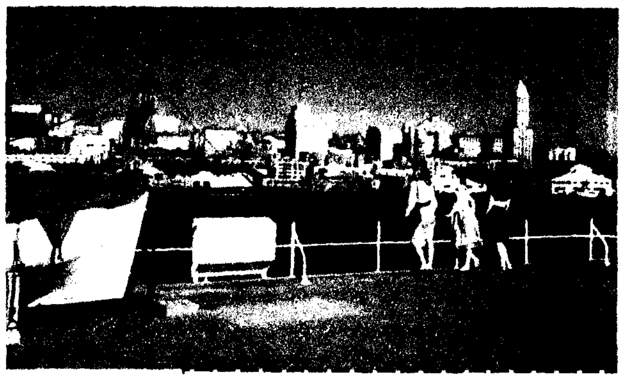
(Below) Beautiful Lake Chelan, a fishermen's paradise in central Washington.

(Above) Moses Coulee. Nature spreads its handiwork on a lavish scale in Washington State. (Below) Seattle as seen from one of the many ferries that ply beautiful Puget Sound.



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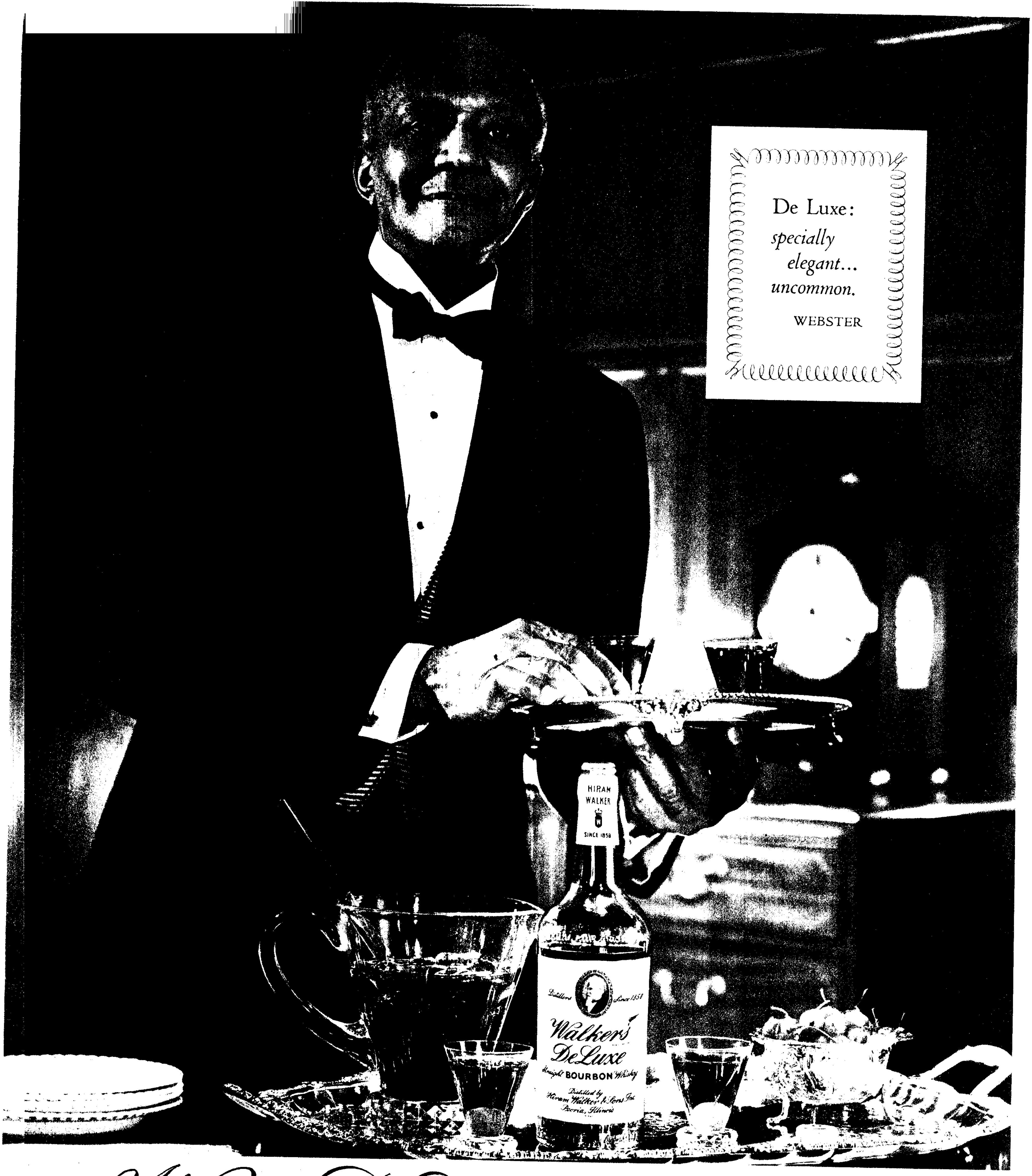
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"Good job," said Oliver Pratt, with a loose grin. "Now let's hear just how we stand with Mr. Duff. You saw him this morning, I understand."

"Yes," Martin said.

"Well," said Dr. Fisher, after a pause. "Speak up, Vincent. How did it go?"

"Mr. Duff was very busy," Martin said. "He was about to run off a motion picture, and we didn't have much time to talk."

"You're seeing him later, aren't you?"

"Oh," Martin said, "naturally."

"When the picture is over?"

"Yes," Martin said.

"Now, Jimmy, we're going to leave all this to Mr. Vincent," Oliver Pratt said. "However, we will expect immediate word from you, young man. Dr. Fisher and I will take care of the details, when the time comes. Mr. Duff does considerable business through my bank, you know, and I might say that I have a certain influence with him. When the time comes, I'll be happy to throw my weight in, for what it's worth. We'll await word from you."

"We're having lunch here at the Westbrook," said Dr. Fisher. "You can have us paged, Vincent."

"Yes," Martin said.

"Shall we have another cocktail?" said Oliver Pratt, and looked around for the waiter.

Dr. Fisher smiled broadly. "Oliver, maybe we ought to find ourselves another table. I think we're intruding on these two young people."

Mr. Pratt was instantly on his feet. He dropped a hand on Martin's shoulder as Martin started to rise, and pushed him back into his chair. "We'll leave you to your spadework," he said. "And let me leave one word with you, Vincent. The trustees will appreciate the work you're doing, believe me. You're the type of young man we want at Porthaven. You can expect a suitable reward from the trustees, I'm sure."

"I don't want any reward," Martin said miserably.

Oliver Pratt smiled. "Of course you will have our lasting gratitude for saving the school, my boy, but I think there should be something more tangible. I have in mind a definite advancement in your career. Suppose we discuss it later."

"Yes, Mr. Pratt," Martin said.

"I might say, Oliver," said Dr. Fisher, "that it's gratifying the way my plan is working out. That speech of Vincent's was a masterpiece of its kind. I saw to it that it was thoroughly researched. I was sure that our one approach to Mr. Duff was through the H.V.A., and by George, I was right."

Oliver Pratt slapped the headmaster's shoulder. "Old Machiavelli," he said. "You're a sly worker, Jimmy. We had about given up, and you came along with a plan to save the school. Don't worry, Jimmy, the trustees will get a full report."

"Come along, Oliver," Dr. Fisher said. "Old fellows like us should follow up a cocktail with solid food. Vincent, give our compliments to the young lady and ask her to excuse us."

"Yes, Dr. Fisher," Martin said.

"And remember," the headmaster added, "have us paged."

WHEN Mary returned, Martin was alone at the table, drinking his second Manhattan. He looked up at her and said, "Let's get out of here."

"You're having another. Why can't I?"

Martin called the waiter, and Mary said, "Well, I left word not to connect Dr. Fisher with Mr. Duff, if he calls. So you're all right there." She smiled. "As a matter of fact, if he called up and used that nickname, Pudd'n, Mr. Duff would probably hang up on him."

"Mary," Martin said. "Mrs. Driscoll is out on the Coast and Driscoll doesn't know just where. We're right back where we started, only there are a couple more eight balls in the game."

She studied his face. "So you're all depressed again, is that it?"

He shrugged. "I'm plenty depressed. I've got the chairman of the trustees watching every move I make now."

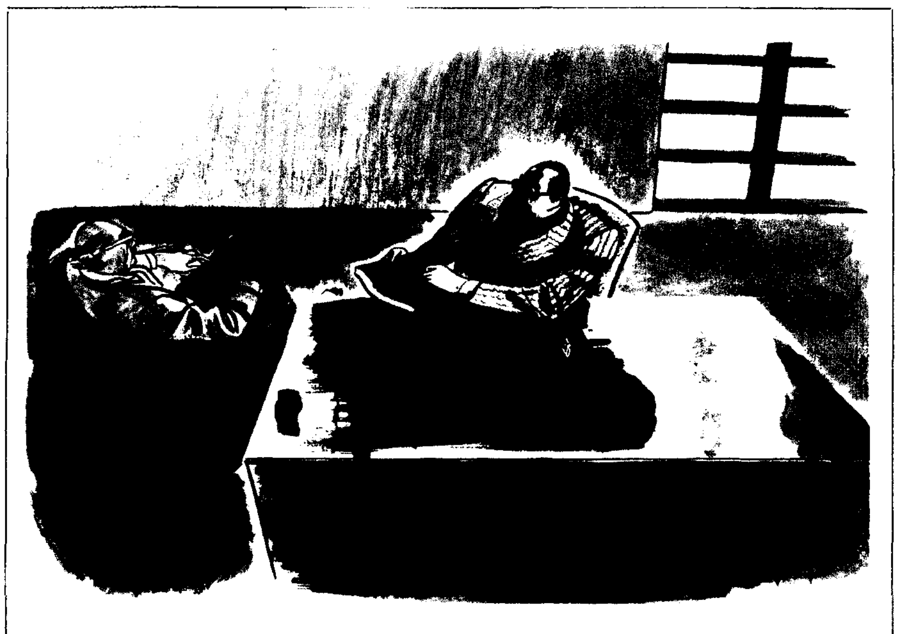
"You know," Mary said, "I was right."

"Right about what?"

"Dr. Fisher is jealous of you. Now don't give me that look. I'm right. I sounded him out. You know how I could tell? It was that patronizing way he spoke of you. A promising young man, and all that sort of thing. In a few years, when you've matured, you may make a place for yourself in education. In a modest way, of course. That was the way it went."

"I can't see why Dr. Fisher would be jealous of me," Martin said. "It's absurd."

"You're always low-rating yourself," Mary said. "That's why you can't see it. For one thing, he's worried about the kudos you're going to get from your book. I brought up the subject of your



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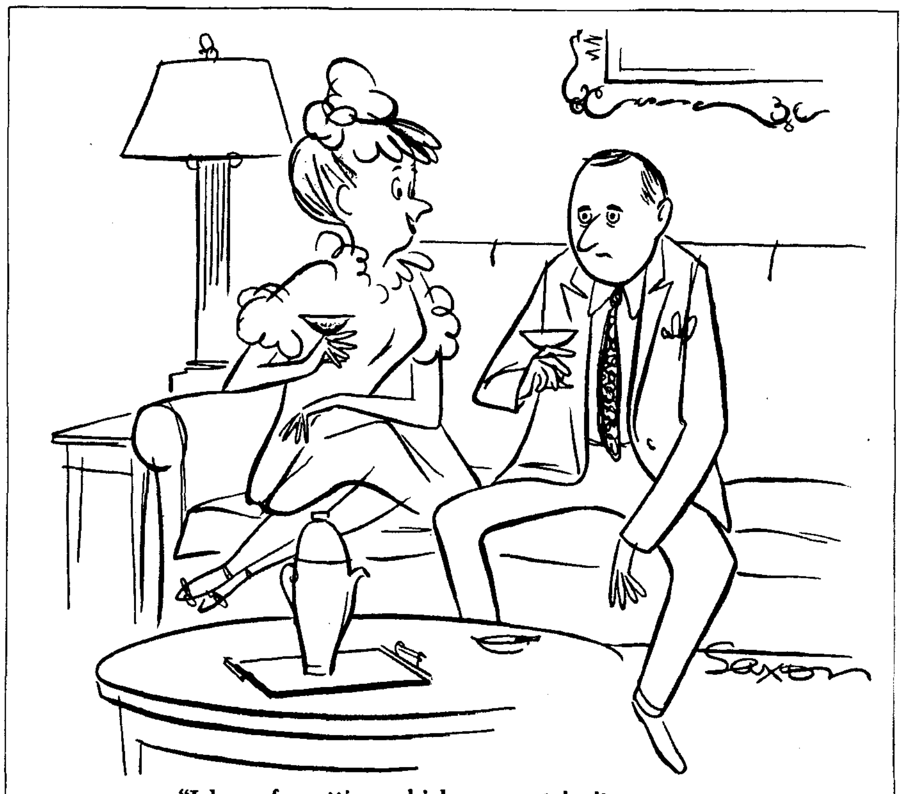

COLLIER'S "I keep forgetting which you put in it—grapefruit juice or ginger ale—so I just compromise" CHARLES SAXON

book after Mr. Pratt had joined us, and Dr. Fisher said he'd seen a couple of chapters. He said it went along all right. Not particularly scholarly, he said, and perhaps a trifle overenthusiastic in the section on Mark Hopkins, but, on the whole, quite interesting. After you have two or three books under your belt, he said, you may make some sort of contribution to scholarship. How do you like that?"

"I don't like it," Martin said. "I've talked to him about the book, but I never showed him any of it."

"You see!" Mary said. "And Mr. Pratt nearly killed him. Mr. Pratt said, 'Someday he may be taking your place as headmaster, Jimmy, when you retire. The trustees have been watching him.' "

"Mr. Pratt said that?" Martin said, his eyes big.

"He certainly did."

Martin groaned. "It will only make it worse for me, when all this comes out. Dr. Fisher won't be bothered by *me* any more."

Her eyes sought his. "Drink your drink," she said. "Smoke your pipe. Cheer up!"

"It's twelve thirty," he said. "Let's get out of here and eat some lunch. I haven't eaten since lunch yesterday."

"Poor man," said Mary. "That unhappy expression isn't all worry, is it?"

"It's just hunger," Martin said. "Barney Driscoll recommended a place called the Écrevisse. Let's try it."

ON THE way to the restaurant in a cab, he tried to forget all that had happened, and tried not to think of what was to come, but Mary steered the conversation back to Mr. Duff.

"He's really a fine man," she said, "and a wonderful employer. He's autocratic and single-minded, but he's fair. If you can just get that photograph, he'll forget what happened, I know. And at least I can persuade him that there's no plot against him."

"*You* can?" Martin said. "Didn't I hear you say that Miss Edmonds did not take sides?"

"Miss Edmonds can be wrong once in a while," she said. "Miss Edmonds isn't a bad guy, you know."

"Miss Edmonds is all right," Martin said.

It was early for the luncheon crowd, yet there was no table immediately available without a reservation at the Écrevisse. There was a small bar to the right of the entrance, and from the high bar stools they could see over the low partition separating the bar from the restaurant. The sight of good French food taunted Martin, and another Manhattan made him even hungrier.

Mary put out her hand. "You don't need those cigarettes any more, now that you have a pipe," she reminded him. "May I have one?"

He took out the pack of cigarettes, gave it to her and struck a match. When the cigarette was lighted she blew out smoke and took the book of matches from his hand.

"The Club Pigalle," she said. "Ever hear of it before?"

"I'm a stranger in New York," Martin said.

"So is Barney Driscoll. Didn't he just get to town, too?"

"Yes. Last night."

"Then how did he get these matches in such a hurry? He go out last night?"

"He was getting ready for bed when I left."

"These are pretty fancy matches," she said. "Not the kind they give away when you buy cigarettes. Not at all. Look here, you say you picked them up in Mr. Driscoll's room. *She* may have left them there."

Martin nodded. "Now that I think of it, I do remember her getting out a pack of cigarettes and some matches, while I was reading my speech to her."

"There's a chance," Mary said eagerly. "Maybe they know who she is at the Club Pigalle."

"It's a pretty long chance," he said.

"We can try, at least."

"I'd rather eat," Martin said. "I'm hungry. It will keep."

He looked longingly toward the headwaiter, and his eye was caught by a striking redheaded girl seating herself at a table. The man pulling out the chair for her glanced up, and across the restaurant Martin met his eyes. He was Barney Driscoll.

Driscoll bent and said something to the girl, then came walking toward the bar. Martin got off his stool to meet him.

"Hello," Driscoll said. "You still looking for that private eye?"

"Yes," Martin said.

"Well, I can tell you where to find him."

"Where?"

"Right outside," said Barney Driscoll. "He's tailing me."

(To be continued next week)

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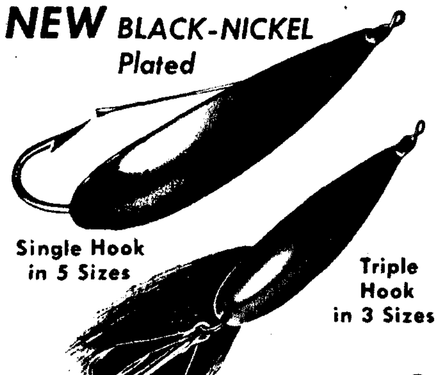

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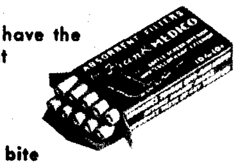


BEATING THE ARCTIC BUSH

Continued from page 57

given the urgent message that came to Fairbanks calling for a plane to hurry to a lonely settlement in the Tanana region, to take away a shapely female of dubious morals before she disrupted the community for keeps.

Alaska is as dependent on its bush pilots as Venice is on gondoliers. The Territory has 2,827 miles of "usable roads," according to the House Committee on Public Lands, and 528 miles of railways. These cover Alaska about as thoroughly as a diaper would cover an elephant. Sweden, less than one third of Alaska's size, has more than 50,000 miles of roads and 10,000 miles of railway. In many Alaskan communities men pay $3,000 for automobiles, shipped north at the world's highest ocean freight rates, which they can drive only four or five miles out of town before the road trickles off into muskeg or jack pine.

An Echo of the 1898 Gold Rush

In Alaska you fly or you stay put. Such giants of the airways as Pan American and Northwest link Alaska with continental United States. But when you fly within Alaska itself, the chances are your life will be in the hands of one of the nonchalant men known as "bush pilots." The wilderness in the North is not the wilderness. It is "the bush," a term first applied by a band of Australians who struggled across Chilkoot Pass in the great gold rush of 1898. Dozens of Alaskans soar out over these solitudes in tiny planes, bringing mail and medicines and fresh food to backwoods outposts, and so they are "bush pilots."

Not to fly in Alaska is the equivalent of not riding a horse in Wyoming. It carries with it a social stigma. Unkind words are passed behind one's back. When Governor Ernest Gruening of Alaska and his boss—at that time, Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes—were engaged in an acrimonious feud, the harshest thing Gruening could think of to tell Alaskans was that Ickes never went up in an airplane. This information, whether true or not, did Ickes no good in a land where many children have been aloft before they pass the crawling period.

Indeed, more than one robust Alaskan looks back on a nativity in the cramped cabin of a bush plane. Jim Dodson flew his Stinson through a snow flurry with one hand, and with the other helped a homesteader's wife give birth to a six-pound girl. The pilot became the baby's godfather. The famous bush pilot Joe Crosson, who thrilled the world when he rushed 280,000 units of diphtheria serum to stricken Barrow, landed a woman in labor at Fairbanks less than five minutes before her child was born.

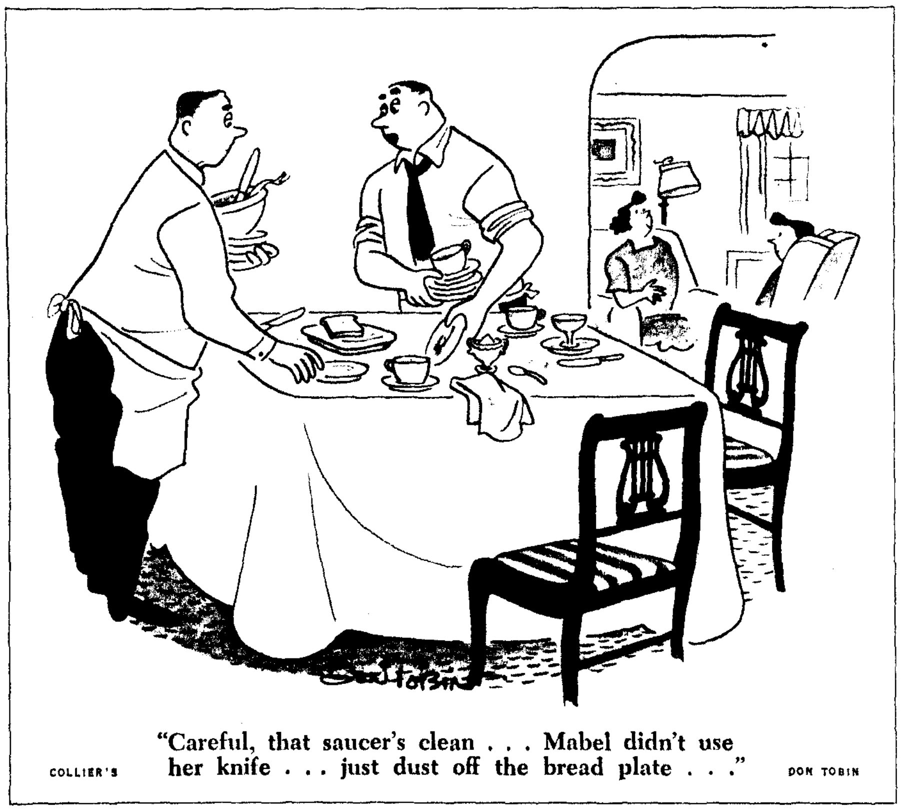
"You should have circled, Joe," a mechanic told him. "You could have collected two fares instead of one."

A young American newspaperwoman from New England, Jean Potter, created a phrase in which Alaska takes pride. "Alaskans are the flyingest people," said she. Statistics prove her point. The boom town of Anchorage, with more than 12,000 inhabitants, is now Alaska's largest city, having overtaken the capital of Juneau since the 1940 census. In one month in 1945, Merrill Field, just outside Anchorage, had 10,000 airplane landings and take-offs. This exceeded the number of civilian operations at La Guardia Field, New York City (pop. 7,000,000).

A preponderance of the flights at Merrill Field were by bush pilots. Appropriately enough, this most intensively used of all airports under the American flag was named in memory of a bush pilot, Russell Merrill. He disappeared over Cook Inlet flying a compressor unit to a Kenai Peninsula gold mine.

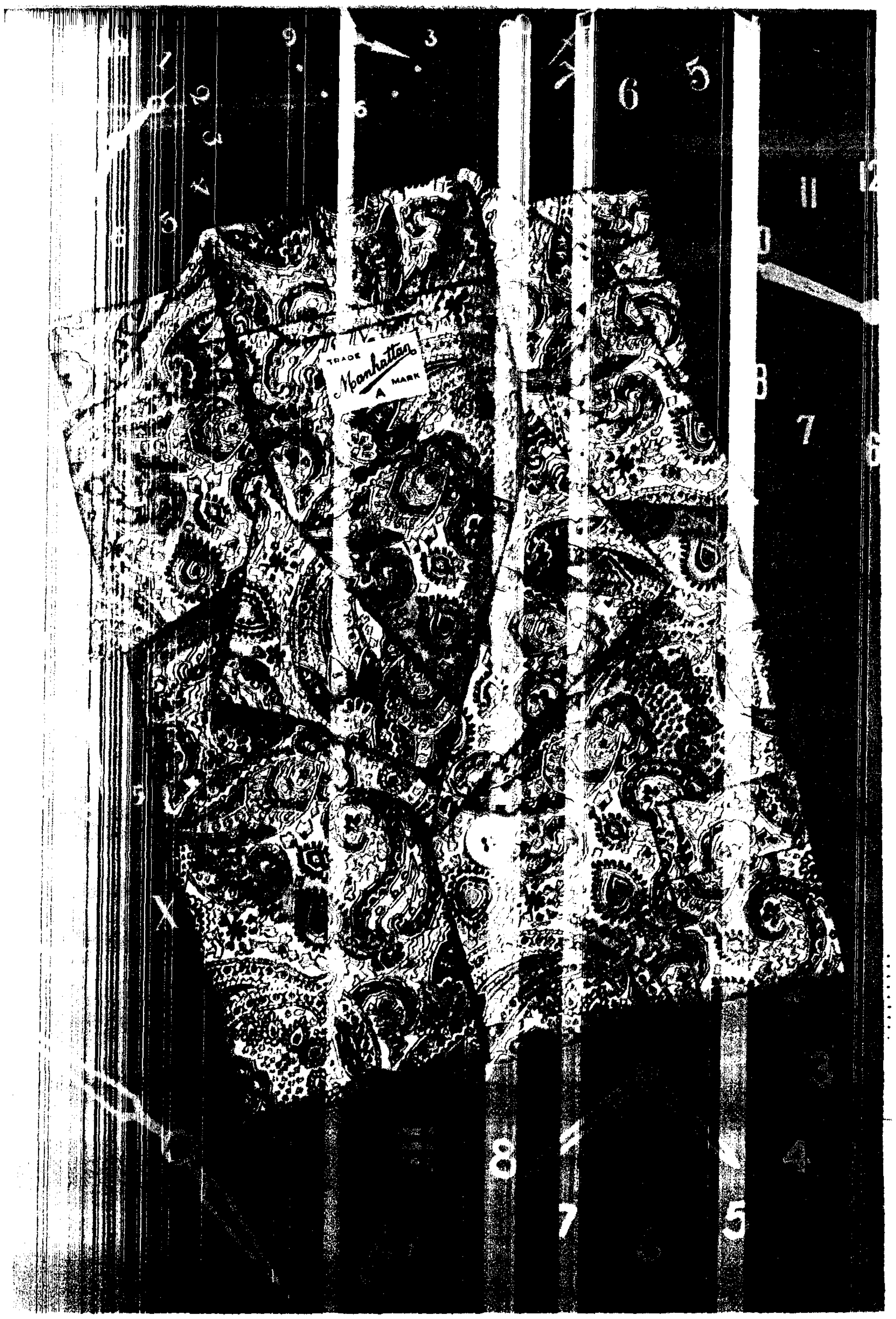
The airplane in Alaska nearly occupies the place of the automobile in "the States," and the bush pilot is the man at the stick. In fact, Alaska has 116 times as many planes per capita as the nation proper. George Sundborg, manager of the Alaska Development Board, supplements this with further statistics: "Airplanes in Alaska fly 70 times as many miles as those in the United States for each person, they carry 23 times as many passengers, they fly 18 times as many passenger miles, they carry 1,034 times as much freight and express and 48 times as much first-class mail."

The air over Alaska is full of planes: Fokkers, Bellancas, Norsemen, Lockheeds, Ford Tri-motors, Piper Cubs, Vegas—anything that will hold together in the sky. These seem frail against the cosmic distances they seek to conquer, yet conquer they have. Fred Milligan remembers when he ran the mail from



"Careful, that saucer's clean . . . Mabel didn't use her knife . . . just dust off the bread plate . . ."

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN



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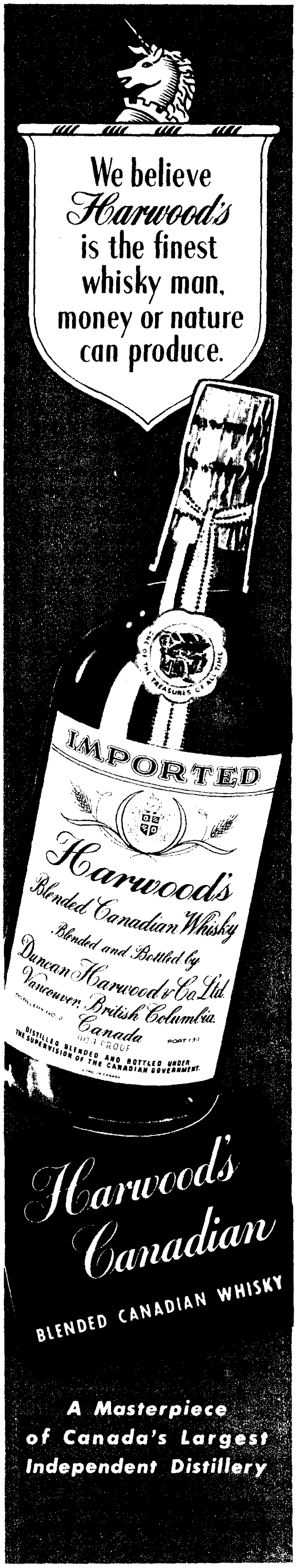
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Nenana down the Kuskokwim behind a team of 14 Huskies. It took him three weeks. Then Fred saw an old Fairchild fly the route in four hours. "I decided then and there," he said, "that Alaska was no country for dogs."

Pioneer miners decided Fairbanks was the "golden heart" of Alaska. Bush pilots call it "the hub." From Fairbanks they fly in every direction of the compass. They take prospectors to the creeks and trappers to the mountain valleys where marten, fox, lynx and ermine are found. The pilot invariably makes an appointment to pick up the trapper on a certain day the following spring. God willing, the pilot will be there. It might mean death for the trapper if the date were broken because the winter's grub supply is sure to be almost gone.

Keeping a Dead Pilot's Promise

With his last choking breath, a bush pilot dying of pneumonia told a nurse about the half-breed trapper up the Koyukuk expecting him within the week. The dead pilot's pal kept the appointment. Oscar Winchell was 10 days late picking up a trapper and his wife at Post Lake "when the ceiling dropped down lower than the doorstep of a one-story cabin." Oscar, formerly an Arizona cowpuncher, felt so remorseful that he dipped into his own funds to bring his anxious customers a planeful of fresh oranges and the best steaks available in Fairbanks.

Nothing surprises a bush pilot. He may be asked to fly a cow to a Matanuska dairy herd, or he may be paid $500 to return a mail-order bride to the steamer dock at Seward because she doesn't turn out to be the winsome bathing beauty whose picture was sent to a lonely trader. He may be commissioned to overtake the Alaska Railroad's pretentious new streamliner AuRoRa on its way to McKinley Park, and he may wing a fabulously valuable cargo of furs off a ship wedged in the ice pack for the next six months.

People crack mentally in the winter darkness of the bush, and bush pilots fly them out. No assignment makes the fliers of the North more nervous, but as Joe Crosson once said, "What about the marshals and Canadian Mounties who used to be six and eight weeks along the trail with those poor people on dog sleds?"

Bush flying has been a marginal business. Two hundred miners in the remote and inaccessible Iditarod region, busting their britches to get to town, may represent fares of $75,000 to divide among a few pilots. But gross income and net income in bush flying are far apart.

Until the Japanese army crouched in the outer Aleutians, and the United States government spent billions to dot Alaska with airfields, the average Alaskan plane suffered two or three crack-ups annually. These were not necessarily the terrifying impacts which leave no survivors, but merely broken landing gear, splintered propellers, a strut or nose smashed by a 20-pound Canadian goose. On two or three occasions Les Cook rigged a makeshift propeller out of sledge boards and moose glue, and it took him home.

Yet such misfortunes idle a plane, and while it is laid up for repairs the exchequer of the pilot increases not.

"When I went into this," said a bush flier in southeastern Alaska, "I figured I'd be a rich man if I could keep the plane in the air half the days of the year. Well, I'm not a rich man. Too many logs in the water to prick pontoons, and too many nicked fenders, I guess."

Alaskans go in and out of the flying business, as businessmen in the United States will take a fling at farming and then perhaps give it up as too fettering a pastime. Jimmy Rodebaugh, freight conductor on the Alaska Railroad, was one of the pioneers of Alaskan aviation. Many ex-fliers are now prosperous mine owners and trading post proprietors. Nick Bez, the burly Yugoslav immigrant who is Alaska's dominant salmon packer and a bosom pal of President Truman, was operating planes over the timbered Inside Passage before he acquired his first cannery.

Today, Alaska has 18 certificated air carriers which fly under authorization of the Civil Aeronautics Board. The scores of bush pilots have no such official sanction. Last year the CAB grounded some of them. The resulting uproar was as loud as a thousand hungry Kadiak bears in mass chorus. Alaskans insisted the bush pilot was absolutely essential. "TERRITORY CANNOT SURVIVE WITHOUT BUSH AIR OPERATIONS," warned a wire from one chamber of commerce.

"To ground the bush pilot in Alaska," said Delegate E. L. (Bob) Bartlett on the floor of Congress, "would be to leave lonely settlements at the mercy of epidemics, to leave the expectant frontier mother to undergo her ordeal alone, to isolate trappers and prospectors in fastnesses they might never quit alive." And C.A.B. Examiner Raymond W. Stough wrote an amen to Bartlett's words by recommending that the bush pilots be exempted from the workings of the certification law because of the unique nature of their operations.

The bush pilots frequently serve as feeders for the authorized air lines, but between the two factions there is considerable jealousy. William Munz, one of the Nome pilots who rescued the six survivors of the crumpled B-29 Clobbered Turkey, runs a comparatively small air undertaking which has a C.A.B. certificate. As a member of the Territorial Senate, Munz sponsored a bill last year setting up an Alaskan Aviation Board on which only "officers of certificated air carriers" would have been eligible to serve. The rank-and-file bush pilots banded together in a powerful opposition lobby and the bill died.

And How the Girls Go for Them!

The bush pilot has a real status in Alaska. Parents are proud to make him godfather of their offspring, and girls consider him a prize catch. This is a real tribute, for Alaskan girls, outnumbered more than 2 to 1 by the male population, can pick and choose as they please. The bush pilot is a glamor boy in any Northern town. In fact, more than one attractive mail-order bride has ended up in the arms of a bush pilot instead of in the possession of the lonely trader or miner who paid her passage north.

Some measure of the standing of bush pilots may be gained from the fact that both the men who rescued the stranded Army fliers above Nome are influential in Alaskan politics. Munz was elected to the Territorial Senate in 1946 when Alaska went Republican for the first time in more than 15 years. Frank Whaley, one of the most spectacular pilots along the Bering Sea coast, served in the Territorial House and Senate as a Democrat, but the G. O. P. slogan "Had Enough?" caught up with him at the last election. In the legislative halls at Juneau the two men looked at bills from an aerial perspective.

While opposing a Soil Conservation Service enabling act, Senator Munz told his colleagues, "I've flown over a whole lot of Alaska and I've seen the country, and if there is any one thing we in Alaska have got plenty of and don't need to conserve, it's soil."

Alaska is close to its flying past. Only 25 years have gone by since Carl Ben Eielson, the first great bush pilot of the North, arrived in Fairbanks from North Dakota to teach school. Men still are flying in Alaska and the Canadian Arctic who gave Eskimo tribes their original

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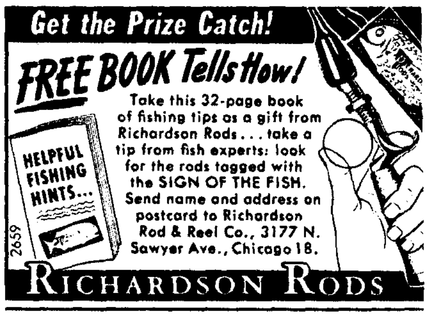
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look at a flying machine. C. H. (Punch) Dickins set a Fokker cabin monoplane down on the Mackenzie delta in 1929. "I don't believe it—wings no flap," said an old Eskimo crone. And Dickins swears he was told by a leader of the tribe: "It is big bird all right, but no meat on it."

Alaska now has 91,000 people. This seems a skimpy population, indeed in a land more than twice the size of Texas. Yet it represents a 48 per cent increase in the number of whites since 1940. Governor Gruening maintains that "without aviation, and particularly the individual bush aviator who will fly anywhere, at any time, there would be no real prospect of settling Alaska within our lifetime." Gruening is the only governor ever to visit every settlement, Indian and white, in the Territory, a feat he attributes to "the resourcefulness and skill of bush pilots." The governor's own son, Hunt, is a senior pilot for Alaska Coastal Air Lines.

Bush flying in the North got its real impetus from World War I. Men who had learned aviation in the American and Canadian armies bought flimsy crates stuck together with glue and baling wire, and flew them in the world's worst flying weather. The bush pilots pioneered routes which were to become major air operations of Pan American and Canadian Pacific. They demonstrated that the month's journey from Fairbanks to Nome by dog team could be reduced to seven hours, and that expensive though bush fares might be, they still were less than the cost of the food alone for 14 ravenous Malemutes.

Of course, the bush fliers took chances. They navigated, as one of them from Texas explained, "by guess and by gosh." They had no reliable maps, so they followed rivers and the tenuous thread of the Alaska Railroad. Noel Wien flew along the Yukon because a prospector said he could land on the wide sand bars. But the sand bars were 10 feet under water at flood stage. Wien came down on a tiny baseball diamond at Ruby. The landing shattered his propeller. The shaken passengers transferred to a stern-wheeled river boat. Wien gloried in the fact that he repaired the Fokker and arrived in Nome ahead of them. The next time they were not so timid.

On another occasion, with smoke from a forest fire billowing across the land, Wien clung to the railroad right of way as a guide. He was afraid to fly high for fear he would lose the track, and this vast realm of mountains and spruce solitudes was strange to him.

Once he nearly rammed a freight train, leaving the engine crew thinking it had seen an apparition.

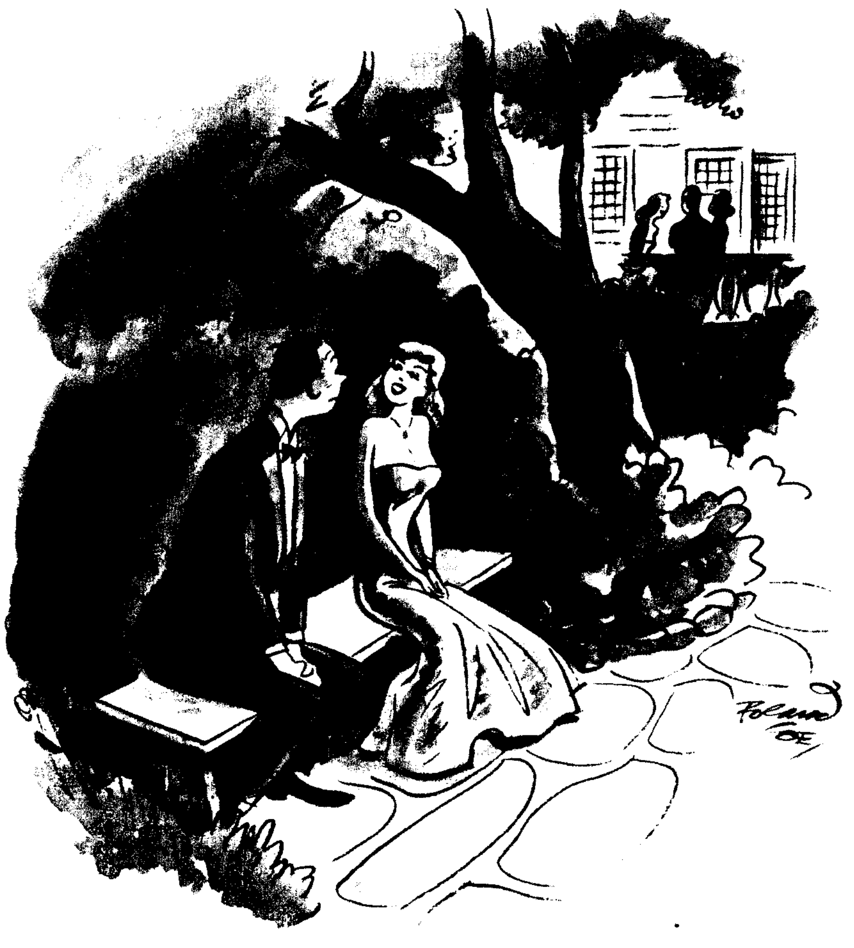
The Bridge at Dead Man's Slough

In Fairbanks, Wien was asked what he did when he came to the 60-foot overhead bridge which crossed the railroad at Dead Man's Slough. He turned white. "Bridge?" he gasped. "Was there a bridge? I guess I must have flown under it. I know I never saw it!"

World War II has brought about the greatest advance in Alaskan bush flying. The Army is surrounding Fairbanks with "atomic airfields" which have 15,000-foot runways. In Anchorage alone 900 people work for the C.A.B. Man-and-wife weather stations stud the Territory and give some warning of the storms which drop the thermometer to 65° below in the Tanana Valley and drench the "panhandle" with 155 inches of rain a year.

The bush pilots are ubiquitous. They will hedgehop a homesteader across a narrow river full of slush ice, or they will fly a miner 700 miles to catch a boat ready to lift anchor for Seattle. If a trading post needs a generator or an Indian school must have smallpox vaccine, the bush pilot is on his way. In a prodigious domain with only a few roads and but one twisting railway, the flier represents comfort, food, health and even life itself.

No week passes in Alaska without a bush pilot completing some errand of mercy. It may be a radio from the Noa-



"I don't like a fellow who gets fresh, and I don't like a coward, either. That sort of puts you in a spot, doesn't it?"

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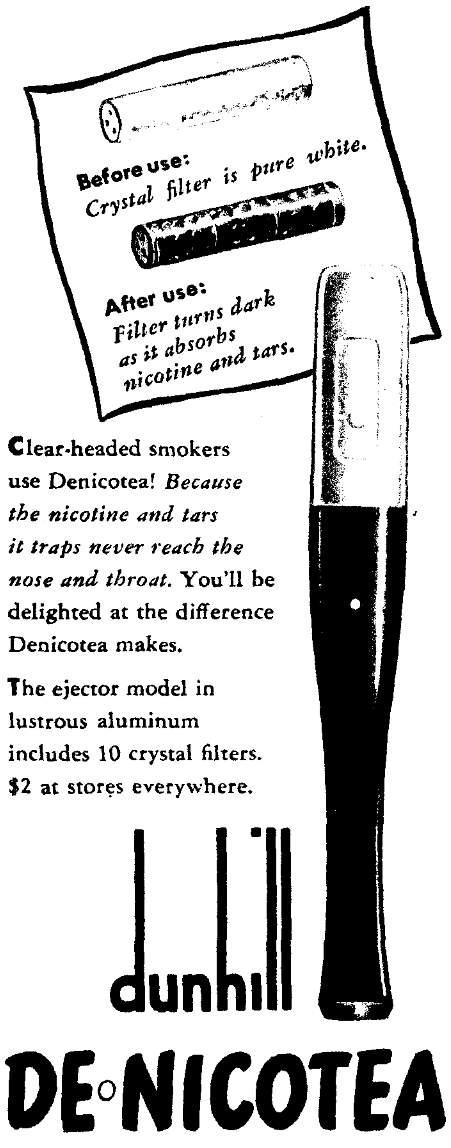
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tak Valley that gangrene is killing a trader caught on the trail at 50° below. The flier may see a homesteader frantically waving a blanket, and come down to find a woman in need of surgery. More than once the word HELP, formed of trimmed spruce saplings lying in the snow, has brought succor from the skies.

Bush pilots charge stiff fees for their services. With Alaska in the midst of a great defense boom, the second in less than a decade, many of them report incomes above $10,000. Numerous Alaskans have paid $150 to fly the 500 miles from Fairbanks to Point Barrow, northernmost settlement under the Stars and Stripes. But these tolls the general run of Alaskans do not resent. In the first place, everything is high in Alaska. Even before the war eggs were $1.25 a dozen, milk 28 cents a quart, haircuts at Fairbanks $1.50.

More fundamental than this, however, the people of Alaska realize the bush pilot has no sinecure. Risks are standard to his trade. Sometimes the risks are too great. Ben Eielson crashed in Siberia taking furs off the icebound American motor ship Nanuk. Earl Borland died with him. Les Cook came down in flames in the Yukon Territory. Merrill disappeared over the sea. Most bush pilots are fatalists. Few of them wear parachutes. They do not brood over comrades who will fly no more. But they are conscious of the hazards they run, and fees are assessed accordingly. On his fatal venture, the rangy Eielson was to have received $50,000 to get the Nanuk's furs and passengers to the Alaskan mainland.

A prospector, grizzled and cantankerous, protested to a bush pilot over his $350 ferrying charge. The pilot was indignant, for the journey had been 230 miles through a pelting snowstorm. Now he had to fly another 230 miles back to base.

"Brother," said he, "you walk out of here and then decide what I'm worth."

A Grim Lesson for a Prospector

Four months later, the miner, gaunt, emaciated, but cantankerous no longer, staggered into a trading post on the Yukon. Gunny sacks wrapped his frostbitten feet. He lost four toes in the mission hospital, then said he had decided what the bush pilot was worth.

"He's worth my whole dang' claim," the prospector continued. "He got me there in three hours. It took me six weeks of unmitigated frozen hell to walk out."

Bush pilots often compete for passengers as vociferously as Times Square bootblacks try to drum up a shine. When the miners come in off the boats at Nome or clamber down from the coaches of the streamlined AuRoRa at Fairbanks, bush pilots frequently hawk their wares. Some promise fast service, others more roomy planes, a few even offer cut rates. Occasionally a pilot will grubstake a prospector and get a share of his strike.

Fliers vie to serve a full-blooded Indian trapper known through the bush as "McTavish," who always runs a lush trap line. McTavish invariably fills a plane with a heavy pay load of pelts. He knows no English, and sometimes the pilot must bargain for him with the fur buyers. Many bush pilots understand the Indian lingo and the singsong jargon of the Eskimo tribes.

Fliers at Ladd Field, on the thinly timbered fringes of Fairbanks, noticed that one particular bush pilot was dominating the flights north of town. It took a long time to get onto the secret of his success. At a camp on the shores of a small lake, two girls were dedicating the late summer to sun-bathing. DDT evidently had taken care of the mosquitoes. The men being away all day at the diggings, the bathers resolved not to have the sun tan striped by the marks of swimming suits. The girls paid no attention to the little red monoplane high in the sky, for they did not know of the powerful binoculars the pilot was passing around among his satisfied passengers.

Some Air Corps officers have been known to be offended by the nonchalance and the indifference to protocol of the average Alaskan bush pilot. The *"Mukluk* telegraph," which is Alaskan for red-hot gossip, has it that Munz and Whaley, the bush pilot heroes of the Nome rescue, were permitted by the Army to take off only after many precious days had been lost. Residents of Nome claim all the marooned fliers could have been saved had the bush pilots been allowed to go into action immediately. And C. Dewey Anderson, a Nome member of the Territorial legislature, contends Munz actually was reprimanded by the Army for landing without field clearance when he returned with four survivors!

Munz wanted Sam Mogg, an Eskimo dog musher, to handle rescue work on the ground. Anderson charges that the Army sent its own dog teams, but forgot to take along food for the Huskies!

Feuds Are with Air Corps Brass

Charges of this sort are as thick around Nome as gulls and terns on the Bogoslof Islands. Yet between the average bush pilot and the rank-and-file Army aviator there is a genuine highball-drinking, address-swapping friendship. The feudin' and the fightin' begin only when the bush pilot confronts the top-level Air Corps brass.

If Alaska ever is crisscrossed with roads, the reign of the bush pilot may ebb. Today he is monarch of the North, and with only 2,827 miles of road in a land 586,400 square miles in area, many decades must pass—even if the most feverish highway construction program is begun—before bus and truck can reduce the plane in Alaska to an auxiliary role. The ratio of 116 times the number of planes per capita in Alaska as compared with the United States probably will continue. Perhaps the proportion may increase as Alaska's population expands and the far-flung reaches of the hinterland are settled.

On skis in winter, pontoons in summer and wheels in between, the bush pilot is to be Alaska's taxicab driver for at least a generation to come—and he knows it. Should the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. ever come to blows at the narrow gap of Bering Strait, the bush pilot will be more important than ever, for the North is his realm. Absorbed into the American Army Air Forces, he will be the kind of sky scout that Kit Carson and Jim Bridger were on land with the old blue-coated cavalry a century ago.

Bush pilots are fully aware of their talents and usefulness. One from the lower Yukon made an emergency landing deep in the bush. When he got ready to take off, the sticky slush of late spring would not allow the plane to rise. He tried for three days to fly without success. He ate the last of his sandwiches, finished the final package of cigarettes. Then he tied a rope to the switch, and got behind the plane and pushed.

The plane moved, but twice it nearly went aloft without the pilot. He desperately pulled the switch just in time. The third time the plane started he managed to scramble through the door on his belly before it took to the air.

"It sure gave me a funny feeling to see that ship start to leave the ground without me," he told his cronies when he eventually got back to his home hangar near Bristol Bay. "All of a sudden I realized what it must be like to be in the bush without an airplane. How'd they ever get along in Alaska before we went into business?"

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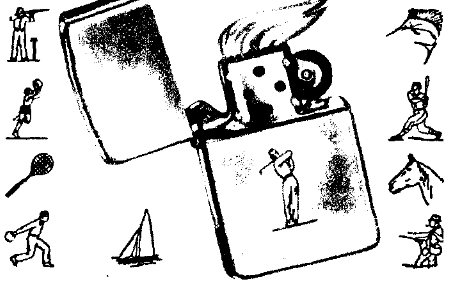

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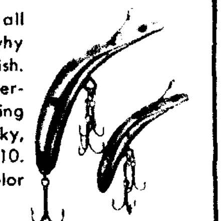

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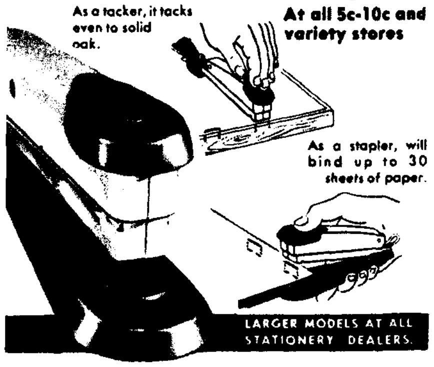
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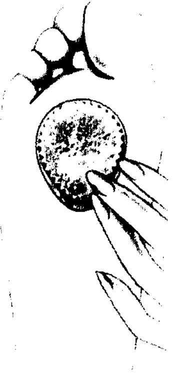

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A CREE COULD SAY GOODBY

Continued from page 25

"Kukapatis!" I spoke to him crossly, for I was apprehensive. "Stupid one, I told you not to do this!"

He smiled at me like a child. "Have we not already told the agent about killing the cow?" he asked. "Of course; so I go with the sergeant and make no trouble. It will all be made right at the post. You will just have to explain all over again about the sickness of my wife. It is tiresome."

We went before the justice of the peace. I talked with my friend and then told the magistrate what he had said. "His wife is recovering. Soon she will be merry as she used to be. His friends the police will be glad Almighty Voice did the right thing."

THE agent had his say, too. Almighty Voice nodded politely, for he did not understand what was said and would not pay attention to me when I told him. He was sentenced to a month in jail. Even then he nodded and smiled; I was enraged, I wished to beat him, my stupid friend.

But when he was led away to the barracks and wearily I went over it all again, explained that he was not to be permitted to return to his wife and guests who still were feasting on his meat—then he was thunderstruck.

"There has been some dreadful mistake!" he cried.

I shrugged—like this. "There is nothing to be done, stupid," I said. You understand, I was angry with my friend. Did you ever try to talk to an Indian who didn't want to listen? *"Akwane keyam,"* I said.

"Let it go? That is speech of a child!" he stormed at me. "One is willing to go along with the white man's ways within reason—but this! *Kontow!* It is nonsense! One is to spend a *pesim,* a whole moon, in a dark jail while one's wife is sick and a man is needed at home?"

And so, while the constable went off to get the key to the jail, Almighty Voice walked out of the barracks square and went back to Bright Day. No, I did not try to stop him. I was interpreter, not jailer; why should I lay hands upon my friend?

Next day the sergeant and I went after him again. The sergeant was vexed, and I—to speak frankly, M'sieu, I was nervous. "Far better," I grumbled, "to forget this whole matter. Almighty Voice is young and foolish; he has not been married long and thinks his woman possessed of importance the most extreme. He is not going to *like* this. And after all, what is a cow?"

"That's all very well," the sergeant rebuked me, "but the law is the law and must be maintained. That cow bore the brand of Her Majesty the Queen. Probably they will release him in a few days, but an example must be set. Else all the Indians would be killing cows!"

"Nevertheless, I do not like it," I said.

He whom we sought was riding on the prairie and saw us coming. He signaled and we rode up to him. The policeman scolded and I translated: Almighty Voice had to come back and go to jail. A few days only, I added, for the Mountie could not tell what I said. I pleaded; it was no use.

My friend's face clouded and his cheerfulness fell from him. He spoke like one exhausted: "But my wife is sick! I have told of this already, many times." He scowled at me. "You do not speak truly, or the police would understand. I cannot go to jail now. Some other time, perhaps."

He patted the rifle which lay across his saddle. "See—I go hunting. Kill no more cows; too much trouble! But my wife still must have meat."

All this I told the sergeant. "As for his wife," he said, "tell him we'll take good care of her."

I protested, but the white man insisted. So I spoke as commanded.

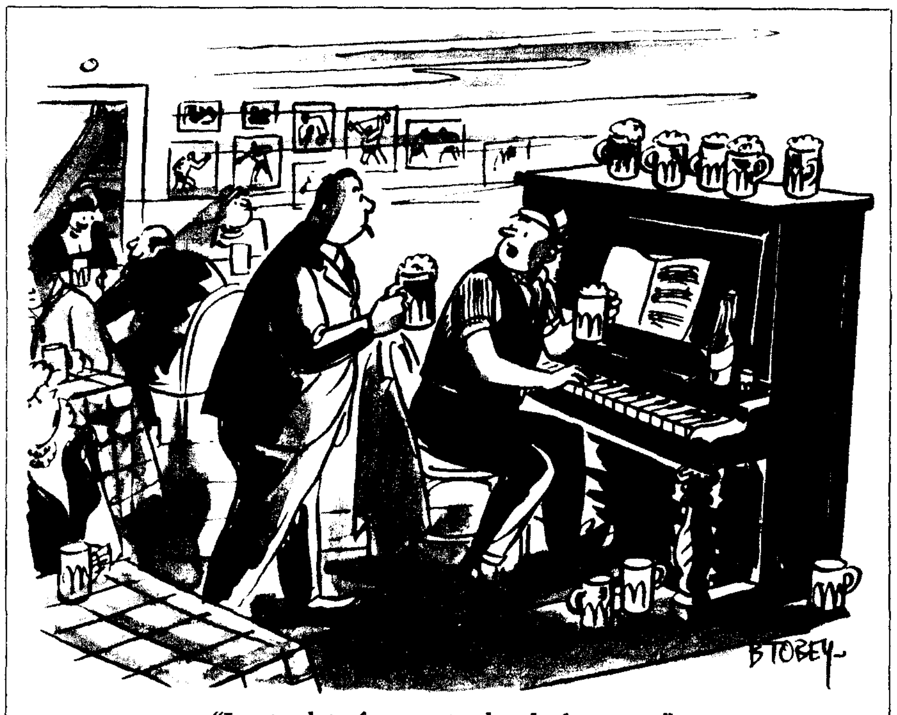
Almighty Voice was angry. "No!" he shouted. "She is my wife, not the wife of the police! It is for me to bring meat to my wife!"

The sergeant was impatient. "Tell him to come along; there has been enough talk."

"Kuh!" said Almighty Voice. "There has indeed." And he fingered his rifle. Then, M'sieu, I kicked my horse in the ribs and went away from there. I called to the policeman, from a safe distance; as I said, it was not demanded that an interpreter be brave, and it was better that he be not a fool, either. I called to him and said to come away quickly. But he was brave. He thrust out a hand toward the bridle of my friend's horse.

Almighty Voice whipped his mount around, rode off a few paces and leveled his gun. "Go now!" he commanded. He spoke Cree, but I think the brave policeman could understand.

The sergeant tried some soothing



COLLIER'S "I got a lot of requests ahead of yours—" BARNEY TOBEY

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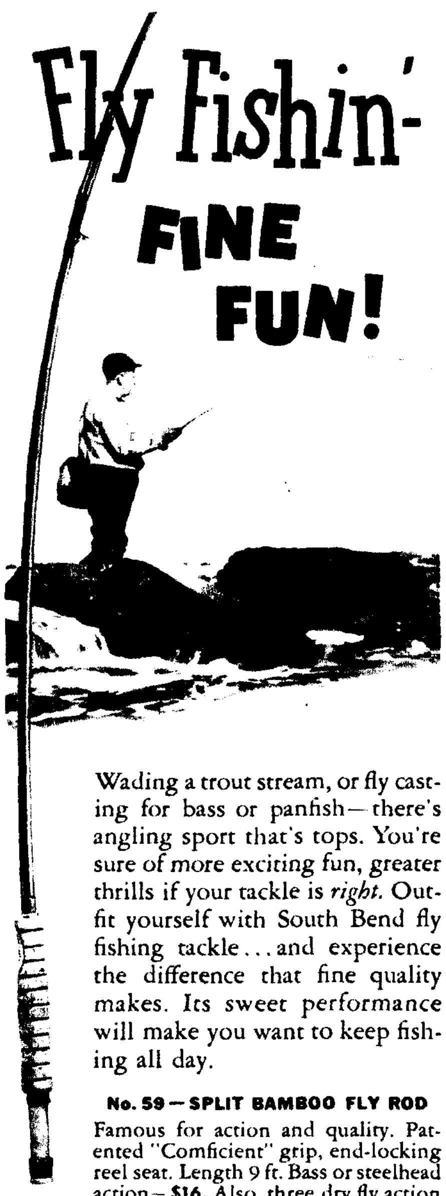

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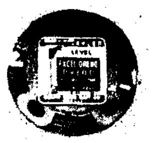

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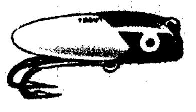

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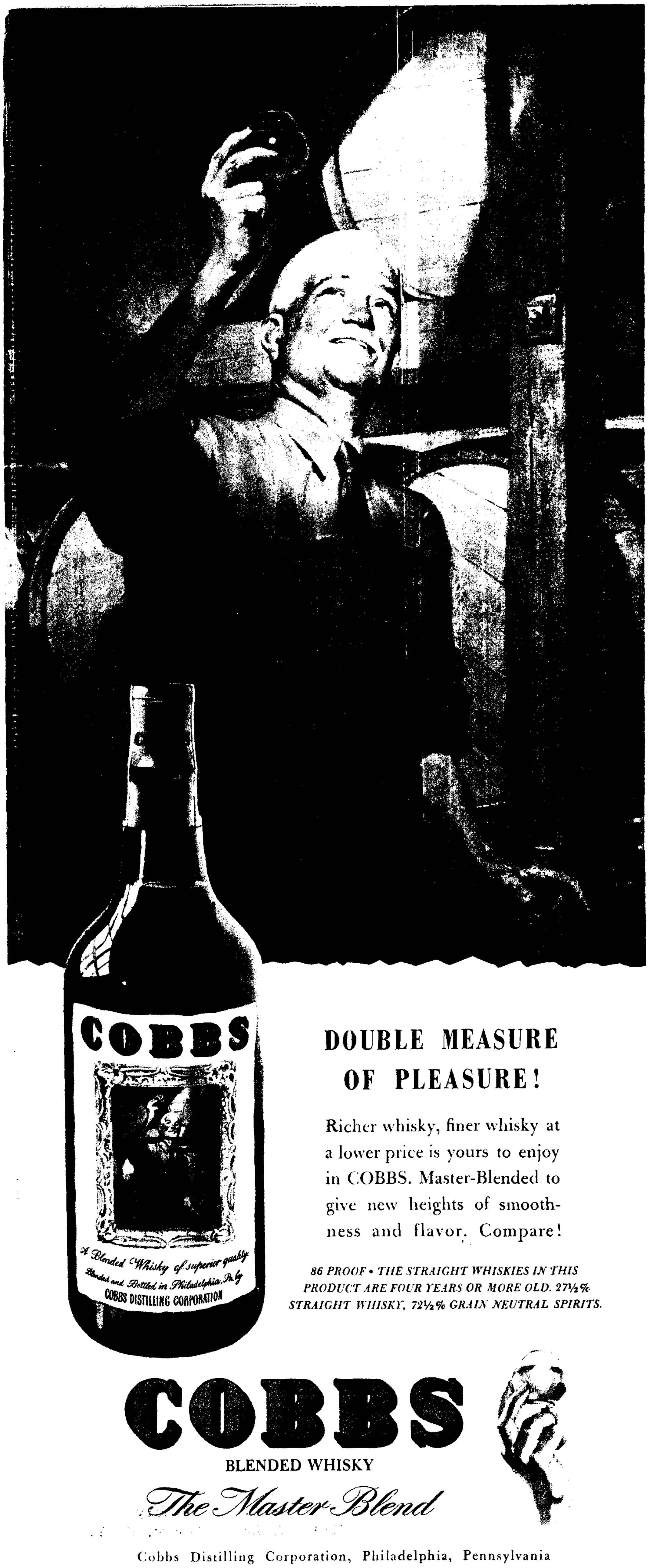
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words; then he slid his hand slowly downward to the pistol holster on his hip and urged his horse into a walk toward my friend. He kept his gaze steadily upon the Indian's face. Wonderful thing to watch, M'sieu; I did admire the man!

Almighty Voice shot him between the eyes.

THE Mounties! In the books they are so wonderful, the redcoats! But for a year and a half they hunted Almighty Voice and could not find him. He was never more than a few miles from his home; he attended the functions of the tribe and visited friends. Often I saw him, even spoke with him.

Then there was an accident.

It was May; the days were lengthening. An Indian horse thief, most unwary, raided the herd of a rancher while there still was light enough for him to be seen. The rancher mounted, gave chase, and caught him; then he set the thief afoot and herded him toward the police post. As they came abreast of a grove of poplars, the Indian ran into the trees. The rancher rode after him—and was suddenly confronted by a figure most menacing. This was a man with rifle held in crooked elbow who rose in a trail entering the copse. It was not the Indian the rancher had been pursuing; it was Almighty Voice.

The rancher recognized him instantly and swung his horse around to flee; but my friend's rifle cracked and a bullet tore into the rider's back. He fell forward on his horse's neck but stayed in the saddle; in a few minutes he was at the police post and the surgeon was dressing his wound.

It was now night, but ten Mounties rode hard to the poplar grove and surrounded it. They sent to my home for me, but I was too late to join them. Frankly again, M'sieu, I was in no hurry. It occurred to me that I owed a visit to my cousin who lived far in the north, but before I could get ready to go, another policeman came and found me.

That night, after the police had surrounded the copse, one who could speak a little Cree commanded Almighty Voice to come out. He did not respond and there was no good reason to believe that he had not already escaped. Had I been there I should have urged that they withdraw. However, the police maintained a vigil all night.

In the morning I arrived, with the police inspector. He told me what to say and I shouted the command. "This is your last chance; they are coming in after you!"

Still there was no response. "Come," I said to the inspector. "Of a certainty he is not there. Let us go home." But he would not assent.

A sergeant and a constable, pistols in their hands, crept into the brush. We watched most uneasily. Soon the men were out of sight, but their movement could be traced in the thicket. The inspector's eyes were fixed upon that; he did not immediately detect the other movement, deeper in the tangled copse. I saw it and cried out, but I was too late. There were two shots. The sergeant, twice wounded, was dragged out by his companion.

Captain Allen, the inspector, was furious. He spurred his horse almost to the edge of the grove.

"You fool!" he shouted. "Throw down your gun and come out!" I picked up the command and screamed it toward the grove.

In answer, a bullet thudded into the inspector's shoulder and knocked him from his horse. Then Almighty Voice stepped calmly from his cover and reached for the officer's pistol to finish him off, but fire from the others drove him back.

Some of us dragged the inspector away and he ordered two more men to enter the grove. They went; the redcoats are not cowards.

There was another spatter of gunfire—longer this time. The two men sta gered out; both were wounded, but the were dragging the body of the hors thief. Now Almighty Voice was alone.

"Fire the copse!" the captain ordere It was tried; the brush would not burn.

A doctor arrived from the post, an with him, just to see what was going o came another civilian like me. He wa Mr. Grundy, the postmaster of our vi lage.

As sunset approached, Captain Alle called a council. "I have sent for rei forcements," he told us, "but they can arrive until late tomorrow. We have onl half a dozen able-bodied men left—nc enough to be sure of holding him a night. We'll have to rush him."

Again I pleaded; this was most rasł But he would not listen. So they lined u for the attack, among them the civilia Mr. Grundy. I did not join; I was un armed. And why should I go in to ki my friend, or be killed by him?

Almighty Voice might have been ex pecting it, so carefully did he place hi shots. This time there were no woundec but three died—two constables and tha postmaster, the most inquisitive Mı Grundy. Captain Allen ordered the bod ies removed and told his men to fall bac and take the best positions they could The siege entered its second night.

Almighty Voice had now slain fou men and wounded five more. Also yo must remember, M'sieu, he had killed : precious cow of the Queen.

During the night there came defian singing from the grove, and finally : challenge which I interpreted for Cap tain Allen:

"Brothers, we've had a good fight to day. But I have worked hard and an hungry. Send me in some food, that may be fit to finish the fight tomorrow!"

M'sieu, I urged the police to do it. even offered to take the food into th copse myself. After all, they had plent and my friend must indeed have bee hungry. But the captain only looke hard at me and turned away.

We were sleepless that night. Song and taunts came from the grove, but Almighty Voice made no attempt to escape

WITH dawn came his people—scores of Cree who had heard o his last stand. They surrounded the grov at a distance, sat down and waited for the day's fighting to begin. An old womar drew away from the crowd and crep alone to the top of a knoll overlookin the copse. Swaying back and forth, she began to sing.

"Get her out of there!" the inspecto commanded me. I went to her, but soor returned.

"She is the mother of Almighty Voice," I explained. "She sings his death song and she will not go from that place."

"But she's in the line of fire!"

"She knows. That is no matter. She will not go."

Until reinforcements came, the police could only try to hold Almighty Voice within the copse. There was little firing from their ranks and only an occasional answering shot from the grove; this, it appeared, was just to let us know that my friend was still there.

And all day his mother sang. Whenever the firing ceased, her chant could be heard. Once in a while another voice, younger and sweeter, joined that of the old woman; it came from out in the crowd where Bright Day sat with her head on her breast, among her own family.

But most of the things that had to be told of Almighty Voice were old women's things, treasured like the precious objects in the family medicine bag. So the mother sang of the childhood of Almighty Voice, and there was laughter and sobbing together in it. His father had been a warrior and the boy too had dreamed of triumph on the field of battle; but the day for that, she had told her son, was gone. Nevertheless he had undergone the long thirsty vigil and had won his name by it, though all he had learned then he had never told. Her son had been good to his family (indeed good, Bright Day chorused). The mother had been wrong: The time of battle was not ended. There was no quarreling with the will of *Kichemanito;* now her son must die, and die as became a brave man, a man of honor.

"*Keyam!* Be it so!" An answering song came from the grove. "It is good to die bravely and it is not difficult. This is the death song of *Kichemanitowayo,* whose name tells that in his vigil he heard the voice of God—yet the white men looked upon him as a common servant upon whom they might vent their meanness, one like themselves without pride! This is the death song of Almighty Voice. It is a strong song, well made for one bearing such a name, and sung to his mother and his wife Bright Day, most beautiful woman among all the Cree! Never will this song be forgotten by *naheyawak,* our people!"

Now the sun was high and the leaves of the poplars were still, and it was very hot. The police put aside their tunics; the heads of the Indians drooped upon their chests. There was no movement anywhere except on the top of the little knoll, where the old woman rocked wearily back and forth, back and forth. The only sound was that of three voices which had become uneven and faint.

The white men were nervous and looked about at one another as if frightened. Perhaps there, M'sieu, for just an instant, they almost thought as the Indian thinks. But you may not comprehend.

Eh bien! Je vais vous dire—I must grope for the words. There was something unreal about that scene. It was as if a fragment of time had been detached from Time itself—set aside and framed under a light, hot and bright. It would not make sense to the white man. He would feel that he was only a figure in a painted landscape, a conceit of some massive mind, a hallucination. Yet he would be rooted there irrevocably, M'sieu; a player struck into stone, doomed to stand forever there in the midst of the chief scene of a drama which would never end.

For this was the time that mattered.... Five had died and five had been hurt, but Time had stopped and the police lay there helpless while an old woman and her son sang of Cree honor and courage!

That night, third of the siege, the reinforcements arrived. Forty or fifty men came, bringing two cannon. Gunfire had been coming rarely from the trees and we surmised that Almighty Voice was running out of ammunition. And so far as was known he had had nothing to eat and no sleep for forty-eight hours.

WHEN the sun rose next morning the old woman resumed her singing and her son's voice came clear in answer from the dark and secret place among the poplars. Bright Day sang only once, and briefly, to let her husband know she was still there. After that she sat with her head on her breast and her hands folded in her lap.

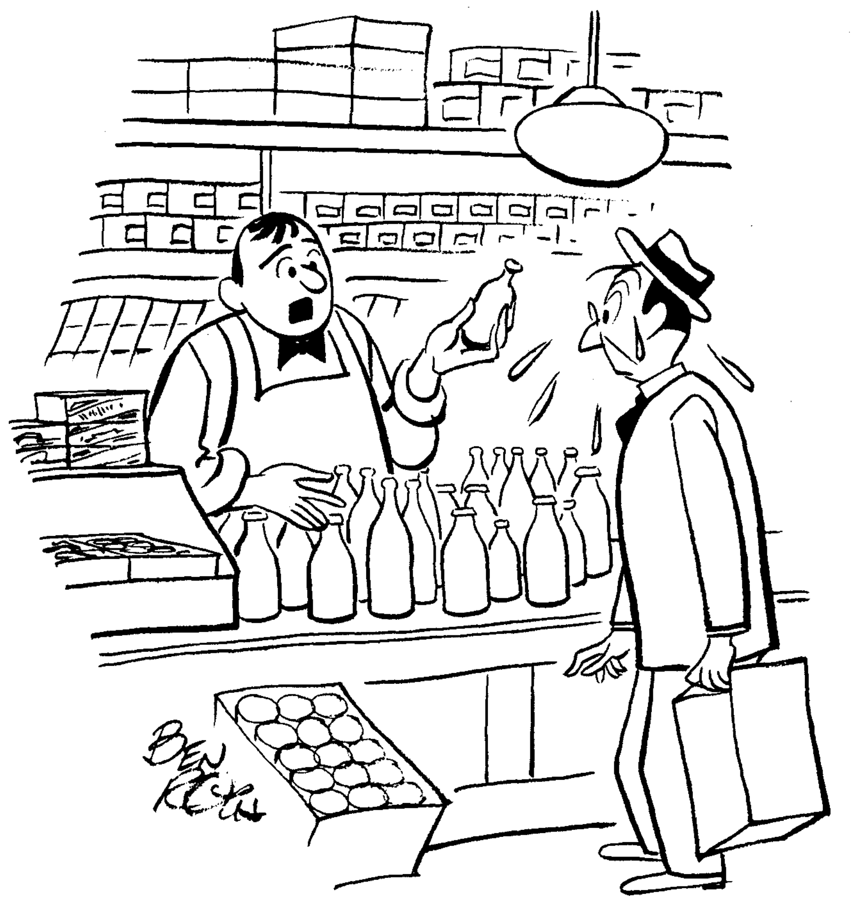
The commanding officer summoned me. "Tell him that the police have two cannon. He will be shelled. Tell him to come out while he can."

I made short work of it. "*Misipaskisikun!*" Cannon!

Now the mother's song soared unbearably, became a keening cry which stabbed the eardrums of the white men. It was caught up first by Bright Day, then by the other Indians; M'sieu, I caught myself singing. It was as if a wild wind had risen suddenly to scream across the prairie, voicing a monstrous, elemental lament for this youth who was about to die. The seated Cree, bodies motionless but heads raised now to the sky, had become a part of the earth upon which they rested, and the dirge they sang was as old as the wind and was of the wind.

"For God's sake, hurry!" the officer roared to the teamsters who were rolling the cannon into position over the rough ground. His voice shook as he gave the order to fire both guns.

There was a thundering sound and the



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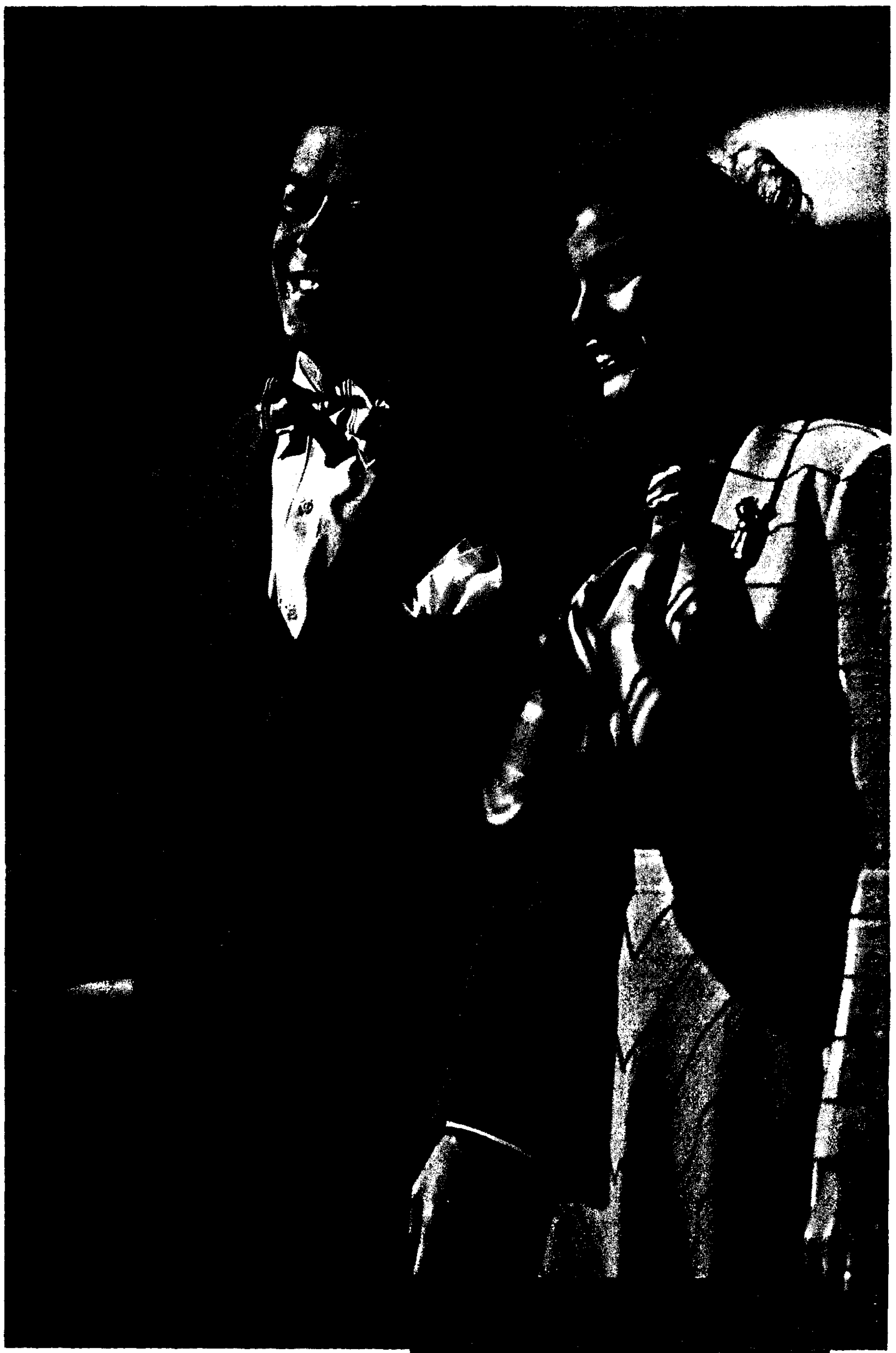

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earth trembled and smoke obscured the officer and the guns; there was a crashing in the trees. The singing ceased instantly. There was a moment of silence complete, then again the sound of splintered trees falling.

Slowly the singing started again, led by the old woman. But now there was no shrill anguish. The song was muted and hoarse; it was a rhythmic, choked sob, like the beat of a muffled drum—the unaccented beat, the accented beat, the rest; the whimpering gasp, the sob, the silence. The white men mopped their brows and cursed. This was worse than the keening, this interminable requiem chant which throbbed in the still air, which kept time with their heartbeat.

Yet it was not, after all, interminable. Gradually it changed, checked, faltered. The beat was caught up again for a few bars, then lost. The rest between beats lengthened and the accents evened off and faded.

From the grove came a single cry, as fierce and strong as the howl of a wolf:

"Whatchea!"

There was a rifle shot, and then there was no sound at all. The singing stopped. The old woman no longer rocked. The police waited; the Indians waited; I waited.

BRIGHT DAY had joined the old woman on top of the knoll. The mother rose, flung her blanket from her shoulders and drew the skinning knife from her sash. Both women wore the *miskotaki,* the snowy white buckskin gowns saved for occasions most special and ceremonious. The mother began to sing, and Bright Day thrust out her hands. The old woman slashed swiftly with her knife and blood gushed from the second joints of two of the girl's fingers, cleanly severed by a single blow. The mother thrust back her sleeves and drew the sharp blade down her left arm, moved it to the other hand and slashed her right arm. The women thrust their arms high above their heads and the blood ran down upon their faces and their bared breasts.

The mother's voice was clear and firm. "*Kichemanitowayo,* my son, is dead. My son is dead by his own hand; he who bore such a name could not permit mutilation of his body by cannon shell. *Asiuspin!* He has gone, my son!"

Bright Day was mute. She stood as if carved from wood, her arms upthrust and her eyes fixed upon the sun, her face streaked with blood from her mangled right hand which would never again fit tiny beads into patterns precise and intricate and ages old.

Forty police rushed the silent grove. This time I went along. In a rifle pit in the center we found my friend Almighty Voice, rifle beside him and a bullet through his head. He had, after all, had something to eat, for near him lay the clean-picked skeleton of a crow.

Akusi, M'sieu. That is almost the end of my story. But there was one more thing—

The commanding officer called to me as we walked to our horses to return to the post.

"It seemed to me," he said, "that there toward the end—the last thing Almighty Voice called from the grove—it sounded like 'What cheer!' "

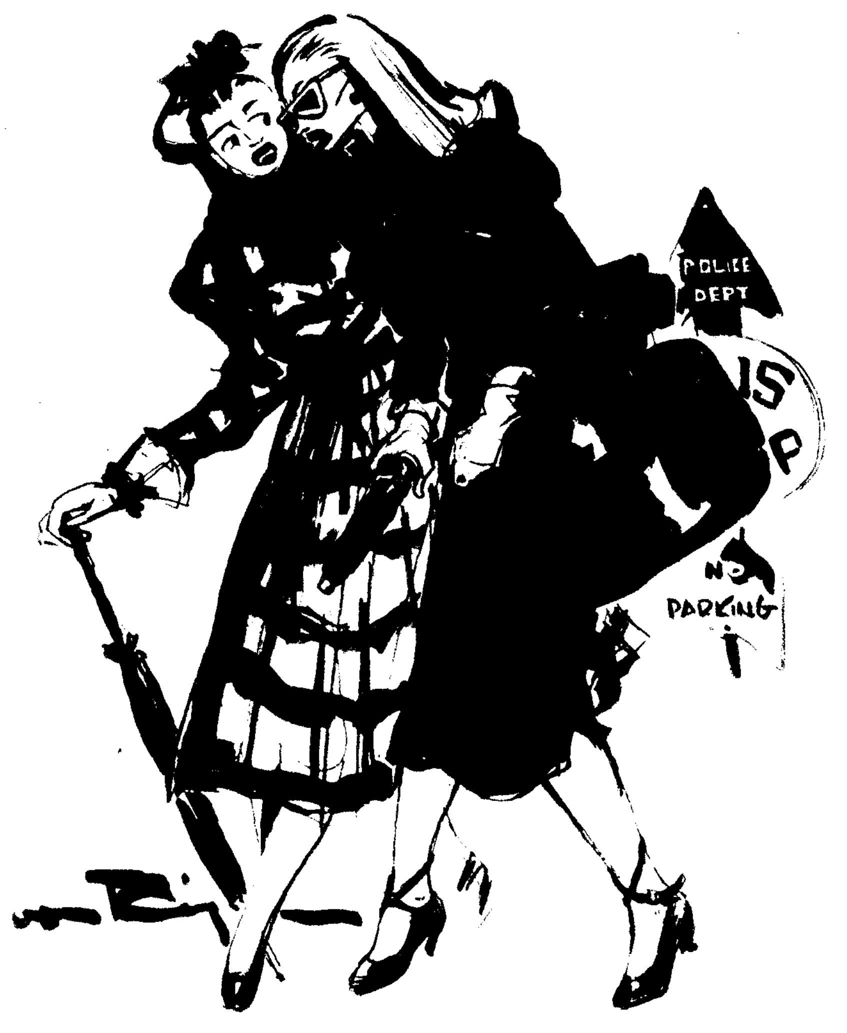
"So it was," I told him. "It is from the English, the men who brought the ships to Hudson Bay. To the Cree it means both hello and goodby; as—how would you say it?—hail and farewell. . . . Until the English came, the Cree had no word to say just that."

"Odd," he said. "Isn't it strange, when one thinks of all the phrases in English, that the Cree should pick up one they took to mean hail and farewell?"

M'sieu, I am not brave. Smart, but not brave. Still, I had of bravery enough for this—I looked at this man and I said:

"What word of your white man's tongue, *mon capitaine,* would you suggest to a good Indian as a better choice?"

THE END



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THERE is one way the Democrats can get General Eisenhower as a replacement for Harry Truman: If Secretary of State Marshall will ask Eisenhower to run.

Authority for this is Milton Eisenhower, brother of the general. Milton imparted the information to close friends while in the East recently looking for a successor for himself as head of Kansas State College. *Milton is quitting because* of poor health.

HAROLD STASSEN will get far less than the 23 delegates he's after in the Ohio Presidential primary. G.O.P. insiders give the husky Minnesotan not more than five to eight delegates in the big industrial centers, where his brand of Republicanism is strongest. But, as Stassen sees it, that will still be a big victory for him. According to his reckoning, even if he gets only a few delegates he wins because it will demonstrate he has strength in Taft's home bailiwick. And that, Stassen says, is the real reason for his invasion.

The melee will be a battle royal. Forced to fight where he didn't expect to, Taft will shoot the works. Stassen launches a whirlwind drive this week, potently backed by plenty of money and a smart manager. The latter is Earl Hart, who masterminded the successful mayoralty and senatorial campaigns of Supreme Court Justice Harold Burton. One of Stassen's most enthusiastic boosters is industrialist Robert A. Weaver, who raised $400,000 for Wendell Willkie.

A HIGH official of the State Department swears this story is true. En route to the White House, he encountered a member of the Polish embassy accoutered with raincoat and umbrella.

"Are you expecting rain?" asked the official.

"No," the Pole replied, "but we just got word that it's raining in Moscow."

THE President has been told by his economic advisers that another major test of the nation's economy can be expected soon. It will be in the nonagricultural field, with textiles the detonator. As the White House experts see it, the price-demand situation in textiles is very explosive and a "readjustment" is inescapable. The big question mark is whether the textiles price break will prove contagious and spread into other industrial areas. If that happens, the fat may be in the fire.

CHIEF reason for inner Washington uneasiness over the possibility of war is this: Traditional solution of dictators for domestic difficulties is foreign adventures. And authoritative reports persist that the internal situation in Russia is very bad.

THEIR duplicating air transport systems finally merged, Army and Navy are quietly tackling the next most obvious and long-overdue unification move. Headed by Major General Paul R. Hawley, ex-Veterans Administration medical chief, a special board is formulating a broad-ranged consolidation of medical facilities and services. If the plan is put into effect, it should not only save money for the taxpayers but should get more for what is spent.

MONTANA'S New Deal Democratic Senator Jim Murray will have a stiff fight for re-election. He knows it, and the weakness of the Truman Administration isn't making him any happier. Murray's hope is that the state G.O.P. will become involved in a wrangle and thus take the heat off him.

There is a chance that may happen. Two strong aspirants seeking the Republican nomination are Tom J. Davis, Butte attorney and former president of Rotary International, and Wellington D. *Rankin, Helena attorney* and brother of former Congresswoman Jeanette Rankin who voted against U.S. entrance in both World Wars. Rankin, who has made one unsuccessful try against Murray, leans toward the isolationist viewpoint. Davis favors the Vandenberg line. Murray, who has backed the Marshall Plan, privately hopes Rankin will win the G.O.P. race.

LIFELONG teetotaler Henry Wallace has abandoned the water wagon. The shaggy-haired Third Partyite now takes an occasional glass of beer at gatherings where drinks are dispensed. Robert Kenny, genial former Attorney General of California and a hearty antiteetotaler, claims credit for Wallace's "conversion." "I did it," Kenny relates, "by convincing him that beer was good for him because it contained the finest farm ingredients. That sold him."

EDWARD V. TERRY, secretary of the late Senator Bilbo, is trying to pump up backing to run for Congress. Terry wants the seat of Representative Thomas G. Abernethy, Okolona, Mississippi. But if Terry runs, it will be without the Northern financial support he has tried to get. One of his emissaries felt out an anti-discrimination organization, that Bilbo used to attack, for a campaign contribution; and the answer was a polite but emphatic "No."

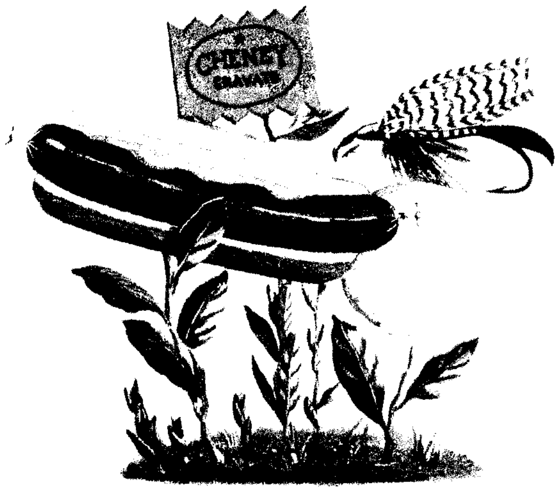
THE Senate has pulled down the shades on data about nepotism—the long-standing gravy-train side line on Capitol Hill. On orders from "higher up," as he puts it, Senate Secretary Carl A. Loeffler will no longer give out the names of wives, children and other relatives on the Congressional pay roll. Always in the past, the list of Congressional employees was public information. Obvious reason for the secrecy is fear of the effect such revelations might have on senatorial re-election chances.

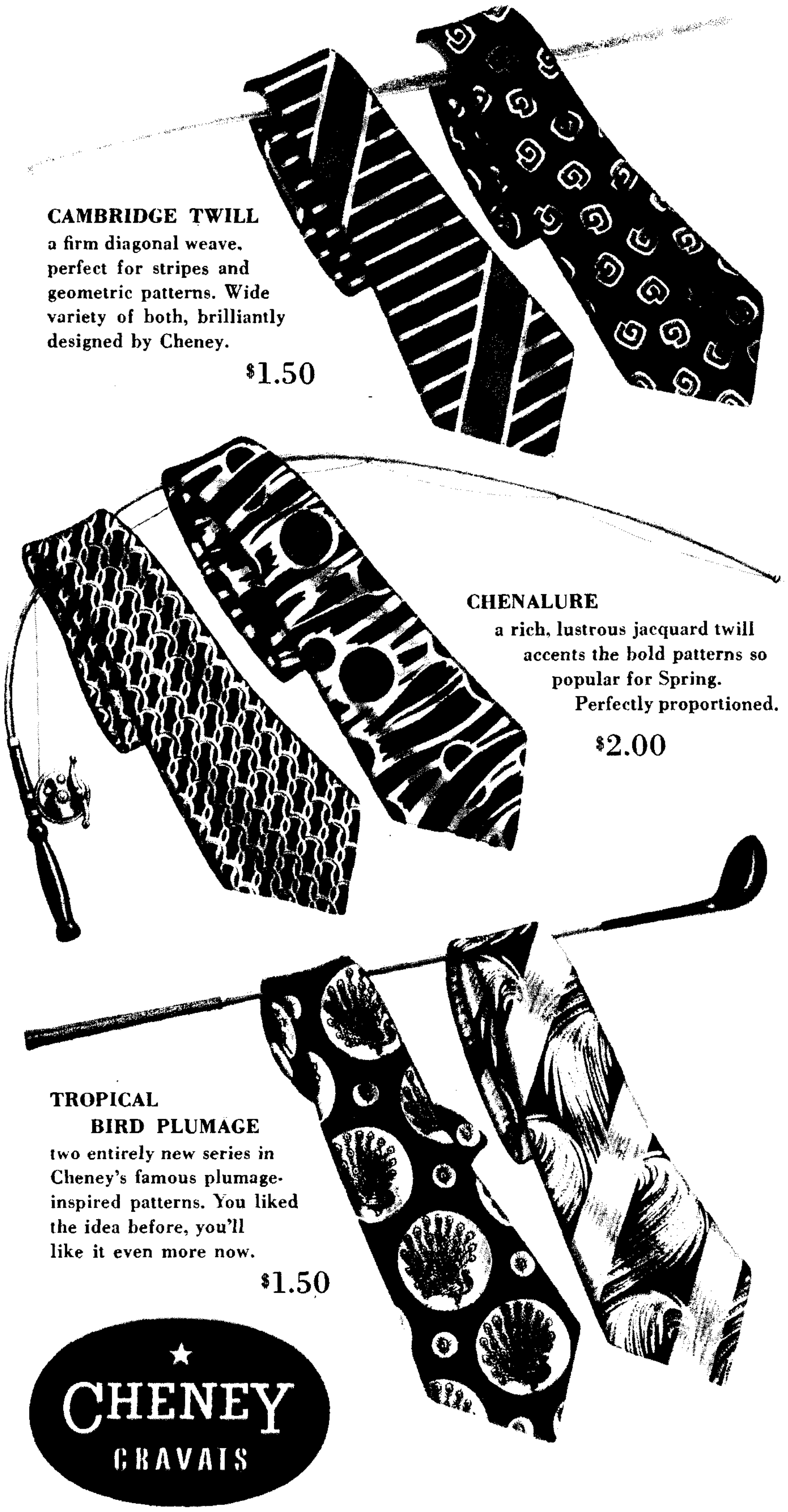
Veteran Congressional hands estimate that in this Congress, 58 per cent of the House and 39 per cent of the Senate have relatives on the Congressional pay roll.

WISCONSIN was the only state carried by the elder La Follette in his 1924 third-party campaign. But although his followers have been long steeped in political insurgency, they are cold-shouldering Henry Wallace with bluntness and finality. Their attitude was forcefully expressed by William T. Evjue, editor of the Capital Times, the Progressives' militant daily. "A lot of what Wallace says on the great issues of the day makes sense," Evjue declared in a state-wide broadcast, "but no true Progressive can support him as long as he does not repudiate the totalitarianism of the left as well as the right."

ASKED how many Democratic Vice-Presidential aspirants were in the field, Gael Sullivan, young National Committee executive director, replied wearily, "At least 27, according to my latest count."

ROBERT S. ALLEN





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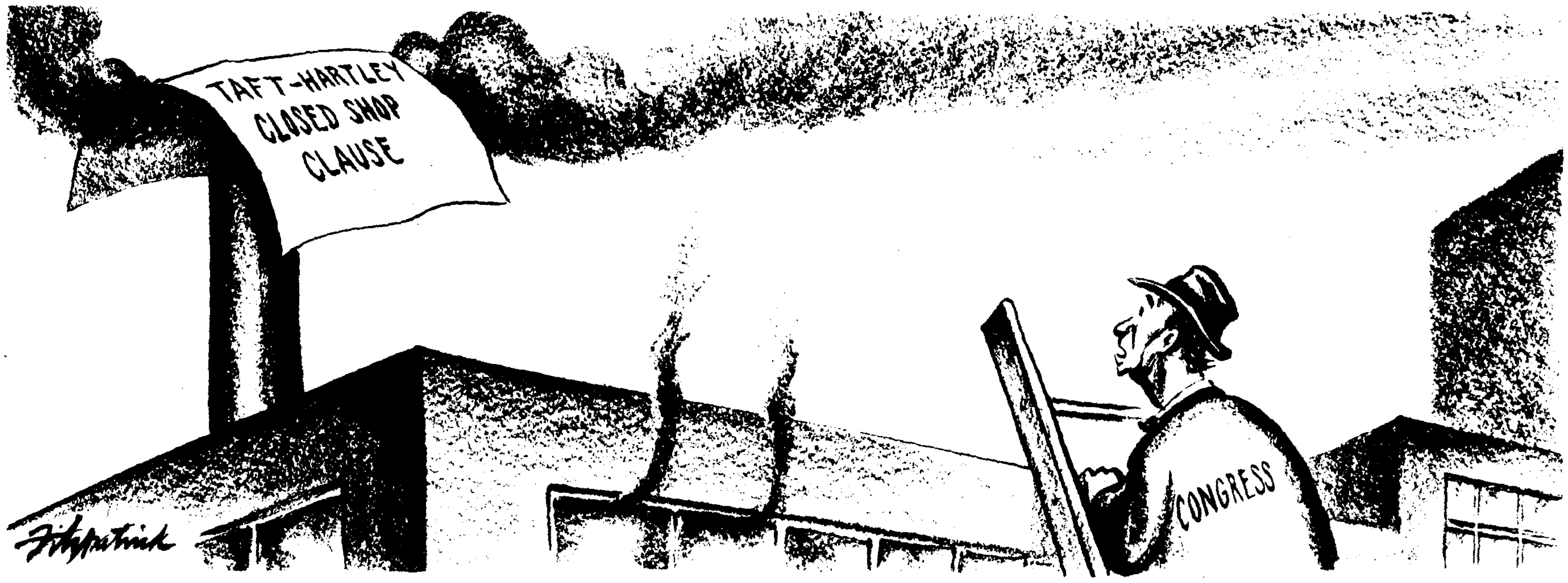

...IN OPENING THE CLOSED-SHOP QUESTION

COAUTHOR of the Taft-Hartley Labor Act, Senator Robert A. Taft (Rep., Ohio), in his recent Collier's article on the new law, debunked much of the irresponsible talk that still flies around about its being a "slave labor act" and so on. It isn't. In our opinion, some 95 per cent of the Taft-Hartley provisions for cutting labor leaders down to size were much needed and long overdue.

However, we grow more and more dubious about the clause forbidding the closed shop. A closed shop is one where nobody may work without belonging to the union(s) organized there. The new labor law dilutes this old American practice by providing that the so-called union shop can be adopted by majority vote of the employees. In a union shop, nonunion people can be hired but must join the union after a specified time.

The anticlosed-shop clause has stirred up a good deal of dissatisfaction, among both workers and employers. It was at the bottom of the Chicago newspaper strike; and one end result of it could conceivably be the destruction of some labor organizations which, like the printers' union, have long and deservedly enjoyed general respect.

It seems to us, with due respect for Senator Taft's views to the contrary, that Congress could do worse than to re-examine this clause in the new labor law with a view to possibly repealing it. There is nothing sacrosanct about the Taft-Hartley Act, and any of its provisions that miss the target or cause unforeseen and needless trouble ought to be modified, promptly.

●

. . . THAT SLAPSTICK IS GOOD FOR WHAT AILS YOU: Far be it from us to try to tell the movie makers how to run their business. We do feel entitled, though, to register a hearty amen to some remarks made recently by that old movie maestro Mack Sennett, the Keystone Comedy wizard who used to roll 'em in the aisles a generation ago with the brilliantly conceived slapstick idiocies of Polly Moran, Louise Fazenda, Wallace Beery, Mabel Normand *et al.*

What Mr. Sennett said was that, though slapstick has faded off the screen in recent years, people always will love it. There is too much emphasis in present-day humorous movies, he thinks, on mere clever lines, and too little on action.

Sennett thinks the best humorous movie would be a combination of good dialogue and belly-laugh didos. So do we. Circus clowns are as popular as ever, and they're the same old slapstick performers they always were. Why not give slapstick a trial revival in Hollywood?

Any time a movie comes along featuring three or four zanies chasing one another through crazy scenery and nut-house antics, dueling with swords that turn out to be made of rubber, and pitching custard pies in all directions, we expect to be among the earliest arrivals at the ticket window—and to have plenty of company all over America.

●

. . . THAT CENSORSHIP DEFEATS ITSELF: Secretary James V. Forrestal of the new Department of National Defense has set the machinery moving toward a nation-wide civilian defense system, and we think he's wise to do so. Peacetime is the time, as we found to our sorrow after Pearl Harbor, when such a system can best and most efficiently be put together.

Mr. Forrestal's general conception looks good, too—keep the scheme divorced from military control; entrust it to local leaders in all communities; rule out fantastic notions like the one about parking our entire steel industry underground.

To which we would add: How about omitting eurythmic dancers and ordinary screwballs from the picture; how about keeping excitable or officious or professional-patriot characters out of the key jobs; and how about making the civilian defense setup as politics-proof as possible?

And lastly, how about Mr. Forrestal taking his job a trifle less seriously? We can think of no sound reason why a veil of censorship should be thrown in peacetime over the entire Department of Defense—something which Mr. Forrestal at this writing apparently would like to do. While lining up civilians for their own defense in case the continental United States is attacked, how about trusting civilians to be reasonably discreet and prudent for the duration of the "cold war"?

●

. . . IN MAKING EXPERIENCE PAY: Your correspondent had an interesting visit the other day from a young man he hadn't seen or heard of since the war.

In those days, this gentleman used to keep us filled in on all disclosable poison gas and biological warfare developments, he being a public relations officer in the Chemical Warfare Service.

On the basis of that experience, our friend after the war got himself a good job in the public relations office of a big oil company.

The incident pretty much writes its own editorial—which is, briefly, that when you belong to the Army, Navy or Air Force you are serving yourself about as much as you are serving the nation. You acquire valuable skills, mix around with all varieties of men, make contacts and friendships that may easily prove important, and in general get well started at the job of making the most of your life.

Why not look into the question of joining up, at the nearest recruiting office?

●

. . . THAT GREED AND INFLATION ARE BROTHERS: As the nation-wide discussion of inflation rages along unchecked by the memory of the big commodity market breaks in February, we get more and more bored by the frequent claim that business in general is charging extortionate prices and sweating exorbitant profits out of the domestic market for goods.

What bores us is that those who peddle this accusation always imply that everybody else in the United States—workers, farmers, etc., etc.—is being as unselfish and saintly as was the late Mahatma Gandhi.

That is the merest bunk, hooey, horsefeathers. The fact is that perhaps 95 per cent of us in position to do so have concentrated on getting ours while the getting is good. Labor leaders have goaded their followers into demands for wage hike after wage hike—and most of the followers have been happy to be goaded. Farmers have held back grain and livestock for still higher prices. White-collar workers have honed for pay increases, professional people have jacked up fees. If business has done likewise—and no doubt some concerns have—it has had plenty of company in its infamy.

Let's just quit kidding ourselves and looking for scapegoats. The truth is that this inflation is a result of the war, and that the greed of tens of millions of us has helped to stimulate it. Why cloud our thinking by trying to dodge that fact?

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